

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1905

SHALL THE UNIVERSITY BECOME A BUSINESS
CORPORATION¹

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

TO-DAY, in the United States, two radically different plans for the support and conduct of higher institutions of learning are in process of development: the one that of the private university, the other the university supported and controlled by the state. The first finds its notable examples mainly amongst the older universities of the East, the second in the universities of the Central and Western states. While these last are younger, their growth has been rapid, not only in the number of their instructors and students, but in facilities and in income. A table which follows contains in condensed form certain data concerning these two groups of universities which show how nearly comparable, so far as material considerations measure equality, these two groups of institutions have become.²

The comparison shows that in the six older universities of the Eastern States 1938 teachers are dealing with 18,498 students, at an annual cost of a little more than \$5,000,000, while in the six Western state universities a somewhat smaller number of teachers is dealing with a student body larger by 2000, at a cost of a little more than \$4,000,000. The first student group includes but few women, the second a considerable proportion of women. In number of instructors, in number of students, and in amount of annual income the second group is rapidly gaining on the first.

¹ An address before the University of Michigan.

² See next page.

While these two systems of institutions are growing in America contemporaneously, they rarely are able to live side by side. In the Eastern States, where the older universities have for a century and more supplied the demands of higher education, no great state institutions have grown up. In the central West, on the other hand, where the state universities were founded just as the railroads were built, to supply not a present but a future want, there are few strong and growing private universities. In fact, there are in almost every Western state private colleges and universities whose development has been practically stopped, and which must in the end become feeders to the great state universities.

There are a few notable exceptions to this rule, all of them notable because they are exceptions; as for example, the University of Chicago, Northwestern University, and Leland Stanford University. The first two are in the suburbs of Chicago. The reason that they have flourished is not far to seek. They are situated at the seat of the greatest social and industrial centre in America. They occupy an exceptional strategic situation for a great university or for a great school.

As one looks back at the rise of the great Western universities and realizes the wisdom and the far-sightedness displayed by their founders, he is surprised that they should have estimated at such low value the matter of strategic position. In nearly all cases these institutions have been placed in small and isolated villages;

TABLE.**OLDER PRIVATE UNIVERSITIES IN EASTERN STATES.**

Name.	Date of Founding.	Number in Instructing Staff.	Number of Students 1904.	Annual Budget 1904.	Annual Cost to University per Student.	Annual Cost to Student.
Harvard	1836	525	5,143	\$1,572,540 ¹	\$306	\$150
Columbia	1754	551	5,017	1,438,638	270	\$150 to \$250
Yale	1716	343	3,138	800,000	255	100 " 150
Pennsylvania	1791	325	2,838	685,000	241	150 " 200
Princeton	1756	109	1,374	460,863	335	150 " 160
Brown	1764	85	988	180,000	192	150
Total		1,938	18,498	\$5,137,041		

¹ Omitting \$875,575 in special gifts.**WESTERN STATE UNIVERSITIES.**

Name.	Date of Founding.	Number in Instructing Staff.	Number of Students 1904.	Annual Budget 1904.	Annual Cost to University per Student.	Annual Cost to Student.
Michigan	1837	292	4,136	\$746,000	\$180	\$10 to \$45
Illinois	1868	402	3,594	800,000	223	free
Wisconsin	1848	227	3,342	700,000	209	free
Minnesota	1868	290	3,895	497,000 ¹	128	20 to 100
California	1868	283	3,400	945,000	279	free
Nebraska	1869	193	2,513	419,750	167	free
Total		1,687	20,880	\$4,107,750		

¹ Omitting \$400,000 for buildings.**FOREIGN UNIVERSITIES.**

Name.	Date of Founding	Number in Instructing Staff.	Number of Students 1904.	Annual Budget 1904.	Annual Cost to University per Student.	Annual Cost to Student.
Berlin	1807	504	13,782	\$880,500	\$64	small fees
Leipsic	1409	216	4,253	716,000	170	" "
Paris	1100	420	12,985	934,000	72	" "
Vienna	1384	431	6,205	464,000	76	" "
Bonn	1818	177	2,970	361,000	123	" "
Edinburgh	1583	205	2,971	469,000	158	\$10 to \$20 a course
Total		1,953	43,166	\$3,824,500		

rarely have they been founded in connection with the centres of the social, commercial, and industrial life of the various states. The reasoning appears to have been the same as that which governed the location of the state capitals, which were put at the most inconvenient possible points, usually near the geographic centre of the state, without regard to the commercial centre toward which all lines of transportation lead. This was done upon the theory that the innocent lawmakers must be defended from contact with the wicked people of the cities. In the same way it was believed that the student must be protected from the temptations and the distractions which the nearness of a great city might give. Both these assumptions are fallacious, and the history of the past forty years has proved their un wisdom. The legislature in the isolated town is more difficult to reach for the great body of people than if the capital were at the centre of trade and industry; but the great body of the people is honest and well-meaning, and it would be well to make access to it easy. On the other hand, I have never discovered that the wicked were deterred by considerations of travel or by the inconvenience of railroad connections. My observation has led me to believe that they generally have free passes, while the righteous have to pay fare. As a citizen of the states of Missouri and Massachusetts I have watched both passes with some care. The two states have about the same population. The one has as its capital a small city, inaccessible to the main body of citizens, the other has as its capital its oldest and greatest community, whither two thirds of the population of the state can come in an hour's ride. The result is that one legislature works under the eye of those who can pay the expenses of lobbyists to go and watch it, while the other works under the eye of the great body of citizens of the state. In this fact alone lies the chief difference between legislation in Missouri and in Massachusetts. What would have been the difference in the

history of England if Parliament had sat these last hundred years at Nottingham instead of at London?

The same considerations hold good with respect to the student life and the institution which deals with it. When you isolate an institution in a remote town you may, indeed, separate from the student life certain temptations and certain distractions; but you also separate from it the opportunities for that larger knowledge of men and of affairs, that wider contact with human nature and with the world, that riper development of art and of science which one sees at its best in the communities where great masses of men are brought together. I have noticed, too, that nearly all institutions which make a specialty of the virtue of isolation have a city just near enough to make communication easy for those who wish to be tempted. The great state universities of the middle West have succeeded, not because of their isolation, but in spite of it, and no one can say how different might have been their history or how much more powerful might be their position in the future had the larger policy been adopted. What would have been to-day the University of Illinois had it been founded in the suburbs of Chicago? Who can estimate the influence and the power of the University of Missouri had its seat been fixed fifty years ago at St. Louis instead of at the end of a branch road in the centre of the state? No private university can flourish to-day in any of these great central states except by seizing the opportunities which the state universities refused and by making their seats at the centres of industry and of population. The only possible chance for success for a new university in an isolated point lies in the possession of an enormous foundation, such as that which was given by Leland Stanford, by which an institution was founded out-of-hand and with free tuition. But even here the limitations of environment will place a practical limit to what endowment may effect.

These two systems of universities rest

upon fundamentally different views as to the support of higher education. The one assumes that this support will come by the free gift of citizens of the commonwealth, the other assumes that the support of higher education no less than that of elementary education is the duty of the state. The one system appeals to the generosity of the individual citizen, the other appeals to the sense of responsibility and the patriotism of the whole mass of citizens. The one establishes a set of higher institutions which may or may not be in harmony with the elementary schools of the municipality or of the state; the other establishes a set of institutions which are an integral part of that system, and its crown. The one furnishes a system of instruction in which tuition fees are high and tending constantly to grow higher, the other furnishes a system of instruction practically free. The one had its origin in essentially aristocratic distinctions, whatever may be its present form of development, the other is essentially democratic in both its inception and its development. Will these two systems — different in ideal, different in inception, different in development, not necessarily antagonistic but contrasted — continue to flourish, if not side by side, at least in contiguous sections of the country?

As far as one can see into the future, both of these systems will continue to live and to flourish, but with few exceptions they will flourish in different sections, not side by side. No one can doubt to-day that the state university is gaining as a centre of influence in intellectual and national life. There can be no question that it is to be the seat of university education for the greater part of the whole country, including the Central, Western, and Southern states. The private university which seeks to gain power and influence in this region should set itself seriously to the problem of supplementing, not paralleling, the work of the state university. It should ask itself earnestly the question, What is the logical function of

the privately endowed university in a commonwealth where higher education is supplied by the state? So far as I have been able to see, little attention has been paid to this question, which nevertheless deserves serious and careful consideration.

No one interested in education can repress a thrill of exultation as he looks forward to the future of the great state universities. They were started at a fortunate intellectual epoch. Their foundation stones were laid when the battle for scientific freedom and scientific teaching had just been won. They were dedicated by the pioneers who founded them in a spirit of intellectual and spiritual freedom. They are essentially and in the broadest and simplest way democratic, and the logical outgrowth of a democratic system of public schools. It is to this real democracy, to the fact that they were founded, not by a few men or by a single man, but by the whole people of the state, that they owe their greatest fortune, and no one looking into the future can doubt that they are to be amongst the most influential, the richest, and most democratic universities of our land, vying with the oldest and most famous institutions of our Eastern States in a rivalry which we may well hope to see the noble rivalry of the scholar rather than a rivalry of riches, of buildings, and of numbers.

Wide apart as are these two systems of universities, they are singularly alike in the form and method of administration, and singularly unlike in this respect to the universities of other lands, for example to those of Germany and of Scotland. This difference in administration is strongly reflected in the data of the table itself, in which six foreign universities are compared with the two groups of American universities.¹ To state the comparison briefly, the table shows that

¹ The figures of this table are suggestive. The data for foreign institutions are not, in every particular, comparable with those of American institutions, but they are as nearly so as it is possible to make them. For exam-

in our six older American institutions some 1950 teachers are dealing with 18,500 students at an annual cost of \$5,100,000, or at the rate of \$277 a student a year; while in the six foreign universities almost exactly the same number of teachers deal with 43,000 students at a cost of only \$3,800,000, or at the rate of \$89 a student a year. Harvard University expends (including gifts for special purposes) a larger sum annually in dealing with 5000 students than the universities of Berlin and Paris together expend in dealing with the instruction of 26,500 students.¹ Princeton University, whose work is almost wholly that of an undergraduate college without the expensive schools of law or medicine, expends as much in teaching its 1400 students as the University of Vienna spends on its 6000. It goes without saying that a part of this somewhat startling difference is due to lack of strict comparability in the data, and part to the small pay of foreign professors. But a very large part is due to the difference in administrative ideals.

The American university, whether supported by private gift or by the state, is conducted under an administrative system which approximates closer and closer as time goes on to that of a business corporation. The administrative power is lodged in a small body of trustees or regents, who are not members of the university community. Their chief point of contact with the university (that

is, with its teachers, students, and alumni) is through the president, whose power is often autocratic.

In other countries, as in Germany for example, the university, so far as its internal control and administration is concerned, is a free association of teachers and scholars. Its chief executive officer is elected by the faculty itself from their own number. The question of the choice or the dismissal of professors is not brought before any outside body. The faculty and students together form a self-governing democracy, and an officer with the autocratic power of an American college president would seem to them intolerable. It is an interesting fact that in Germany, a country which is politically governed by an autocrat, the representative institution of learning is a republic, while in America, where we pride ourselves on our democracy, our representative educational institution is administered upon autocratic, not upon democratic lines.

For the sake of clearness let us sketch briefly the two systems of administration. The European university must always be considered from two standpoints, first that of a state establishment, second as a self-governing body of scholars. As a state institution the university is under the control of the ministry, which furnishes the budget, keeps account of the finances, and conducts the routine business connected with the financial side of the institution. As an institution of learn-

ple, the student lists of foreign universities contain a certain proportion of special students (Hospitanten) who may be taking a single subject. On the other hand a very considerable percentage of the numbers credited to American universities are the students of the Summer School (failure to count its students is not one of the sins of the American university). Again, the German university does not show on either side of its ledger the students' fees, for the reason that these go to the professor and not to the university. These fees are, however, small in their aggregate.

¹ The official pay of the foreign professor at first glance seems absurdly small in comparison with the pay in American institutions. In Prussia, for example, a full professor receives

by law \$1000 (in Berlin \$1200) the first year, to be increased \$100 a year every fourth year for twenty years. In addition he receives an allowance for house rent. This is, however, only the fixed part of his income. The honorarium which he receives from the fees of his students will vary greatly, depending on the subject taught and the attractive power of the teacher. Incomes of \$5000 a year, and even larger sums, are received in the larger universities by certain well-known men. Taking into account the fact that the foreign professor has a life place, that his widow and minor children receive pensions, he is better off financially, and is far more free from the anxieties which come with modest income, than is his American brother whose nominal pay is higher.

ing, however, its fundamental idea is freedom: freedom of teaching, freedom of learning. The teacher has a freedom which no officer or student may invade; the student, on the other hand, has a freedom of learning which no teacher and no officer may invade. The faculty elect their own officers. When a new member of the faculty is to be elected he is nominated by the faculty, and freedom of teaching is guaranteed to him in the noble words of the German constitution: "Die Wissenschaft und ihre Lehre sind frei;" Science and its teaching are free. And that freedom is sometimes carried to a length which we in this country would consider impossible. For example, it is not an unknown thing for a university professor to stand in his place in the national parliament and attack the educational policy and the educational appropriations of the ministry. How long would a professor in a state university hold his place if as a member of the state legislature he opposed the appropriations to his own university?

A similar freedom of learning is offered to the student. He may choose not only what he will study, but also when and how he will study; and most important of all, he may have his choice, even in the same university, of the professors under whom he will study a given subject. There is no more interesting sight at the beginning of the semesters in the German university than the "lecture tasting" for ten days, when the students try this professor and that, to see whom they prefer. And the fact that the students' fees go to the professors, not to the institution, brings about in Germany a competition between men rather than between institutions.

That this freedom, whether on the part of the professors or the students, has its dangers no one can deny, least of all the German. He frankly admits that there is no theory, however absurd, which cannot find its advocate amongst German professors. He will as frankly admit that the student freedom carries

with it great dangers to the student himself.

His reply is that all freedom carries with it its dangers, its sacrifices, its losses, but that only in freedom is to be found the self-control and steadfastness of character which the student must somewhere find. The abuses of this freedom and the losses which come from it are the price paid, in his judgment, for this power and this self-control.

Sir Conan Doyle defends the attitude of the Scotch university in similar words:

"The university is a great unsympathetic machine taking in a stream of raw-boned, cartilaginous youths at one end, and turning them out at the other as learned divines, astute lawyers, and skillful medical men. Of every thousand of the raw material about six hundred emerge at the other side. The remainder are taken in the process.

"The merits and faults of the Scotch system are alike evident. Left entirely to his own devices in a far from moral city, many a lad falls at the very starting point of his life's road never to rise again. Many become idlers or take to drink, while others, after wasting time and money they could ill afford, leave the college with nothing learned save vice. On the other hand, those whose manliness and good sense keep them straight have gone through a training which tests them for life.* They have been tried and not found wanting. They have learned self-reliance, confidence, and in a word have become men of the world, while their confrères in England are still magnified schoolboys."

In comparison with this administration, whose watchword is freedom, the American university has tended more and more to conform in its administration to the methods of the business corporation. In the organization of a railroad the government consists of a president and a small board of directors, who choose officers, promote or dismiss them, and determine the absolute policy of the corporation. The administration of the

university has assumed practically the same type. The board of trustees, even in our older colleges and universities, is chosen almost entirely from business men and on the basis of business experience. It is no longer considered necessary that the president should be a scholar. The board of trustees, with the president as its chief executive officer, passes upon the entire policy and administration of the institution. It appoints professors, promotes them, or dismisses them, it engages them to carry out specific pieces of work at specified times, as a business corporation employs its officials; the tenure of office of the professor is at the will of the corporation, as is the tenure of office of a business employee. Under this arrangement the powers of the president are enormously increased, and the action of the corporation is in nearly all cases his action. He possesses an autocratic power which would not for a moment be tolerated in an European institution. From him the same administrative system reaches down through the institution. Professors employ their assistants for specific duties at specified times; students are required to undertake specific work in a prescribed way and at a fixed time. A large share of the energy of the organization is given to ascertaining whether the work has been done at such times and in such way as the regulations prescribe. Reaching from the corporation and the president down to the student just admitted, the administration is one which partakes in its nature and in its operation of the methods and oftentimes of the spirit of the business corporation. It has the compactness and the directness of responsibility which the business organization carries with it. Its machinery is complete in prescribing for each officer and for each student his specific duty, and in bringing to bear upon him the power of the organization if he fails to carry out the implied contract under which he is employed or the implied conditions under which he is admitted. The watchword is no longer

freedom, but accountability to the administration.

It is worth while to note some of the consequences of this administrative attitude upon the life and upon the work of those who make up the university. One of the most direct consequences is that the professor in the American university is charged not only with the work of a scholar, but with a large amount of routine administrative work as well. Just as the railroad official is under the pressure of his superior officers, — a pressure which he can equalize only by a similar exercise of authority upon those beneath him, — so the professor is under the pressure of the administrative system in which he works. It is fair to say that much of the difference in productive scholarship between German and American universities is due to the fact that so large a share of the energy of the American professors is by our administrative system devoted to the work of detail, not to the work of scholarship.

A part of this burden is the load which the professor carries in the effort required to take through a given course and to graduate a number of men who are indifferent or below the average capacity. America is among the few civilized nations which undertake in their higher institutions of learning to graduate whole classes of men who are indifferent to the scholar's life and to the scholarly spirit. The burden which this entails is a far greater one than most men realize. It is not too much to say that from six to twelve per cent of the entire school year is devoted to examinations whose main purpose is to spur on the laggard and the indifferent.

Furthermore, while our machinery of administration holds the student to certain forms of responsibility, these have little to do with cultivating the taste, still less the thirst of the scholar. Success for the student means adaptation to the machinery and consequent graduation; success for the institution means the same thing, but this success has little to do with

scholarship. The temptations of the student life are as great as in the Scotch or in the German university, while the tendencies which make toward good scholarship, and the prestige which goes with it are wanting. Our administration puts us somewhere between the freedom of the German university and the tutelage of Oxford and Cambridge, lacking the inspiration of the one and the individual oversight of the other.

The administrative development of the university along the lines of a corporation has had, also, a marked influence in increasing the tendency toward self-centredness on the part of our educational institutions, and in diminishing at the same time the importance and the influence of the individual teacher. Here, as in all our American life, organization has tended toward team play. The very fixity of our administrative system has brought it to pass that the great teacher is used with far less effect than in the more individualistic régime of the European institutions. There a great scholar attracts men from all parts of the country, and the administration of the university makes it easy for him to come in contact with large numbers of students. A man chooses his college in America, not for the sake of the great teacher, but because the college has a name, or has certain associations, or perchance is well known in athletics. All these considerations tend toward local pride, not toward a wider tolerance and a more sincere appreciation of truth. They are evidences of a more complete machinery, but not necessarily of a deeper scholarship or a larger intellectual life or a better training for citizenship.

To sum up the difference between the administrative systems of European and American universities, the essential contrasts between the two seem to be these: the one is democratic, the other autocratic; in the one the tendencies are toward individualistic power and influence, in the other the tendencies are toward centralized power; the one has for its watchword freedom, — freedom for the

teacher, freedom for the student, — the other has for its watchword responsibility to the administration; one invites students to study, the other organizes them for graduation.

In this brief sketch I do not mean to be understood as painting in terms too glowing the tendencies of the foreign institutions, or as wishing in any way to conceal their faults and their shortcomings, which are evident enough. I am speaking not of details, but of certain broad tendencies in the foreign institutions and in ours.

Indeed the faults of administration in foreign institutions are not far to seek. For example, in a Prussian university when a professor is to be appointed, three names are nominated by the faculty, of whom one is to be chosen by the ministry. Under the law the ministry is not limited to the nominees of the faculty, and during the last seventy years in about one case out of three it has gone outside of the faculty nominations, a proceeding which has always brought bitter complaint. On the part of the faculty, disregard for their recommendation is usually assigned to distrust of their scholarly standing or to personal or political tendencies. On the other hand the ministry has not hesitated to say, in overruling the wishes of the faculty, that its members have been influenced by personal considerations in their choice, not by considerations of the highest usefulness of the man to be chosen. That political considerations do enter in many cases seems certain. The professor of political economy who teaches protection is fairly sure to get promotion faster than his colleague who sticks to free trade.

Moreover, complete intellectual freedom is impossible where political freedom is limited. It is not without significance that the great historians in Germany in the last half century are historians of the past, not of modern days. No historian in Germany would treat of the Hohenzollerns with the freedom with which our historians treat of the civil war.

There is a catch phrase in Germany that a professor may say anything he wishes about religion, but he must be careful about politics. To-day certain reactionary tendencies threaten academic freedom even in religious investigation. A strong effort is making in Prussia to compel the professors of theology to adapt their teaching to the creed and policy of the state church. On this field a battle royal is to be fought in the near future, but no one who has watched the development of German intellectual freedom can doubt its issue.

Notwithstanding these evident defects, the system as a whole — the university as a republic of scholars — has worked well. It has resulted, in the main, in the choice of the right men for the right places, which is the real object of university administration. The personal tendencies of the faculty have been held in check by the fact that their nominations must stand the scrutiny of the ministry, and on the other hand, the absolutism of the ministry has been restrained by the necessity of taking into consideration the judgment of the faculty. No system has yet been devised by which the prejudices of human nature can be eliminated. There is much to be said for a system under which a professor has so strong a place that he may teach what he will and no authority may remove him or humiliate him. And on the whole, it may be fairly reckoned that a system in which the administration rests partly on the teacher and partly on the outside administrative officer contains influences which are calculated to correct the faults of each.

It is not my purpose in making this comparison to urge the adoption in our American universities of the foreign system. Let us learn all we may from our neighbors, as the Japanese show us so well how to do, but let us grow our own tree. My wish is rather to call attention to the tendencies of the system under which we are developing. If our organization and administration is the better, by all means let us follow it; but let us

see clearly whither it leads us, and let us ask ourselves frankly the question whether a centralized administration modeled on the lines of a business corporation is the one best adapted to the development of an institution of learning.

Would the American university — whether a private or a state institution — be bettered if its administration were turned over to the faculty instead of being vested, as now, in a board of trustees who do not pretend to be experts in educational methods? Would it be a step forward, for example, to intrust to the faculty the election of the president and of the professors, and to put into their hands the settlement of the larger questions of policy and of expenditure? Ought the university freedom to be extended through the faculty to the student body so as to diminish the pressure of the organization and to enlarge the sphere of freedom both for professor and student? Can scholarship of a high order be developed under pressure? Are we educating our youth away from democratic ideals, not toward them, by the form and tendency of our university administration?

These are fundamental questions. They take hold in the end of the causes which affect our national life and of the threads of influence which reach most directly our youth.

I think it may be said with certainty that a radical change of this sort would work harm, not only at the beginning, but in the outcome. Administration of experts by experts is seldom a success. Perhaps no type of man has been developed who is a wiser councilor than the business man of large sympathy and of real interest in intellectual problems, although such men are almost as difficult to find as are great teachers.

American college professors are as intelligent and high-minded a body of men as any country can point to. As a rule, however, the professor does not have the experience of give and take which the business man must learn. In his own subject in his own university, he is supreme.

No rising *privat-docent*, as in Germany, attracts his students from him. Competition under our system is between institutions, not between men. Further, the organization of the faculties is not such as to furnish any large initiative in education. Conservatism has an undue advantage when a question of policy or of appointment is to be determined by the votes of an hundred men.

To throw into our faculties as now organized the settlement of such questions would seem to open the door for the entrance of a system of academic politics which would be demoralizing. Local tendencies would probably be exaggerated, and the inbreeding, which is so noticeable a feature of all our institutions, might be increased.

Further, it can hardly be maintained that the sense of responsibility of American youth is over-developed, and one would hesitate to weaken this by a larger freedom from responsibility unless he felt absolutely sure that the conditions of such freedom lent themselves to the up-building of self-control, of simplicity of character, and of scholarly spirit.

In fact, any such comparison of our universities with the foreign institutions brings us sharply back to the realization of the fact that the two are not comparable. We are not in a position to try the experiment of the free scholastic life until the body of students entering the university has received a training more thorough and better adapted to arouse the scholar's interest than that which the ordinary college student has.

And yet any serious student of education must realize that this is no answer to the queries which I have just stated. The question is not whether we can change this or that detail of university life, but it is rather this: our present tendency is toward a close organization, toward a limited freedom, toward team play, which carries through to graduation great masses of men, toward a centralized government. Would it be wise to counteract these tendencies by influences in the ad-

ministration which shall make toward individualistic scholarship, larger freedom, less pressure in the organization, opportunity for professors and students to deal with the larger questions of university life, coöperation between the faculty and the administrative board in the government?

I believe thoroughly that these questions are real ones and important ones, and that the sooner we have them clearly and definitely before our eyes the better it will be for university development in this country. However important it may be to have a man of affairs at the head of university administration, it seems to me clear that the first requisites are a scholarly spirit and scholarly sympathy. However we may admit that team work is a part of the régime of the day, it is surely true that the use of the principle is very different in an institution of learning from that which obtains in a manufactory. The professional coach in athletics may have his uses, but he has been a source of widespread demoralization in the schools and colleges. And yet he is no more objectionable than the professional coach in the college studies, through whose system whole regiments of graduates "win out" by a team play which means little intellectual discipline and less contact with scholarship and with scholars. Moreover, the system tends to make coaches of our professors.

In the settlement of the larger questions of administration — the choice of president and of professors, the fixing of greater questions of policy — may not some council composed of trustees and faculty jointly share the responsibility to advantage? Whatever may be said in favor of the sound judgment of the well-trained business man, I cannot doubt that he would be a wiser councilor for education if he could hear first hand the views of devoted, intelligent scholars. On the other hand, will not the scholar profit equally by such contact, and is there any surer way to widen his horizon and to give him the experience which ripens

judgment than to offer him a share in the responsibility of settling these larger questions, while relieving him at the same time of part of the pressure of the daily routine? In a word, recognition of scholarship in the choice of a president, an adjustment of duties which shall relieve the pressure upon the professor and student, a better contact between the governing body and the teaching body, with a common responsibility in the settlement of the larger questions, seem to me distinct and practical steps in the direction of development which the university administration ought to study.

For one must not forget in considering the administration of a university that there are to every form of administration two sides: the mechanical and the spiritual. The mechanical part of administration is that which provides the machinery necessary to carry out a given enterprise. The other side of administration, the spiritual side, consists in getting out of men the best there is in them. For a set of perfect men any administrative system would suffice. Good administration consists in taking men as they are, with their prejudices, their faults, their virtues, and in getting out of them the highest results of which they are capable.

Now, our attention has been given of late years, in American university life, increasingly to the mechanical side of administration, and the machinery has been made to approximate more and more closely, both in its form and in its choice of executive officers, to the practice of the business corporation. Its very closeness

and compactness of organization are in some respects its chief faults. That which is mechanical is always simpler than that which is living. To-day we need, in my judgment, to concern ourselves in the university with the spiritual side of administration.

It has been my purpose rather to state questions than to argue them; not to propose a substitute for our present administration of the university, but rather to point out certain tendencies in it. To inquire whether, if the republic be the ideal system of administration, it is not also a good one for the scholar, and to ask, at least in these days when events move so rapidly, whether the administration of the university as it is now organized tends toward the development of a larger type of professor and a finer order of students; to ask whether we are developing the mechanical side of the administration at the expense of the spiritual side.

For after all, we can never too often remind ourselves that the first purpose of the university is not to further industrial development or to increase the wealth of a state, but that it is the development of the intellectual and spiritual life. This development can take place only in the air of freedom, however evident are the dangers which freedom brings with it. Wealth, power, the niceties of life, may all grow in an atmosphere of limited or of artificial freedom, but only in the air of real freedom can be grown that spirit and that intelligence which shall minister to those things which are spiritual and to those things which are eternal.

BLUE PETER

BY HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

I

"YES, it's been swum," puffed the boatman, tugging till the ashen tholepins creaked. "On'y onct, though, an' — the feller was a buster — that done it — back in '56."

He spat over the gunwale, so that a brown stain of tobacco swept astern on the heaving slant of the green wave. Archer, on the stern thwart, turned his head and looked back over the dazzling water at the mainland, a dark bank of rocks and low hills, with a few roofs and a spire against the late afternoon sun.

"He must have been," he answered. The distance to the American shore was not three miles, but the water was an arm of the icy North Atlantic, and the tide went racing out to sea through the passage.

"Trim the bo't, sir," rejoined the man at the oars, in a tone of cheerful Yankee independence. "It's mortal hard pullin' in this sea, an' if you don't keep 'er headed pooty sharp, we may run afoul o' the South Rocks, *after* all."

Archer faced the bow again. "All right," he said easily. In the last two years he had learned that "I beg your pardon" is not a gracious form with all men.

The boatman screwed his lean brown face like a monkey, as he blinked at the sunlight following them, and caught the high waves deftly with his short, tough oars. Beyond him and the pitching bow, Archer saw the tremendous cliffs of the island, a gunshot ahead, towering all pink and ruddy in the sunlight. A few gulls wheeled with forlorn cries along the face of the crags. Above, on the verge against the sky, a clump of tiny trees leaned inland as if tossed by a gale. Years of ocean storms must have blown them

thus, for now so deep an autumnal calm lay over sea and island that they were startling in their suggestion of wild motion. It was like a freak in the landscape of some forgetful and bungling painter.

For an instant Archer thought he saw the figure of a man, crouched and furtive, slinking among the trees; but it might have been the gnarled trunks shifting and interweaving with the patches of sky that showed through. And the next instant he was busy with the tiller-ropes. The boat tossed laboriously, dragging as if up-hill, round the foot of the lofty broken columns of basalt, where the waves tumbled with a heavy and hollow noise as of caves.

"They's no landin' that side now, ye see," grunted the Yankee. And even as he spoke, they rounded a point of lifting seaweed, and ran into the cool shadows of the eastward cliffs. Here, though the tide was still against them, they rowed more easily, in almost a calm. Under the astounding lee of the cliffs there fell a kind of instant twilight, a melancholy evening stillness and dusk, so that Archer, turning his eyes from this dark precipice that overawed their cockle-shell boat, was surprised to find the wide ocean still aglow, and the tiny sail that nicked the horizon still white in the sun. This island was a sombre place, thought Archer, for an adventure planned so boyishly.

Northward the boat labored, sometimes making a long circuit where a weir straggled into the sea, sometimes tossing an oar's length from the giant columns and boulders, and always without a sign of human beings, and always preceded by the ominous, echoing cries of startled sea-gulls.

"Black Harbor's round this p'int," said the boatman at last.

At the point, the cliffs were split asunder into a mighty cove, across the mouth of which ran a bleak sea wall higher than a man's head, — all of gray stones as round as cannon-balls, — wave-built, impregnable, Cyclopean masonry. Through a gap midway in this wall the boat entered Black Harbor.

Letting her run in the still water, the Yankee mopped his bald forehead and grinned.

"Cheerful sort o' place, ain't it?" he asked. "Real homelike and neighborly."

It was a place where Old-World smugglers might land their brandy-kegs, or where pirates might put in and share alike. Instead of these, two or three dismantled sloops and pinkies lay moored in a half circle of dark water still as a mill-pond. Archer could barely descry, landward, a steep black gulch of fir-tops that ran widening down in the darkness, a glacier in evergreen. On either side jutted a headland, both wooded, one scarred with landslides. On the bar, close astern, a solitary figure in yellow oilskins moved along, stooping to gather up wine-colored rags of dulse that had lain drying in the brief sunlight.

To him, the first man they had found on this sombre island, — unless the furtive shadow on the cliff had been a man, — Archer raised his hand in salute. The dulse-gatherer made no response, but stood sullen or apathetic, watching them pull shoreward.

"Go to hell, then," growled the Yankee under his breath. After a few strokes he added, "Won't git much out o' these fellers. Ye better not try a night's lodgin' among them, specially if you've got money on ye. Ol' man Powell might put ye up. He's queer, they say, but he might. I would n't ast them. I'm a-goin' to sleep in this bo't an' go back in the mornin'. But by Godfrey!" he broke out with fervor, "'fore bunkin' in with that crowd, I'd ruther resk the whirlpools a-goin' back in the dark."

"Listen, though," said Archer.

The boat was surrounded by the dark-

ness of the looming headlands. A single light from the shore pierced the pool deeply before them, a long, wavering blade of brightness in the still water. The silence had been suddenly broken by a small, sharp, metallic voice singing, — a phonograph squealing out the *Handicap March*. "We've got money to booyin!" it cried nasally. In this dark, forlorn harbor it seemed incredible. Strange echo of cheap New York, thought Archer, it told that rusticity and simple merriment were no more.

"They seem gay enough," he said aloud. The boatman, however, only gave a skeptical grunt.

On the beach, where the good salt air was lost in a stink of fish, the two men parted, — the Yankee, with his fee in his pocket, to pull stolidly out of this harbor which he hated; Archer, to go scrambling up a footpath which, littered with broken fish-flakes, wound upward among a few unlighted, silent, and malodorous huts. In one of these, through the open door, he saw men and boys plying bloody knives by lantern-light; but to his "Good-evening," the fishermen replied only with churlish stares. Plainly, it was an inhospitable shore. Even the phonograph had ceased. The place lay stifled in such a profound silence that he felt the oppression of the headlands towering in the dark. Also he felt himself an ass to have left his decent quarters aboard ship in the mainland town, for the childish whim of visiting an island that had loomed off-shore so high and so romantic.

Suddenly, turning the corner of a hut, he halted in a stream of lamplight from another open door. It was very smoky lamplight, and there was a powerful smell of tobacco and stale beer. On the doorstep he nearly fell over a man who lay sprawled and speechless, — a white face with eyes staring upward, apparently in drunken communion with the stars.

"Well," thought Archer, looking into this hillside barroom, where through the gray smoke-layers the figures of men moved tipsily, "I've found plenty of it."

His entrance no one noticed. A snarled group swayed in midfloor, three men pawing one another's shoulders, in an effort to light their pipes from a single match. There was no talk, no sound but the shifting of feet. Other men, ill-favored, sprawled in a half-stupor on a bench that edged the room. On the bar, in the light of the tin reflector behind the lamp, stood the phonograph, silent, its conical throat yawning. A mean little man in a dirty shirt — evidently bartender — had stooped to pitch something out of a window into the yellow grass that waved flush with the window-sill and rose on the abrupt slope of the hillside: an easy exit in the event of a raid.

"Where'd the city guy blow in frum?" mumbled a voice. "Look at ut, would ye? Say, this ain't Camperbeller ner Baw Hawber." Mischief was in the voice and the thick laughter.

The attention of the drunken roomful focused itself in silence on Archer, who turned sharply toward the speaker, a red-faced young fellow in hip-boots, leaning unsteadily against the bar. He had evil little eyes, bad teeth widely spaced, and a squash nose that showed the nostrils in front.

Archer was a young man of sudden likes and dislikes, who did not calculate his retorts. The "city guy" could not have appeared in his six feet of solid build, or in the heavy sea clothes, which failed to obscure the convex lines of strength. It must have been suggested in his face, which was of the dark, clear brown that only a very blond man takes from long weathering, and which, though at once impetuous and resolute, showed a fineness of line. He lowered his great, rough, shining head as he answered, —

"You would n't look half so much like a kid's jack - o' - lantern if you'd keep your mouth shut."

Two years of seafaring had taught him the advantages of bluntness. They had also taught him to stand by the swiftest disadvantage. He warded off the heavy tumbler with his elbow, leaped forward

at him who had thrown it, and pinioned him against the bar. Next instant an ill-smelling half-ton scrimmage of drunken men had surged upon them both.

"Leggo — hell — soak 'im, Beaky — stop that, ye damn fool!" came in smothered fierceness from the swaying, punching, tugging knot of men. Archer, braced mightily, and straining all his muscles, had just cracked two heads together, and was being pulled down, when he was aware that his assailants had slowly fallen apart and stood about, flushed, breathless, and speechless. Some one was knocking at the door masterfully.

Archer followed their drunken eyes. A door at the end of the counter silently came ajar, and a hand was thrust in, — a great, red, freckled hand, fat, but powerful in every joint. Steady as a rock, it held itself there, waiting. The bartender swiftly poured out and passed to it a tumbler brimful of gin. It withdrew with this monstrous drink, while the whole company stood as if bulldozed into silence. Almost instantly the glass was tossed in empty, the door closed, and heavy footsteps departed.

So strange was the episode that Archer had almost forgotten his own predicament. He turned to find his enemies dispersed, — part of them, led by the young man of the jack - o' - lantern mouth, already slinking into corners.

Tardy and timid, the bartender piped up: —

"No more o' this, boys. The Old Man's round. He don't stand fer no rows, some nights."

Needless enough the warning seemed, for the men sat cowed. Silence fell again, except for a hiccough or two from the bench. Archer found himself once more the centre of hostile eyes, glowering through the smoke.

"There's no need of any rows," he spoke out. "I did n't come in here to start one. This man here," he said, nodding toward his broad-faced antagonist, "this man here got no worse than he gave me. If he wants it to go farther, all right;

if he does n't, all right. I don't bear any grudge. And all I came in for was to ask if any of you would put me up for the night."

No one volunteered.

"If any one will," — the boatman's warning about money checked and changed his speech, — "why, it'll be better than sleeping out these cold nights."

The silence remained discouraging.

"I was told that Mr. Powell might," he persevered. "Can you tell me where he lives?"

The young man in hip-boots broke out angrily.

"Old man Powell!" he sneered, lurching in his seat. "Ho, yes, I guess he will! I see him doin' it! An' I guess" — He spat out obscenity which showed that Powell had a daughter.

"That'll do for you, Lehané," called a clear voice from the farthest corner, behind the stove. A tall man stepped out from the shadows, and fixed on the young drunkard a pair of stern eyes. Taller than Archer, and very dark, he was lithe as a cat, with a grace that would have been courtly had it not been wholly native. "That'll do for you," he repeated, in a voice strangely clear and deep.

Young Lehané seemed to shrink before the steady brightness of his look. The speaker turned to Archer and scrutinized him as steadily. Without ceremony, yet without offense, he took Archer by the arm and wheeled him about toward the light. The two men stood looking each other in the eye. Archer saw before him a man of his own age, entirely sober, with the face of a thinker, — a face swarthy but clear. The searching eyes, that seemed almost to emit light, were wide-set and very blue. Three big veins scored the broad forehead with irregular lines as blue as the eyes, or as the jersey that clung to the sinewy frame. Intellect, and a kind of grave passion, shone in the whole countenance: the man might have been Hamlet in the rough, but Hamlet with the will of Fortinbras, sad but strong.

"My name's Peter," he declared simply. "I'd like to have yours."

It was as if he had forced a reply that he might study a face out of repose. Archer felt that this young fisherman was weighing his character. But he answered without resentment.

"Mine's Hugh Archer. I'd be obliged to you if you'd tell me of a night's lodging somewhere. These other men won't. As for Powell's daughter" — he was going on half jocosely —

"Never mind what Beaky said," the other cut in, with severity. "He's full o' smut. It's best forgotten." Then after a long silence, during which the sharp blue eyes studied further, and seemed to look through Archer into futurity and consequences, Peter added, "Yes, Powell may take ye in. It's just as well, after all, I should n't wonder."

The tone, unmistakably sad, was one of final decision. The eyebrows under the blue-veined forehead unbent.

"My brother'll show you the way."

And with this, stepping to the open door, he whistled into the darkness. Presently there came a patter of bare feet, and a small, ragged boy, bounding up the steps, stood and peered in with sharp, mischievous eyes.

"Hippolyte," said his elder brother, "show this man over the hill."

Thanking his strange helper, who only nodded in reply, Archer went out, followed by the stares of the silent company. In the dark on the hillside, he found it difficult to keep within view of the white patch that was the shirt of his little guide. The boy ducked under fir trees, scaled ledges, dove into underbrush, and clambered always upward, nimble as a goat. Once Archer, though he too was nimble, called a halt, halfway up the steep bank of the gulch. As they rested a moment under the firs, he could see a host of stars, large and bright in the chill air of early autumn, and even larger when seen thus from the depth of the black pass.

"Who is Mr. Powell?" he suddenly asked.

The boy gave an odd chuckle.

"Powell?" he said, in a little dry voice like a satirical old man. "Oh, he owns the island."

"Really!" said Archer in astonishment. "And so," he continued, after a pause, "you're all his tenants, I suppose."

"I s'pose so," replied the boy, breaking out into impish laughter. When they had started climbing again, he threw back, "Specially the Old Man—Matt Lehane—oh, yes!" And for some distance up the rocky path under the brushing firs, the child laughed to himself in a kind of pert irony.

At last, gaining the summit, they found themselves high in the open, on a bare ledge. Over this landward side of the island there still lay a twilight in which the stars looked pale, and which showed the gleam of water far below, and the land sloping downward in long, hollow fields.

"See that light?" said the boy. "That's Powell's. Did Peter say he'd take ye in? Then p'raps he will. I never seen no one there." Instantly he had slipped out of sight among the firs, through which Archer heard him brushing his way down to Black Harbor again.

As no reply came to his shout of thanks, Archer began the long descent toward the lighted window. In the west still glimmered a strip of afterglow, brownish red, as if the evening had been hot on the mainland. Still, too, a thread of bright water outlined the shore; and farther out, in the dark, lay vaguely the deeper blackness of the whirlpools. North and south loomed the colossal cliffs of the island. But his way toward the cove led through a gentle, pastoral country,—concave slopes, with short, dry grass, still warm as in early evening. By crossing the ridge above the harbor, he had been transported into a different region, of Thessalian rocks and Arcadian fields.

When at last he rounded the corner of Powell's house, he was surprised to find it an apparently civilized dwelling. About

the door the leaves of a vine stirred faintly in the air. A stone doorstep sounded grittily beneath his feet; and just as his hand was raised to knock, he saw through the open window a room lined with books, a flickering fire, and the dim figure of a little elderly man sitting by a yellow-shaded lamp. From beyond the lamp came the clear voice of a girl reading aloud; but he could see only one arm of the chair, and the white skirt flowing down over her knees.

The man raised his gray head to interrupt the reader.

"That's not so good as the original," he said, in a tone of fretful resignation.

Archer let his hand fall, and instinctively turned to go back toward Black Harbor.

II

The instinct was that of the social rebel. The house seemed too plainly the comfortable summer cottage of sophisticated people. He had not been in that atmosphere since the days when his uncle and aunt had dragged him to the seashore, to dress, and eat, and talk, and—among rich women growing fat and rich men growing bald—to plan trivial monotones beside the moving eternity of the ocean. It was to escape just this that he had turned sailor, and set his own naked character to wrestle with life. So now he turned to go away.

But the girl's ears must have been sharp.

"There's some one at the door, father," he heard her say. Instantly perceiving that it would not do to disappear and leave them alarmed, he stood where he was on the doorstep. But he afterwards remembered that the girl's voice showed merely surprise, and no trace of fear.

The figures disappeared from the room, he heard the scratch of a match, and presently footsteps approached the door. It opened to show the light of a shaking candle, the little man's peering

face, smooth-shaven but lined with years, and over his narrow shoulders the face of the girl, alert, clear, large-eyed, in a dusky radiance of brown hair that glimmered in the uncertain light. Their shadows leaped and swung on the walls behind them. Dim eyes and bright, sharpened brows and serene, both fixed their sight on the burly young sailor-man before them.

"Who is it?" said the man, in a gentle voice.

Archer, who had easily met the hostile looks of the revelers in Black Harbor, was abashed before this girl.

"Never mind," he said confusedly, "that is — I was looking for a night's lodging, — and they — over in the harbor — they told me that Mr. Powell — But of course," he floundered, "I did n't know what you were like — or your house — I beg your pardon."

The little man laughed quietly, as one not given to laughter. The girl's eyes shone with encouraging merriment.

"What am I like, then?" asked Mr. Powell, holding up the candle, so that the girl's head disappeared in his shadow. It was a sad face, long, thin, very pale, with black eyes. He was bald over the temples, and a triangle of gray hair ran to a point midway above a forehead engraved with parallel lines. "I had hoped to seem no worse than other men," he continued, with an irony not unkind. "And as for my house, if you will come in, you will find it tolerable."

"Why, sir," replied Archer, somewhat nettled, "of course I did n't mean that. The others seemed a rough lot, and I expected — Your house is too good, sir, — too good for a sailor. I would n't have disturbed you" —

"My dear young man," said the owner of the island soberly, "there's no place but this fit for you to sleep in. Besides that, I'd be heartily glad to have you here. We have no visitors year in and out." He shifted his candle, so that the girl's face reappeared, shining with undisguised interest in the situation. "But

you'll be able to sleep here, — better than I, at least. A sailor — and of your age — you're doubly welcome. Come in." With the stiffness of courtesy in disuse, he stepped back to make room. The girl retreated into the shadows.

"You're very kind, sir," said Archer, entering. As the man set his candle down on a low table, the light revealed a little hall and staircase of brown butternut wood. The absence of ornament might have made the place severe, had it not been for candle-light and soft shadows, and the presence of the girl, a slim white figure against the dark panels.

"You called yourself a sailor," the man continued; "the navy, perhaps?"

"Tramp sailing vessels, mostly, sir," Archer replied with some stiffness.

"Ah, — English, I should say?"

"American."

His host's face fell somewhat. It brightened as he ventured: —

"Did you ever chance to be in Eastern ports with any of Her Majesty's ships?" And when Archer, wondering, gave a negative answer, there was silence for a time.

"It is a pity," the little man reflected. "It was a foolish hope, of course, — but we like to reach out after all the little fragments — glimpses" — he ended with something like a sigh. This time the silence grew embarrassing.

"Father," said the girl quietly, "don't you think" —

The large eyes of the pale little man came back sadly, as from a distance. "Your pardon, Helen," he said. "I have long since forgotten my manners. This is my daughter, Mr." —

Archer, supplying the name, spoke to the girl for the first time face to face. Her words were as conventional as his, but something in voice and manner, something frank, bright, and simple, made them her own. The girls among whom his aunt had so carefully brought him he had known at first glance for natural enemies and strategists. This one seemed as naturally a direct and wholesome char-

acter. He liked her brown face, her speech, and above all the light, free motion of her walk as she crossed the hall and led them into the lighted room where he had first seen them sitting.

Here there was comfort,—the soft radiance of the yellow-shaded lamp, the warmth of a fire that tempered the fresh evening air from the open windows. The rows of books that lined the walls from floor to ceiling gave out a faint, pleasant smell, indefinable. Over the fireplace, in the only space left vacant of books, looked forth the white cast of a head, the tragic beauty of Meleager.

After a few questions and answers as to Archer's presence on the island, "You will pardon me," said the prim little man, motioning him to an armchair by the fire, "if we continue our reading and finish the chapter. I have perhaps become too methodical in my habits. It is not a merry book, but you can warm yourself meanwhile."

The girl said nothing, though she looked possibly a little disappointed. As they took their places, she became once more for Archer a voice from behind the lamp, and a white skirt flowing down beyond the edge of the table. But the sound of her was, in a way, as good as the sight; and the voice was filled with reality, with the meaning of the words:—

"And finally, the first night that followed that day! . . .

"Lying in the 'Arabian room,' I felt constantly through my weary half sleep the haunting impression, infinitely sad, of the unaccustomed silence that had fallen on the other side of the wall—and forever—in the room of Aunt Claire. Oh! the dear voices and the dear protecting sounds that I had heard there for so many years through this wall, when the quiet of night had come in the house! Aunt Claire opening her great closet that creaked in a peculiar fashion (the closet where they had put away forever the *Ours aux pralines*); Aunt Claire exchanging a few words, which I could just hear, with my mother who lay in the

room beyond: 'Are you asleep, sister?' And her great clock on the wall—now stopped—that used to strike so loud; the clock which made so much noise when it was wound, and which, to our great amusement, she used sometimes to wind on the stroke of midnight,—so that it had become a traditional pleasantries in the house, whenever we heard any noise at night, to lay the blame on Aunt Claire and her clock. . . . Ended, all this, ended. Gone to her place of burial, Aunt Claire,—and my mother, doubtless, will prefer not to return to the room next to hers; silence, then, has fallen there forever. For so many years, it was my joy and my peace to hear them both, to recognize their dear, good old voices that came clearly through the wall in the stillness of the night. . . . Ended, now; never, never shall I hear them more."

Archer was happily ignorant of what the book might be. But when the girl's voice had ceased, he was aware that her father, forgetful of guest and daughter, was staring into the fire, lost in remote thoughts; that Helen herself had risen, and stood looking on them doubtfully; and that the silence in the room was insufferably mournful. At last, as he was about to make a rough attempt at breaking it, his host rose, picked up the book, and crossing to the inmost corner of the library, copied out something upon the broad page of another book that lay open on a desk. "A bad rendering, but it will do," he said. Then, stooping, he carefully took from against the bookshelves a violoncello which had stood gleaming soft and brown in the lamplight.

The girl turned and smiled at Archer, as if reassured, and yet appealing.

"Now you will have better entertainment," she said, with a gayety that seemed not quite so natural as the rest of her ways. "Perhaps you would rather have something to eat," she added, as her father tuned the strings. "I'll get it for you when he has played."

Archer smiled in return, but only shook his head, for her father was already waiting, and now formally announced, —

“Bach — Suite for violoncello — *præludium*.”

The fervent voice of the 'cello filled the room. Archer, who knew good playing, listened in delight; but presently his eyes wandered to the girl, as she now sat looking into the fire in her turn, and to the sad, pale face of her father, bending over, rapt in his music. Strange entertainers; yet stranger still was the calm, unconscious egotism of sorrow in this host who had forgotten him. Through *præludium* the music ran, through *sarabande*, and into *bourrée*, when of a sudden it stopped lamely.

“I’ve not the heart for it to-night,” said the player, as he restored the violoncello to its place. “This young man from the sea has set me thinking about Arthur.”

“He must be hungry, father,” the girl suggested, with something like timidity. “Shall I get?” —

“No,” he decided. “Tell Barbara to come here.”

The girl’s face darkened, and she went out with visible reluctance. Presently came a shuffle of feet, and through curtains at the back of the room there entered a tall old woman, bent but strong, who at the sight of Archer spread apart her clumsy hands in surprise.

“Barbara,” said her master, “please bring us something to eat and drink.”

When the old woman had disappeared, the girl looked in again at the door of the hall, mystically bright once more above the candle flame.

“Good-night to you both,” she called. Once more the cheeriness of her voice was troubled. “I’ll show you about the island in the morning, Mr. Archer. You will like it, I hope.” She stood for a moment undecided, then slowly went up the stairs, a shining figure against the brown panels.

Archer, replying with some commonplace, was conscious that she had stolen the brightness from the room. Though

hungry after his wandering, he hardly noticed what the old servant left on the table before him. While he nibbled at something, and slowly drank the whiskey-and-water that Mr. Powell had poured out, his interest, for the time, became merely polite. And his host, though helping himself rather freely from the fat-bellied bottle, was calmly distant in his own thoughts.

“Do you come here every summer, Mr. Powell?” asked Hugh, after an interval.

The sad, prophetic eyes returned to the present, and as they studied the young man anew, their melancholy look was modified by a smile that was essentially kind.

“Every summer?” the little man repeated. “My boy, we live here all the year round, and have lived here since — for the last fourteen years. You look astonished. But why is not this island as good to live and die on as the mainland? They send us over clothing, and food, and books. You see for yourself how comfortable” — and he waved his hand about.

“And your daughter is always with you here?” asked the visitor, amazed at this new aspect of the case.

“Yes, indeed — like the best of daughters,” was the calm reply.

Archer meditated, with thoughts unfriendly. There was some hidden malice in his next words, —

“Why, sir, you’re like Prospero and Miranda.”

The other started in his chair, suddenly wide awake. But the hint was lost.

“Prodigiously apt!” he exclaimed, all in a flutter. “So simple, but so good. It holds closely. And I had never once thought of it! — Young man,” he cried, almost beaming, “why did n’t you tell me you were no common sailor?” In his joy, he poured for himself from the bottle. “A boy who has read, in these days!” He drained his glass and refilled it. “You must stay with me — a week at least — and we shall have good talk, I foresee. — This parallel of yours — I am ashamed

never to have seen it -- showing that an outsider has the better perspective of one's life." He got up and walked about nervously before the fire. "I am Prospero, to be sure, — and my book — and as for Trinculos and Stephanos, Black Harbor is lousy with them. Here is my cell — and Helen is Miranda — and luckily there are no Ferdinands" —

Suddenly he stopped, glanced at Archer's broad shoulders and shining head, and then stared into the fire.

"Hm!" he said, his enthusiasm gone. After a silence, his voice was sad again. "Yes, though I am Prospero, I have no magic." And he sighed. "But you shall see my book. No one else has read it, not even Helen."

Stepping to the desk in the corner, he brought over and laid in the lamplight a large book in black leather, — the same into which he had been copying. Archer, looking on over his shoulder, could see in his movements a tremulous pride.

"On the first page they read the title, — "This Bank and Shoal of Time."

"You see," said the little man, already transformed into the explanatory author, "the title is naturally suggested to one living, as I do, on an island surrounded by the eternal sea. But I must explain that you will find here not so much my own thoughts as those of other men in all ages and countries, — their most serious thoughts, and far-reaching. I have not yet connected them with my own interpretation, or indeed arranged them in any orderly fashion."

Archer could hardly forbear to smile. But he had no such difficulty when he had once begun to read. Under the title stood a quotation, —

"So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death once dead, there's no more dying then."

The other pages were a kind of nightmare hodge-podge, in neat manuscript, of mortuary fragments. A few he could recognize, many he could not. He read rapidly, with the assistance of his host, who turned the pages eagerly.

"*Sancti Ambrosii : de Excessu Fratris Sui, Satyris, lib. i, 18.* — Habeo plane pignus meum, quod nulla mihi peregrinatio jam possit avellere: habeo quas complectar, reliquias: habeo tumulum, quem corpore tegam: habeo sepulcrum, super quod jaceam."

"Life is like traveling backward in a cart; we see only what has passed and is moving away from us."

"*Meleager, fragm. 532.* — All men, once dead, are nothing more than earth and shadow. Nought returns to nought."

"*Von Hartmann : Philosophy of the Unconscious, ii, p. 480.* — After a serious consideration we have been obliged to reply that all existence in this world brings with it more pain than pleasure; that consequently it would be preferable that the world should not exist."

"That was a fine euphemism of the Greeks', to call the dead 'the tired ones.'"

"The prophet Silenus answered in these words the question of Midas, king of Phrygia: 'Children of a day, of a race doomed to pain and hard trials, why do you force me to say things that it were better for you not to know? For it is for those who are ignorant of their misfortunes that life has the least sorrow. — Of all things the best for man is not to live, even though he have an excellent nature; what is best for all men and for all women is not to be born.' *Aristotle : on the Soul.*"

"All this lamentable mockery: to love with all our heart beings and things which each day, each hour sets itself to wear away, to weaken, to carry off piecemeal; — and after having struggled, struggled with anguish, to keep some few bits of all this which passes away, to pass in our turn."

Archer could read no more with patience.

"It is a remarkable book," he commented with sincerity, and drew away from the table.

"Remarkable! You may venture as much," retorted the scholar, still bent

over the melancholy pages, on which he seemed to batten. Then, slowly straightening himself, he closed the book and put it away in the desk. "The only book of its kind, and the deepest, the truest — These are only the crude material, but you shall see." He took a sip from his glass, wandered thoughtfully to the window, — which the old servant had closed, — and stood looking out. "It must be a calm night. The stars and the lights from the town — the reflections are very clear. It would be beautiful, but it is a symbol. Ah, 'this bank and shoal of time!' Out there in the dark are the whirlpools — and the channel" — he broke into muttered quotation: —

"Compescit unda, scilicet omnibus,
Quicunque terrae munere vescimur,
Enaviganda."

"Enaviganda," he repeated, and was silent for a long time.

Archer was moved to question him: —

"Are n't those fellows in Black Harbor dangerous neighbors, sir?"

The scholar turned on him his long, pale face, showing eyes dull with indifference. "I hardly ever see them, even," he said.

"And your daughter?" the young man could not help persisting. But the answer missed his point surprisingly.

"Helen? — oh, you mean that it is lonely here? — Perhaps. But then, she is well and healthy, as you see. And she has lived here since a child. When my wife died, I came to this island, to retire for a time, as I thought. But when the news came that Arthur was gone, too — it was impossible to think of going back among men and cities. It is better here. — As for Helen, — why, after all, you know —

"The summer's flower is to the summer as
sweet

Though to itself it only live and die."

Archer could have struck the man. He held his peace with difficulty, until, after pacing up and down, smiling faintly at the aptness of his quotation, Mr. Powell came to himself again to say: —

"Here comes Barbara to show you your room. Good-night, sir, and I hope you will sleep well."

Archer followed the servant and her candle, up the stairs to a landing and into a plain but pleasant little bedchamber, warmed by an open fire, and overlooking the cove, the water, and the long reflected lights of the town. The tall old woman hesitated as she said good-night.

"It's good to have you here, sir," she ventured, in her timorous voice. "It is, indeed." And her face, brown and wrinkled as a walnut, shone with kindness.

Left to himself, he stood thinking over this strange landfall. The black glacier of firs over the hill had been gloomy enough, the inhabitants like the place; but this pastoral slope of the island — was it better? Pity for the girl was his uppermost thought, — a pity to which his rough, working life had rendered him unfamiliar. Sometimes in his youthful melancholy he had thought his own lot hard, — an orphan, too rich, among worldly relatives who could neither inspire nor direct a right ambition. But this girl, living alone here —

"The summer's flower is to the summer as
sweet, —

"Odious!" he almost cried aloud. He could not wait till morning to see her and talk to her. At least he could not sleep: for an hour or more he must have sat on the edge of his bed, thinking over this philosopher of charnel fragments, this vague egotist who could quote so inhumanly, and survey with such mournful gusto the transiency of things. At times a faint stir in the house showed that others were still awake.

His windows were open. So, apparently, were those on the landing of the staircase; for suddenly he heard a voice near at hand speaking into the night, — a muddled voice that ran the words together thickly: —

"Fair-ss-a-scar — when-on'y-one — is-s — shining-in-the-sty" —

Then collected, and very precise: "Dis-

gusting metathesis! — No, that is not the word” —

“Come along, please, sir,” whispered the old woman’s voice plaintively.

III

The pillow and the counterpane were damp when he awoke, late, after a night of worried tossing. Fog, white and cold, filled the chamber as with smoke, and drifted so thickly past the window that he could see only the dim outlines of a little garden below; a few shrubs, a soft colored tangle of sweet peas, and the high heads of golden glow shining through the white obscurity. Out of the fog came the smell of seaweed and the faint noise of waves.

Quickly putting on his damp clothes, he hurried downstairs, in some disquietude as to the time of day. No one met him in the little hall of the butternut paneling. A breakfast-table still waited, white and shining, beside a fire that roared in the wide chimney; and in the corner a tall clock beat heavily toward the hour of ten. He waited, glad of the chance to warm himself before the crackling birch logs.

At last a little door opened under the stairs, and the tall old woman looked in, smiling, to wish him a good-morning.

“Miss Helen said,” she announced, “that you must n’t mind eating alone, sir. She and Mr. Powell won’t be down till later.” Something in the situation had fluttered and embarrassed this good creature, who nearly spilled the coffee when she brought it in.

So at an excellent breakfast he found himself alone, and vastly disappointed. All the morning he sat about, watching by turns the fire within doors, the white void without, and fidgeting more than he had ever believed possible. At one time a voice overhead somewhere continued steadily as in reading aloud; he could only hope that if Helen was helping her father to pass the forenoon, she did not do it too willingly. When the voice

stopped, and still no one came downstairs, he flung outdoors in disgust, and wandered down the little path in a misty profusion of bright flowers. Smoking his pipe, he watched the sun burn away the fog, which lifted enough to show that the house, a comfortable building of the native red stone, faced the shore from a beautiful hollow field which curved as wide and graceful as the long arc of pink sand-beach below. Headlands north and south were blotted out, but the base of the great red walls stretched along between the green, heaving water and the white, slow-rising mist. The voice of the sea, vague, widespread, and hushing; the heavy air, a tepid mingling of fog and sunshine; the sense of lonely heights obscured: and this was the island where a young girl, radiantly alive, must wear out her years with a tippler who studied the crumbling of time!

When he returned to the house, the sunshine had already conquered; and in the hall, father and daughter were awaiting him, — the former very white and evasive, the latter a little tired, and not beautiful as by candle-light, but brown-eyed, winning, a gracious young white-robed mistress of the house.

“Good-morning,” she cried, with honest gladness, and came quickly forward to meet him. Her hand was a funny little tanned thing to be shaking his hard paw.

Just what happened during lunch he could never recall, except that his host’s hands trembled slightly, and that he himself could look at Helen over a bowl of poppies, — “astonishing how late they lingered in this salt air,” remarked the scholar, — and that he willingly did most of the talking, when he found that to a pair of shining eyes his two years of sordid knocking about appeared rich as an Odyssey. Once, when he happened to speak of a burial at sea, the eyes were troubled; but Mr. Powell, pricking up his ears, demanded particulars. Then came a tedium of sitting about while the scholar talked, kindly but feebly. At last, however, he declared: —

"Helen has promised to show you about. I'll not spoil your young enjoyment by going. — No, no," he chirped, as Archer would have feigned to protest, "I'm not well to-day. And to tell the truth, Mr. Archer, I cannot care so much for nature as I did. I see the changing of the seasons, rather than the seasons themselves. But go you on, you two."

And so Archer found himself outdoors in the sunshine with the girl, talking and laughing, while her father, from the door, looked mournfully after them down the little flowering path.

Their escape led them southward along the curve of the hollow field, high above the shining water, and toward the steep ascent of the southern cliffs. The short, yellow-bleached grass of autumn was already dry and slippery underfoot, its tiny spears quivering in the warm breeze that had sprung up since the vanishing of the fog.

"I'm glad you came here," she said, looking up happily. Walking beside him, brown-faced, bareheaded, she had changed into a creature of the sunlight and sea air, a light-footed huntress of the island heights.

"There is our vegetable garden," she said, pointing to some green rows behind the house. "My father and I work there a great deal." — He laughed to hear the young huntress deliver such prosaic words. — "If you do that to things I'm proud of, perhaps you won't think much of what I was going to show you," she threatened. "I forgot — such a traveler as you are" —

"No, indeed," he laughed. "I never saw anything I liked better." He had been looking down at the back of her head, and her hair, wind-blown, that gleamed like newly weathered bronze. "Show me everything. That's a landing-pier down on your beach. Do you sail?"

"No," she confessed. "My father won't go on the water. We had a row-boat, but it went adrift last spring."

"But in case of sickness or anything?"

he wondered. "Can you telephone to the mainland?"

"Why, no," replied the girl, in surprise. "I don't believe he ever thought of that. The boat brings us over all we need, every Saturday. Oh, and in such weather! In winter it's larks to wade down through the snow and help them land. And sometimes there's a letter from my uncle Morgan. And sometimes it's too rough for the men to go back, and they stay and talk. I like them very much, though my father does n't."

Her happiness was truth itself. She had forgotten whatever troubles the night before or the morning might have contained.

Far below in the cove lay the long red curve of the beach, with a thin black line of dead seaweed drawn as if by a compass along the high-water mark. The tide was beginning to ebb, but near the shore a "back eddy" moved toward them, and with it a strange multitudinous plashing, like continual waves among myriads of tiny rocks.

"Oh, look!" she cried, plucking him by the sleeve. "See the herring!" Familiarity could have made the sight no less beautiful to her.

Where the spurs of the cliff sprang upward from the cove, the turmoil was working toward them over the water. Countless tongues of silver flame leapt up, fell, leapt, and advanced with the same continuous plashing; here and there the curved flash of little bodies wove swiftly in and out of water, pliant threads of white fire. It was like a squall of silver pieces blown along the surface of the tide, with the noise and the upward-leaping drops of a ponderous, concentrated, and invisible shower.

"There'll be good fishing to-night for those poor fellows over the hill," said Helen, "if these greedy herring-gulls don't eat it all."

Sure enough, a white flock of the lesser terns came wheeling, on bent, sickle wings, along the red face of the crags, and with mournful cat-calls pursued the shoal, poisoning, swerving, diving under

water, to stagger into the air again, each with a glitter in its bill and a sprinkling of bright spray from its wings.

"I never liked them very much," she said, "since I read a fairy story, when I was a little girl, where they were persons transformed by a wicked queen. They've always seemed uncanny. Is n't it queer? But they are really very white and clean; and, poor creatures, they live round these cold rocks, and their cries are so lonely."

The two had stood close together, frankly sharing their happiness in the sight, frankly glad of each other's company, like old friends. Shyness and constraint were beneath the nature of this girl, who had the clear self-possession which comes from a life lived rightly alone, or which a young person receives from association with an old one.

"Did you have any playmates here when you were a little girl?" he asked.

"No," was the answer, possibly with a tinge of sadness. "Arthur was so much older" — She paused, looking absently after the wheeling gulls, and the shoal now black in the distance. Then, as she started walking again: "But I had many games," she said brightly. "You would think them silly. Why, this field that we're crossing: I used to walk from end to end of it all day, alone and perfectly happy, tapping the ground with a forked hazel stick my father cut for me, and playing I was a witch, divining. It was the happiest day in my life when I came tapping along into this — see" —

The rise of the hill had become more abrupt, as they neared the ascent to the high land above the cliffs. In the deepest of the slope, smooth-curved as an amphitheatre, sheltered, and facing the warmth of the southwest, the grass lay greener than elsewhere, and there grew a clump of alders. Toward this she led him, and pointed proudly to a tiny spring of clear water, with a bottom of pink sand. A song-sparrow, surprised in his bath, flitted into the bushes, leaving the water all a-quiver.

"Was n't that good divining for an in-

experienced witch?" she asked, elated. "I found it the first day. Afterwards I tried to find gold and silver, but never did; and so I played more round this spring, and made up things about it. Some of them I made up so hard that I believe them even now, — like this, that whoever drinks of it must come back to the island before he dies."

Archer flung himself down, bent his shining head, and drank deep of the cool water. He rose, laughing, but more than half in earnest.

"I'm glad you did that," said Helen, in the same spirit. And they moved away, silent, along the slope of the amphitheatre.

"Now here," she suddenly declared, stopping, "here I'm going to ask you two questions. You'll never guess them. The second depends on the first. It's a test. You can't ever guess them. But if you don't," she laughed, "I shall be disappointed and shan't like you."

Archer forbore to make the complimentary retort. With her, it would have been silly. "I'll try my best," he replied.

"Now, first," she said, with a pretty air of pedagogy, "my father and I call this hollow the Marathon field, sometimes. Why is that?"

Archer rubbed his brows and frowned.

"Now it is n't Byron. I hate him," said his examiner. "I'll give you a clue. What is this underfoot? You'll never find it growing so far north again."

They were standing in a little patch of feathery green stuff, with a few belated yellow flowers. A faint aromatic smell came to the aid of his memory.

"Fennel!" he cried joyfully. "I know — it's what old Pan gave to what-was-his-name? — the runner: and the Greeks fought in a field of it."

"Good, good!" she cried, in unconcealed astonishment. "I never expected you to. But you won't answer the second right. What is the happiest kind of death?"

His honest brown face clouded. Here,

he thought, the poison of her father's spirit worked in her. Yet her bright eyes showed only interest in the game.

"Of course you can't. I'll give you another clue," said this Ariadne. "The second answer is in the same story, and it is n't about fighting the Persians. Now what is it?"

"What is the happiest kind" — he reflected. This time he really gave thought to the question. "Why," he said at last, with conviction, "the way this same fellow in the poem died, running into Athens with the news of the victory, among them all — still young" —

The slim white-gowned figure almost danced in the patch of fennel. "You're wonderful!" she cried, clapping her hands. "That was it —

(To be continued.)

A THEORY OF POETRY

BY HENRY TIMROD

[The bulk of Timrod's prose papers are scattered through the newspapers he was associated with, and have never been collected. The present paper has had an existence even more obscure. His immediate friends did not even know of it until it was read in public. Pressed to take part in some public occasion in Columbia, S. C., in the winter of 1863-64, he read this essay; upon leaving the platform he handed the manuscript to the lady who later became his wife, and it remained in her keeping thirty-five years. In 1899 she presented it to Hon. William A. Courtenay, LL. D. From a copy of this original manuscript it is printed here.]

It is so familiar a topic, and to be familiar is in the opinion of so many to be commonplace, that I may well distrust my ability to give it interest, yet after all, it is not quite so old as the stars, which the knowledge that they have shone for thousands of centuries has not made commonplace to those who look at them right. I encourage myself by the reflection that the freshness of my theme is not less eternal; moreover as I design to discuss the subject with a special purpose, in regard to which I have some sincere and not carelessly digested opinions, I may hope perhaps to elicit so much attention, at least, as usually honest

'Like wine through clay,
Joy bursting his heart, he died — the bliss!'

Now you know just what this place always makes me think of, and you thought of it, too, nearly all by yourself."

It was idle to pretend that this simple game had not established a bond between them. The world might have been young again, or they might have known each other since Marathon itself. For a moment they stood in the warm sunlight, with faces shining on each other, undisguised; then they began to climb toward the bare skyline of the heights, slipping on the yellow grass, scrambling, helping each other up the steep bank, happy as the encircling sunshine. The warm breeze followed them, sweet with pennyroyal crushed underfoot.

thought, however weakly embodied, and earnest convictions, however inadequately maintained, receive.

I desire to arrive, if possible, at a comprehensive and satisfactory theory of poetry, but more especially to examine and to enter my protest against certain narrow creeds which seem to me to be growing into fashion, to expose the falsity of that taste which is formed by particular schools, and which leads necessarily to a narrow and limited culture, and to assist, as far as it lies in my power, in the establishment of a generous and catholic criticism.

I must premise that in the first portion

of my essay I shall use the word poetry in accordance with common usage, synonymous with poetical literature, or the embodiment of poetry, rhythmical language. As I proceed, however, I shall endeavor to show that it ought to be employed in a more restricted and less material sense. I will add that in whatever illustrations I may use I shall confine myself to English poetry, as amply sufficient for my purpose.

There have been few poetical eras without their peculiar theories of poetry. But no age was ever so rich in poetical creeds as the first half of the present century. The expositions of some of these creeds are not without some value; one or two, indeed, though incomplete, are profound and philosophical, but the majority are utterly worthless. Every little poet "Spins, toiling out his own cocoon," and wrapping himself snugly in it, to the exclusion of others, hopes to go down thus warmly protected to posterity.

I shall pass most of these theories to consider only two, one of which I shall discuss at some length. The first is that definition of poetry which represents it simply as the expression in verse of thought, sentiment, or passion, and which measures the difference between the poet and versifier only by the depth, power, and vivacity of their several productions. This definition was ably advocated not long ago in a well-known Southern periodical by one of the most acute of Southern writers. It would not be difficult to prove its total inadequacy, but I do not think it necessary to do so, except so far as the truth of that inadequacy may be involved in the establishment of a theory altogether opposed to it. I am the less inclined to give it a minute examination because though the idea is an old one and in strict accordance with the common usage of the word poetry, it has never become popular, nor is it likely to become so, as it fails to satisfy even those who, displeased, they do not know why, and dimly conscious of the true faith, are yet unable to discover in their undefined emotions a

logical refutation of the heresy. The genuine lovers of poetry feel that its essential characteristics underlie the various forms which it assumes, however dim and shadowy those characteristics may seem to them, and notwithstanding that they elude the search, like the jar of gold which is fabled to be buried at the foot of the rainbow.

The second theory which I desire to examine critically was propounded a number of years ago by the most exquisite poetical genius to which America has yet given birth.

Poe begins his disquisition with the dogma that a long poem does not exist; that the phrase "a long poem" is simply a flat contradiction in terms. He proceeds: "A poem deserves its title only inasmuch as it excites by elevating the soul. The value of a poem is in the ratio of this elevating excitement. But all excitements are, by a psychological necessity, transient. That degree of excitement which would entitle a poem to be called so at all cannot be sustained throughout a composition of great length. After the lapse of half an hour at the very utmost, it flags, fails; a revulsion ensues, and then the poem is in effect and in fact no longer such."

I am disposed to think that the young lady who pores over the metrical novels of Scott till midnight and wakes up the next morning with her bright eyes dimmed and a little swollen, or the young poet who follows for the first time the steps of Dante and his guide down to the spiral abysses of his imaginary hell, could not be easily induced to assent to these assertions. The declaration made with such cool metaphysical dogmatism "that all excitements are, through a psychological necessity, transient," needs considerable qualification. All violent excitements are, indeed, transient; but that moderate and chastened excitement which accompanies the perusal of the noblest poetry, of such poetry as is characterized, not by a spasmodic vehemency and the short-lived power imparted by excessive passion, but

by a thoughtful sublimity and the matured and almost inexhaustible strength of a healthy intellect, may be sustained, and often is, during a much longer period than the space of thirty minutes. I am willing to grant, however, that this excitement has also its limit, and that this limit is too narrow to permit the perusal, with any pleasure, at one sitting, of more than a fraction of a poem of the length of *Paradise Lost*. I shall quote another paragraph and then proceed to show that such acknowledgment leads to no deduction that justifies the theory Poe has built upon it.

"There are, no doubt, many who find it difficult to reconcile the critical dictum, that the *Paradise Lost* is to be devoutly admired throughout, with the absolute impossibility of maintaining for it, during perusal, the amount of enthusiasm which the critical dictum would demand. This great work, in fact, is to be regarded as poetical only when, losing sight of that vital requisite in all works of art, unity, we view it merely as a series of minor poems. If, to preserve its unity, we read it, as would be necessary, at a single sitting, the result is but constant alternation of excitement and depression. After a passage of platitude, which no critical prejudice can force us to admire, there follows inevitably a passage of what we feel to be true poetry. But if, on completing the work, we read it again, omitting the first book — that is to say, commencing with the second — we shall be surprised at finding admirable that which we before condemned. It follows from all this that the ultimate or absolute effect of even the best epic under the sun is a nullity — and this is precisely the fact."

Let me call attention to the fact that, even if the argument I have just read prove all it assumes to prove, it amounts only to this: it shows, not that a long poem does not exist, or may not exist, but that, if there should be such a thing as a long poem, its effect, except as a series of short poems, would be null and void.

This fact, however, if properly established, would be an almost sufficient justification of Poe's theory; and I only mention it by way of causing it to be remembered that the demonstration is not quite so direct and positive as appears at first sight, or as it might appear if the author had analyzed the work of which he speaks and shown at what point the first poem ends and the second begins.

But I deny boldly and without reservation the truth of that assertion upon which the whole argument hinges: that in order to preserve in effect the unity of a great poem, it should be read through at a single sitting. And to substantiate my denial, I shall not fear to examine the effect of that very poem to which Poe appealed. I suppose, then, that the reader who takes up *Paradise Lost* begins its perusal in a spirit not unbecoming that divine production and with the reverence of one who enters on holy ground. He must have "docile thoughts and purged ears." A poem, the aim of which is to "justify the ways of God to man," is not to be entered on at any season; and never when our only wish is to beguile a vacant moment. The time and even the place should be in harmony with the lofty theme. Charles Lamb, in a spirit of proper appreciation, says that Milton almost needs a solemn service of music to be played before we approach him. I can understand the earnest reader opening the book with feelings of devotion not much inferior to that which inspired the great bard himself in his sublime invocation to the third person of the Trinity:

And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Assist me, for thou know'st, thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like sat'st brooding o'er the vast abyss
And mad'st it pregnant. What in me is dark
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument,
I may assert Eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God to Man.

I affirm that he who takes up *Paradise Lost* in this spirit will lay it down at the

completion of the first book, or — if, as is not unlikely, he should have been beguiled further — at the completion of the second book, not simply with an impression of satisfaction, but in a state of mind in which awe and delight are blended together in a deep though sober rapture. I say, too, that upon resuming the book at some future time, if he come to it with the same reverential precautions, and not as one who must finish a book to-night simply because he began it yesterday, there will occur no such utter disconnection between his perusal of the first and his perusal of the second part of the poem as will produce an effect at all similar to that which is produced by the perusal of two distinct poems. I say that no hiatus of platitude, whether real or the result of mere jaded attention, is sufficient so to separate two parts of an artistically constructed poem, like *Paradise Lost*, as to disturb the general harmony of its effect. And the thoughtful reader, instead of sitting down to the study of the third book as to a new poem, brings with him all the impressions of his former reading to heighten the color and deepen the effect of that which is before him. The continuation of the poem seems all the more beautiful because he is familiar with the beginning, and necessarily so from the roundness and completeness of a structure the parts of which add alike to the strength and grace of the whole and of each other. It has been correctly remarked of the extracts that go by the name of *The Beauties of Shakespeare* that those passages lose more by being torn from the context than the dramas themselves would lose by being deprived of those passages altogether. This is true also, though doubtless not to so great an extent, of *Paradise Lost*, and it could not be true if each book or part of a book, when considered merely as portions of a series of poems, could so strongly affect us as they do when regarded as the fractions of a harmonious whole. For instance the situation of the happy pair in *Paradise* is rendered a thousand times more pathetic than it would

have been otherwise by our knowledge of the power of the tempter who is plotting their destruction without; and of that power we could have no adequate conception if we had not seen the mighty Archdemon, his form not yet deprived of all its original brightness, his face intrenched with the deep scars of thunder, treading in unconquerable fortitude the burning marl; or if we had not beheld him in the mighty council assembled under the roof of Pandemonium, opening, in haughty preëminence of courage and hatred, the bold adventure of scouting with hostile purpose the universe of God Omnipotent; if we had not followed him in his dusky flight through hell and his encounter with the grim though kingly shadow; in his painful voyage through Chaos, and his meeting — in which the mean but profound subtlety of his genius is brought distinctly into action — with the Archangel Uriel; and so on, down to the moment when he alights upon the summit of Niphates and turns to reproach the Sun and blaspheme the Creator; in fine, if we had not from all these sources derived an indelible impression of the cunning, the ferocity, the indomitable pride and daring recklessness of his character.

Again, the fate of the guilty but repentant lovers touches us infinitely more deeply because we have been made familiar with the beauty of the home from which their sin had expelled them, that vast garden which, with the eternal bloom of forests, abounds with fruits more precious than those of the Hesperides, amid undulations of hill and valley, with grottoes, fountains and crisped brooks, “rolling on Orient pearl and sands of gold,” and feeding with nectar “Flowers of all hues and without thorn the rose;” — a garden which with all this variety seemed almost as extensive as a kingdom, and yet is compact enough to occupy only the champaign head of a steep and imperious wildness that surrounds it as with a protecting wall. But of course, that which affects us most profoundly, and that which the poet meant to affect us most pro-

foundly, is not the loss of Eden, but the difference between the primal condition of innocence from which they fell (and which is described with a softness and purity no merely amatory poet has ever equaled) and the state of mind in which, after dismissal by the angel, they look back to behold the Eastern Gate, "With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms," and then turning, with the world before them, but with slow and wandering steps, "Through Eden take their solitary way."

I might go on and by minuter examination show still subtler connections between the several parts of the poem, but it is not necessary. I am satisfied to reaffirm my position that every portion of *Paradise Lost* is bound together by the closest relations, each helping to give force to all; and just as the light about us is not produced solely by the rays of the sun, but is composed of millions of atmospherical and other reflections, so the ultimate and aggregate effect of this truly great creation is made up of the innumerable lights and cross-lights that each book sheds upon the others. Hence, as day by day the reader — such a reader at least as I have described — moves onward through the varied beauties and sublimities of the poem, its grand purport and harmonious proportions become more and more clearly apparent; it is "vastness which grows, but grows to harmonize, all musical in its immensities;" and when, at the conclusion, he lays the book reverently aside, he does this with the feelings, not of one who has passed through a series of noble, transient excitements, but rather of one whose spirit, filled with a long train of lofty thought and unsurpassable imagery, has expanded almost to the size of that which it has been contemplating. To such a reader it would not seem too much to inscribe on the title-page of *Paradise Lost*, as an invitation to all those yet unacquainted with it, the fine stanza applied by a later bard to the most magnificent of earthly temples: —

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;

And why? It is not lessened, but thy mind,

Expanded by the genius of the spot,

Has grown colossal, and can only find

A fit abode wherein appear enshrined

Thy hopes of immortality; and thou

Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,

See thy God face to face, as thou dost now

His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

I shall not notice the sarcasms which Poe directs against those who measure the merit of a book by its length, since I have said nothing from which it could be inferred that I regard mere size as a criterion of excellence. It is one thing to say that a poem of twelve books may be good, and another thing to say that a poem is good because it contains twelve books. I am not going to deny, however, that a poem may be so extended as to preclude the possibility of its operating on our feelings with unity of effect; witness the *Faërie Queene*. Yet it now should be observed, in justice to Spenser, that his production is in fact what Poe maintains the epic of Milton to be, a succession of poems having no real connection with each other. Perhaps the same may be said of the *Iliad* of Homer. I do not refer to the *Columbiad*, because, if that ponderous production could be crushed into a space no bigger than that occupied by an epigram, not a drop of genuine poetry could be forced from it. If I should be asked to fix a limit beyond which a poem should not be extended, I can only answer that this must be left to the taste and judgment of the poet, based upon a careful and appreciative study of the few great masters. The ordeal of criticism will settle afterward how far unity has been preserved or violated. In general it should be remembered that the plot of a poem should be so compact as not to involve scenes and subjects of too great diversity. As a consequence of this principle I have always considered *The Divine Comedy* of Dante in its progress through hell, purgatory, and heaven, as three distinct poems.

I do not wish it to be supposed that I look at *Paradise Lost* as a perfect poem. It has many of the faults inseparable from all human productions. Indeed, I so far

agree with Poe as to concede that by no possibility can a poem so long as *Paradise Lost* be all poetry (and Coleridge, the profoundest poetical critic of any age, says: It "ought not to be all poetry") from beginning to end. However noble the theme, there will be parts and aspects which do not admit of the presence of genuine poetry. Herein, however, I differ with Poe; inasmuch as I maintain that these parts may be raised so far above the ordinary level of prose by skillful verse as to preserve the general harmony of the poem and materially to insure its unity as a work of art. And in the distinction between poetry and the poem, between the spirit and its body, which Poe recognizes when he comes to develop his theory, but which he blinks or ignores altogether in his remarks upon *Paradise Lost*, I shall look for the justification of my position. I hold that the confusion of these terms, of the subjective essence with the objective form, is the source of most of the errors and contradictions of opinion prevalent upon this theme. The two should be carefully distinguished and should never in any critical discussion be allowed to mean the same thing.

What, then, is poetry? In the last century, if one had asked the question, one would have been answered readily enough; and the answer would have been the definition which I dismissed a little while ago as unworthy of minute examination. But the deeper philosophical criticism of the present century will not remain satisfied with such a surface view of poetry. Its aim is to penetrate to the essence, to analyze and comprehend those impressions and operations of the mind, acting upon and being acted upon by mental or physical phenomena, which when incarnated in language all recognize as the utterance of poetry and which affect us like the music of angels. That this is the aim of present criticism I need not attempt to show by quotation, since it looks out from the pages of the most popular writers of the day. Indeed, so very general has the feeling become that

it is not of the forms of poetry that we need a description, that if you ask any man of common intelligence, who is not merely a creature of facts and figures, to define poetry, he will endeavor to convey to you his idea, vague, doubtless, and shadowy, of that which in his imagination constitutes its spirit. The poets who attempt to solve the question look rather into themselves than into the poems they have written. One, very characteristically, when his own poems are considered, defines it as "emotions recollected in tranquillity;" and another as "the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds." These definitions, if definitions they can be called, are unsatisfactory enough, but they indicate correctly the direction in which the distinctive principle of poetry is to be sought.

I think that Poe in his eloquent description of the poetical sentiment as the sense of the beautiful, and, in its loftiest action as a struggle to apprehend a supernatural loveliness, a wild effort to reach a beauty above that which is about us, has certainly fixed with some definiteness one phase of its merely subjective manifestation. It is, indeed, to the inspiration which lies in the ethereal, the remote and the unknown, that the world owes some of its sweetest poems; and the poetry of words has never so strange a fascination as when it seems to suggest more than it utters; to call up by implication rather than by expression those thoughts which refuse to be embodied in language; to hint at something ineffable and mysterious of which the mind can attain but partial glimpses. But in making this feeling and this feeling only constitute the poetic sentiment, Poe simply verifies the remark of one of the most luminous critics of this century, that we must look as little to men of peculiar and original genius as to the multitude for broad and comprehensive critical theories. Such men have usually one faculty developed at the expense of the others; and the very clearness of their perception of one kind of excellence impairs their perception of other kinds.

Their theories, being drawn from their own particular tastes and talents, just suffice to cover themselves and those who resemble them. The theory of Poe leads directly to the conclusion, and this he boldly avows, that Tennyson is the noblest poet that ever lived, since no other poet that ever lived has possessed so much of that ethereality and dim suggestiveness which Poe regards, if not the sole, at least as the highest characteristic of poetry. I am constrained to add, too, that while the theory leads to the conclusion that Tennyson is the noblest of poets, it leads equally to the conclusion that Poe is the next. At the same time I must do Poe the justice to acquit him of the petty vanity of wishing to lead his readers to such a conclusion. His theory I regard as the natural and logical result evolved from his own beautiful and very peculiar genius. Like the fabled Narcissus, he fell in love unconsciously with his own shadow in the water. I yield to few, and only to that extravagant few who would put him over the head of Milton himself, in my admiration of Poe, and I yield to none in a love which is almost a worship of Tennyson, with whose poems I have been familiar from boyhood, and whom I yet continue to study with ceaseless profit and pleasure. But I can by no means consent to regard him as the First of Poets, and I am sure that Tennyson himself would repudiate the compliment and the theory that seems to justify it. The very merit that theory mainly insists upon is not characteristic of more than one third part of the poems of Tennyson, who as a poet possesses what Poe had not,—other qualities besides his intense spiritualism; qualities of a more human and earthly tendency, which could not fail to bring him into affinity with other tastes and constrain him to demand a broader creed.

In order to perceive the real narrowness of Poe's theory, it is but necessary to examine the list of those elements which he says induce in the poet the true poetical effect, and to mark how carefully he selects only such appearances as are sim-

ply beautiful or simply mysterious, and how sedulously he excludes all of the sublime and terrible in the phenomena of nature.

"The poet," he says, "recognizes the ambrosia that nourishes his soul in the bright orbs of heaven, in the volutes of the flower, in the low clustering of the shrubberies, in the slanting of tall Eastern trees, in the blue distance of mountains, in the grouping of clouds, in the gleaming of silver rivers, in the repose of sequestered lakes. He perceives it in the songs of birds, in the harp of Æolus, in the sighing of the night-wind, in the perfume of the violet, and in the suggestive odors that come to him at eventide over dim oceans from far distant and undiscovered lands."

I have not enumerated all the influences to which he refers, but every one of them will be found upon examination to bear the same general character of quiet and gentle beauty. Let me ask in my turn whether there be no excitement of the poetical faculty in the clouded night as well as in the bright one; in the wrack of clouds by which the stars are driven in as well as in the purple islands and crimson archipelagoes of sunset; in the terror-stricken rain fleeing before the tempest as well as in the gentle and refreshing showers of April; in the craggy dangers as well as in the blue distances on mountains; in the rush of the tornado which opens a road through deep untraveled and illimitable forests, as well as in the faint and fragrant sigh of the zephyr; in the lightning that shatters "some great admiral," doomed never again to be heard of; in the ear-splitting crash of the thunder, the stricken pine, the blasted heath; in the tiger-haunted jungles of the Orient; in the vast Sahara, over which the sirocco sweeps like the breath of hell; in the barren and lonely cape strewn with wrecks and the precipitous promontory which refuses to preserve even a single plank of the ships that have been crushed against it; in the fearful tale suggested by the discovery of a human skeleton upon a desert island; in the march of the pestilence; in

the bloody battles of freedom, and in the strange noises and wild risks of an Arctic night, when the Great Pack is broken up and an Arctic storm is grinding and hurling the floes in thunder against each other.

In the same manner, when the eloquent poet comes to seek the mental or moral stimulants of poetry, he finds them "in all unworldly motives, in all holy impulses, in all chivalrous and self-sacrificing deeds;" but he does not, like the pro-founder Wordsworth, find them in the tranquil comforts of home, in the dignity of honest labor, in the charities of the beggar, and in those every-day virtues over which the human soul of Wordsworth's Muse broods in pleased contemplation. He sees no appeal to the faculties in the "common things that around us lie," in the fairy tales of science, in the magic of machinery, in the pen that writes and the types that immortalize his argument, in truth as truth merely, and in the lessons in which nature is so bountiful that they may be gathered from the very dust we tread beneath our feet. I think when we recall the many and varied sources of poetry, we must perforce confess that it is wholly impossible to reduce them all to the simple element of beauty. Two other elements at least must be added; and these are power, when it is developed in some noble shape, and truth, whether abstract or not, when it affects the common heart of mankind. For the suggestion of these two additional principles, I suppose I ought to say that I am indebted to Leigh Hunt; but I cannot help adding that I had fixed upon the same trinity of elements long before I became acquainted with his delightful book on *Imagination and Fancy*.

It is then in the feelings awakened by certain moods of the mind, when we stand in the presence of Truth, Beauty, and Power, that I recognize what we all agree to call poetry. To analyze the nature of these feelings, inextricably tangled as they are with the different faculties of the mind, and especially with that great faculty which is the prime minister of po-

etry, imagination, is not absolutely necessary to the present purpose. Let us be satisfied with having ascertained the elements which excite in us the sentiment of poetry; and having thus in a measure fixed its boundaries, let us proceed to consider it as it appears when embodied in language. Of course, I hold with those who maintain that poetry may be developed in various moods, — in painting, sculpture, architecture, music, as well as in words. Indeed, there is no divining in what quarter this subtle and ethereal spirit may not make its appearance. The verse is its most natural garment; it sometimes looks out upon mankind in the guise of prose where

its delights

Are dolphin-like, and show themselves above
The element they sport in.

We are talking with a lovely, intelligent woman, who assures us that she has no expression for the poetry that is in her, and afterward proceeds to recount the story of some noble martyrdom, when behold! in the proud flush that mantles her forehead and the smile that comes up from the depths of her beautiful eyes, the visible presence of poetry itself! Our present business, however, is only with the development of poetry in words.

I look upon every poem strictly as a work of art, and on the poet, in the act of putting poetry into verse, simply as an artist. If the poet have his hour of inspiration, though I am so sick of the cant of which this word has been the fruitful source that I dislike to use it, this hour is not at all during the work of composition. A distinction must be made between the moment when the great thought strikes for the first time along the brain and flushes the cheek with the sudden revelation of beauty or grandeur and the hour of patient, elaborate execution. The soul of the poet, though constrained to utter itself at some time or other, does not burst into song as readily as a maiden of sixteen bursts into musical laughter. Many poets have written of grief, but no poet in the first agony of his heart ever sat

down to strain that grief through iambs. Many poets have given expression to the first raptures of successful love, but no poet in the delirium of joy has ever bubbled it in anapests. Could this have been possible the poet would have been the most wonderful of improvisers; and perhaps a poem would be no better than what improvisations always are. It would be easy to prove the truth of these few general remarks by the confessions of the poets themselves. Poe has described to the world how he slowly built up the poem of *The Raven*. A greater poet than Poe speaks of himself as

not used to make

A present joy the matter of his song,
and of his poems, which the "Muse accepts, deliberately pleased," as very thoughtfully fitted to the Orphean lyre. The labor through which Tennyson has obtained that perfection of style which is characteristic of his poems must have been almost infinite. And Matthew Arnold, a poet not widely known in this country, but one who, in the estimation of the English critical public, sits not very far below Tennyson, separates, as I have separated, the hours of insight from the hours of labor.

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still;
In mystery our soul abides;
But tasks in hours of insight willed
May be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

Does this fact lessen the merit of the poet or the charm of the poem? I do not see why it should, any more than because the Eve in your library was once but a beautiful idea in the mind of its creator, was slowly chiseled from a block of shapeless marble, it should deprive the sculptor of his glory, or mar for a single instant the effect of the faultless symmetry and suggestive countenance of the statue. It must not be forgotten that my present aim is to show that a poem, without being all poetry from beginning to end, may be complete as a work of art. Now, there are two classes of poets, differing essentially

VOL. 96 - NO. 3

in their several characters. The one class desires only to utter musically its own peculiar thoughts, feelings, sentiments, or passions, without regard to their truth or falsehood, their morality or want of morality, but in simple reference to their poetical effect. The other class, with more poetry at its command than the first, regards poetry simply as the minister, the highest minister indeed, but still only the minister, of Truth, and refuses to address itself to the sense of the beautiful alone. The former class is content simply to create beauty, and writes such poems as *The Raven* of Poe or *The Corsair* of Byron. The latter class aims to create beauty also, but it desires at the same time to mould this beauty into the shape of a temple dedicated to Truth. It is to this class that we owe the authorship of such poems as the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, the *Lines* at Tintern Abbey and the *Excursion* of Wordsworth, and the *In Memoriam* of Tennyson.

The former class can afford to write brief and faultless poems, because its end is a narrow one; the second class is forced to demand an ampler field, because it is influenced by a vaster purpose.

Take a poet of the last mentioned class at the commencement of his work. Imbued with a love of truth, conscious of the noble character of his mission as a poet, convinced that a poem should, to use the words of Bacon, "help and confer to magnanimity and morality as well as to delectation," he chooses a subject the beauty of which may be so well developed as to serve an ulterior and loftier end. The end of Milton's poem is the glory of God and a justification of his ways toward man. The end of the poem of Wordsworth is to involve the spiritual meanings that lie behind phenomena of nature, and to show that the materials of poetry may be gathered from the common and familiar things of existence. The end of the poems of Tennyson, who in his large nature touches Poe on the one side and Wordsworth on the other, is at times as purely the creation of beauty as Poe could

desire it to be. But it is not less often to inculcate the profoundest lessons of a human philosophy; and to do this he sounds in one poem the remotest metaphysical depths, he embodies the whole history of a sorrow in another, and in a third he converts into magnificent verse the doubts, fears, and perplexities through which the soul attains at last a ground on which to rest its hopes of immortality.

The poet who has such ends as these in view is not likely to measure the length of his poem by the rules of Poe's theory. If his subject be in the main poetical, he is careless whether its complete development involve the treatment here and there of a prosaic type and necessitate the composition of a few thousand instead of one hundred and fourteen lines. But at the same time, in the development of this subject, he will not forget that he is an artist, and that he is bound to produce, as far as possible, a harmonious work of art. He will take care that all his topics have reference to the general purpose of the poem; and when they are unpoetical he may not seldom use them as the musician uses discords, or the painter shadows, to strengthen by contrast the effect of that which is genuinely poetical. He will endeavor also, by every artifice of verse and language, to raise these necessarily unpoetical portions as near as may be to the height of the loftier portions of his creation. Thus Milton has contrived by a melodious arrangement to impart a wonderful charm to a mere list of geographical names. And thus Tennyson, by clearness and sometimes picturesqueness of expression, and by the unequalled perfection of his rhythm, has succeeded in giving a poetical air to thoughts which in any other hands would have been the baldest and most prosaic abstractions.

It seems to me that I have now made plain what I mean, when I say that a poem may be complete without being in the highest and most legitimate sense poetical in all its parts. If a poem have one purpose and the materials of which it is composed are so selected and arranged

as to help enforce it, we have no right to regard it as a series of minor poems merely because there may occur an occasional flaw in the structure. And he who persists in reading such a poem as so many short ones, besides losing the pleasure of contemplating the symmetrical development of a work of art, will fail to grasp the central purpose of the poet.

It seems to me that I may strengthen still further my theory that truth as much as beauty is the source of poetry by reference to the works of a poet who always refused to separate them. When Poe speaks of the impossibility of "reconciling the obstinate oils and waters of poetry and truth," he is, unconsciously to himself, confounding truth with science and matter of fact. It is, of course, impossible to see poetry in the dry facts and details of business, or in the arguments and commonplaces of politicians, or in the fact that the three angles of any triangle are equal to two right angles. But there is poetry in the truths of the mind and heart, in the truths that affect us in our daily relations with men, and even in the grand general truths of science, when they become familiar to us and help us to understand and appreciate the beauties of the universe. This is what Coleridge meant in part, when he said that poetry was "the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language;" and what Wordsworth meant, when he, not less eloquently, described it "as the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science." But a few specimens from those poems, the source of whose inspiration is truth, will do more than any remarks of mine to establish my opinion. The poet who first taught the few simple but grand and impressive truths which have blossomed into the poetic harvest of the nineteenth century was Wordsworth. The poetic literature of the age which preceded the appearance of Wordsworth was, in general, wholly artificial and conventional. In saying this

I do not mean to condemn it; on the contrary, I am grateful to those poets who gave expression to the very little poetry that was to be found in the forms, fashions, and sentiments of an age which, in face of the materialism about us, I believe to have been infinitely more material than the present one. But the moment these poets wandered away from society into the domain of nature, they became blind; or if they saw at all, it was through a haze of falsehood. The descriptive poems of Pope are below contempt. I need not call to mind his translation of the famous moonlight scene in the *Iliad* which Coleridge, De Quincey, and Macaulay have shown to be full of the most absurd inaccuracies. Passages equally inaccurate might be taken from *Windsor Forest*. It is to Wordsworth mainly that we owe that couching of the poetic eye which enables it to observe truly the appearances of nature and to describe them correctly.

I have already said something as to the aims of the poetry of Wordsworth. When he began to write, it was with the purpose of embodying in all the poetic forms at his command the two truths of which the poets and readers of his time seemed to him completely incognizant. These were, first, that the materials and stimulants of poetry might be found in the commonest things about us; and second, behind the sights, sounds, and hues of external nature there is "something more than meets the senses, something undefined and unutterable which must be felt and perceived by the soul" in its moments of rapt contemplation. This latter feeling it is that constitutes the chief originality of Wordsworth. It is not to be found in Shakespeare or his contemporaries. It is not to be found in Milton, and of course, not in Milton's successors; not in Dryden or Pope; not in Thomson or Cowper. It appeared for the first time in literature in the lines of Wordsworth written near Tintern Abbey. Since then it has been caught up and shadowed forth by every poet from Byron to the present English

Laureate. I cannot understand how any one can read that profound poem and then remain satisfied with the dictum of Poe that the sole office of a poem should be the development of beauty alone. I shall not apologize for quoting an extract from it. After describing the mere animal pleasure with which the appearance of nature affected his youth, the poet proceeds to speak of the moods in which he has looked behind those appearances to detect the spirit of which they were but the varied expression:—

I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is passed
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss I would believe
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity;
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round Ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky and in the mind of man,
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

In the prefatory verses to the *Excursion* he announces his doctrine that the domain of poetry lies in the familiar as well as in the remote:—

Beauty — a living presence of the earth,
Surpassing the most fair ideal forms
Which craft of delicate spirits hath composed
From Earth's materials — waits upon my steps;
Pitches her tent before me as I move,
An hourly neighbor. Paradise and groves
Elysian, fortunate fields, like those of old,
Sought in the Atlantic main, why should they be
A history only of departed things,
Or a mere fiction of what never was?

For the discerning intellect of man,
 When wedded to this goodly universe
 In love and holy passion, shall find there
 A simple produce of the common day.

Wordsworth, indeed, always regarded the poet as a teacher, and in the elucidation in various modes of the ideas conveyed in the passages which I have quoted he recognizes the business of his life. And in sooth, if he had done nothing more than give these truths to the world, he would be entitled to our lasting gratitude. In his many exemplifications of them in his poems, he has opened new and unexplored regions of loveliness; he has shown us how it is possible by the mere act of pressing a spade into the earth to bring it up rich in poetic lore; and he has taught us how the soul may detect, not only in the changing clouds and the succession of the flowers, but in the fixed and steady lineaments of rock and mountain, an expression ever varying. And as if he had given us another sense, though in reality he has only roused us to the knowledge of one which we must often have used unconsciously, but whose revelations we had, in our ignorance, interpreted wrongly, he has enabled us to see, even in the material universe about us, the actual presence of the power of the invisible. But it is not the revelation alone of the two cardinal doctrines of his poetic creed that we owe to Wordsworth. We are indebted to him for the inculcation of a love of nature which in the passionate extent to which it was carried by Wordsworth, had never before found expression in the literature of any age or people. We are indebted to him for hundreds of single lines which in their brief compass enshrine more beauty and wisdom than are to be found in many whole poems, and which have stamped themselves like proverbs on the common memory. In the two books of the *Excursion* entitled "A Churchyard among the Mountains," and which, following out my theory, I have always separated in my mind from the body of the work as composing a complete poem in themselves, he has described

with exquisite pathos the heart-histories of the humble; and in the *Prelude*, —

An Orphic song, indeed;

A song divine of high and passionate thoughts,
 To their own music chanted, —

he has given us, with as much metaphysical truth as poetic power, an account of the gradual growth and formation of a poetic mind; while, in the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*, which, if we except perhaps Milton's *Hymn of the Nativity*, is undoubtedly the noblest ode in the language, he has flung a new and sacred light over the life of infancy.

In this brief summary I have by no means gone over all the ground upon which Wordsworth has built the immortal structure of his fame. I have said enough, however, to show how profoundly he recognizes the inspiration of Truth. But I cannot help calling attention further to the manner in which the element of truth appears in his descriptions of the feminine character. No other poet, save Tennyson and the great bard who depicted Cordelia and Miranda, Ophelia and Imogen, has ever depicted that character with the purity, tenderness, and fidelity of Wordsworth. There are no amatory poems in Wordsworth; at least, none of the sort Moore and Byron made popular, in which a woman is in the same breath addressed as an angel and wooed as the frailest of sinners. It is usually only in her relations of wife, mother, or friend that Wordsworth alludes to woman; and he speaks of her always with the respect, and at the same time with the gentle and courteous freedom, of an affectionate husband or brother. Familiar as they probably are to all, I cannot resist the temptation of quoting the lines in which the interesting wife of the poet will go down to posterity: —

She was a phantom of delight,
 When first she gleamed across my sight;
 A lovely apparition sent
 To be a moment's ornament;
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
 Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;

But all things else about her drawn
From Maytime and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her, upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too,
With household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet, a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel light.

Wordsworth could never have been brought to agree with Poe that a true poem is written for the poem's sake alone. The theory which Poe very naturally evolved from his own genius Wordsworth quite as naturally would have thought incompatible with the high office of the poet as a teacher, thinker, and bard. On the other hand, the broader vision of Tennyson has enabled him to detect the truth that lies on the side of Poe and the truth that lies on the side of Wordsworth. The proof that a poet may aim at beauty alone, without an ulterior purpose, he sees in every daisy and buttercup of an English meadow.

Oh, to what uses shall we put
The wildwood flower that simply blows?
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?

Nevertheless does he recognize the right of the poet to make his art the vehicle of great moral and philosophical lessons; nevertheless does he see his right to grapple with the darkest problems of man's destiny, to discuss the fears and perplexities of the spirit and the faith that

triumphs over them; and even to drop now and then a silken line in the dim sea of metaphysics.

I have been induced to undertake a refutation of Poe's theory, while attempting to establish another, not because I believe Poe's the one most prevalently adopted, but because I regard it as the one most artfully put and at the same time most likely to excite interest in an American audience. There is an admirably written essay prefixed to the second edition of the poems of Matthew Arnold, in which that poet endeavors to show that all the poets of the present century have been working on mistaken principles, and that the ancients were the only true masters of the poetic art. A theory to the full as true as Poe's might also be drawn from the works of the Brownings, which would lead to the exclusion of Poe from the roll of great poets as surely as the theory of Poe leads to the exclusion of the Brownings. I do not regret, however, the necessity of passing over the many plausible half truths which go to make up the creed of this or that poet, since the principal object I proposed to myself in this essay was to call attention to the narrowness of them all. A very little examination will generally prove that they have grown out of the idiosyncrasies of the poets themselves, and so, necessarily, seldom attain a greater breadth than suffices to shelter the theorist and the models from which he has drawn his arguments and his inspiration.

Yet every one of these creeds has its disciples, and the consequence is the growth of particular schools, in the study of which the taste becomes limited and the poetic vision, except in one direction, deprived of all its clearness.

I am not protesting against an evil existing only in my imagination. I have known more than one young lover of poetry who read nothing but Browning, and there are hundreds who have drowned all the poets of the past and present in the deep music of Tennyson. But is it not possible, with the whole wealth of litera-

ture at our command, to attain views broad enough to enable us to do justice to genius of every class and character? That certainly can be no true poetical creed that leads directly to the neglect of those masterpieces which, though wrought hundreds of thousands of years ago, still preserve the freshness of perennial youth. It is not from gratitude simply, though we owe them much, to the many poets whose "thoughts have made rich the blood of the world" that I desire to press their claims upon attention. In the possession of a fame as immortal as Truth and Nature, they can afford to look with indifference upon a temporary suspension of admiration. The injury falls only on such as slight them, and the penalty they

pay is a contracted and a contracting insight, the shutting on them forever of many glorious vistas of mind and the loss of thousands of images of grace and beauty and grandeur. Oh! rest assured that there are no stereotyped forms of poetry. It is a vital power and may assume any guise and take any shape, at one time towering like an alp in the darkness, and at another sunning itself in the bell of a tulip or the cup of a lily; and until one shall have learned to recognize it in all its various developments he has no right to echo back the benison of Wordsworth,

Blessings be on them and eternal praise,
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of Truth and pure delight in heavenly lays.

THE LESSER CHILDREN

A THRENODY AT THE HUNTING SEASON

BY RIDGELY TORRENCE

In the middle of August when the southwest wind
Blows after sunset through the leisuring air,
And on the sky nightly the mythic hind
Leads down the sullen dog star to his lair,
After the feverous vigil of July,
When the loud pageant of the year's high noon
Passed up the ways of time to sing and part,
Grief also wandered by
From out the lovers and the leaves of June,
And by the wizard spices of his hair
I knew his heart was very Love's own heart.
Deep within dreams he led me out of doors
As from the upper vault the night outpours,
And when I saw that to him all the skies
Yearned as a sea asleep yearns to its shores,
He took a little clay and touched my eyes.

What saw I then, what heard?
Multitudes, multitudes, under the moon they stirred!
The weaker brothers of our earthly breed;
Watchmen of whom our safety takes no heed;
Swift helpers of the wind that sowed the seed

Before the first field was or any fruit;
Warriors against the bivouac of the weed;
Earth's earliest ploughmen for the tender root,
All came about my head and at my feet
A thousand, thousand sweet,
With starry eyes not even raised to plead;
Bewildered, driven, hiding, fluttering, mute!

And I beheld and saw them one by one
Pass and become as nothing in the night.
Clothed on with red they were who once were white;
Drooping, who once led armies to the sun,
Of whom the lowly grass now topped the flight:
In scarlet faint who once were brave in brown;
Climbers and builders of the silent town,
Crawlers and burrowers all in crimson dye,
Winged mysteries of song that from the sky
Once dashed long music down.

O who would take away music from the earth?
Have we so much? Or love upon the hearth?
No more — they faded;
The great trees bending between birth and birth
Sighed for them, and the night wind's hoarse rebuff
Shouted the shame of which I was persuaded.
Shall Nature's only pausing be by men invaded?
Or shall we lay grief's faggots on her shoulders bare?
Has she not borne enough?
Soon will the mirroring woodland pools begin to con her,
And her sad immemorial passion come upon her;
Lo, would you add despair unto despair?
Shall not the Spring be answer to her prayer?
Must her un comforted heavens overhead,
Weeping, look down on tears and still behold
Only wings broken or a fledgeling dead,
Or underfoot the meadows that wore gold
Die, and the leaves go mourning to the mould
Beneath poor dead and desperate feet
Of folk who in next summer's meadows shall not meet?

Who has not seen in the high gulf of light
What, lower, was a bird, but now
Is moored and altered quite
Into an island of unshaded joy?
To whom the mate below upon the bough
Shouts once and brings him from his high employ.
Yet speeding he forgot not of the cloud
Where he from glory sprang and burned aloud,
But took a little of the day,
A little of the coloured sky,
And of the joy that would not stay

He wove a song that cannot die.
 Then, then — the unfathomable shame;
 The one last wrong arose from out the flame,
 The ravening hate that hated not was hurled
 Bidding the radiant love once more beware,
 Bringing one more loneliness on the world,
 And one more blindness in the unseen air.
 Nor may the smooth regret, the pitying oath
 Shed on such utter bitter any leaven.
 Only the pleading flowers that knew them both
 Hold all their bloody petals up to heaven.

Winds of the fall that all year to and fro
 Somewhere upon the earth go wandering,
 You saw, you moaned, you know:
 Withhold not then unto all time to tell
 Lest unborn others of us see this thing.
 Bring our sleek, comfortable reason low:
 Recount how souls grown tremulous as a bell
 Came forth each other and the day to greet
 In morning air all Indian Summer-sweet,
 And crept upstream, through wood or field or brake,
 Most tremblingly to take
 What crumbs that from the Master's table fell.
 Cry with what thronging thunders they were met,
 And hide not how the least leaf was made wet.
 Cry till no watcher says that all is well
 With raucous discord through the leaning spheres.
 But tell
 With tears, with tears
 How the last man is harmed even as they
 Who on these dawns are fire, at dusk are clay.
 Record the dumb and wise,
 No less than those who lived in singing guise,
 Whose choric hearts lit each wild green arcade.
 Make men to see their eyes,
 Forced to suspect behind each reed or rose
 The thorn of lurking foes.
 And O, before the daylight goes,
 After, after the deed against the skies,
 After the last belief and longing dies,
 Make men again to see their eyes
 Whose piteous casements now all unafraid
 Peer out to that far verge where evermore,
 Beyond all woe for which a tear atones,
 The likeness of our own dishonor moans,
 A sea that has no bottom and no shore.

What shall be done
 By you, shy folk who cease thus heart by heart?
 You for whose fate such fate forever hovers?

O little lovers,
If you would still have nests beneath the sun
Gather your broods about you and depart,
Before the stony forward-pressing faces
Into the lands bereft of any sound;
The solemn and compassionate desert places.
Give unto men no more the strong delight
To know that underneath the frozen ground
Dwells the warm life and all the quick, pure lore.
Take from our eyes the glory of great flight.
Let us behold no more
People untroubled by a Fate's veiled eyes.
Leave us upon an earth of faith forlorn.
No more wild tidings from the sweet far skies
Of love's long utmost heavenward endeavor.
So shall the silence pour on us for ever
The streaming arrows of unutterable scorn.

Nor shall the cry of famine be a shield
The altar of a brutish mood to hide.
Stains, stains upon the lintels of our doors
Wail to be justified.
Shall there be mutterings at the seasons' yield?
Has eye of man seen bared the granary floors?
Are the fields wasted? Spilled the oil and wine?
Is the fat seed under the clod decayed?
Does ever the fig tree languish or the vine?
Who has beheld the harvest promise fade?
Or any orchard heavy with fruit asway
Withered away?
No, not these things, but grosser things than these
Are the dim parents of a guilt not dim;
Ancestral urges out of old caves blowing,
When Fear watched at our coming and our going
The horror of the chattering face of Whim.
Hates, cruelties new fallen from the trees
Whereto we clung with impulse sad for love,
Shames we have had all time to rid us of,
Disgraces cold and sorrows long bewept,
Recalled, revived, and kept,
Unmeaning quarrels, blood-compelling lust,
And snarling woes from our old home, the dust.

Yet even of these one saving shape may rise;
Fear may unveil our eyes.
For know you not what curse of blight would fall
Upon a land lorn of the sweet shy races
Who day and night keep ward and seneschal
Upon the treasury of the planted spaces?
Then would the locust have his fill,
And the blind worm lay tithe,

The unfed stones rot in the listless mill,
The sound of grinding cease.
No yearning gold would whisper to the scythe,
Hunger at last would prove us of one blood,
The shores of dream be drowned in tides of need,
Horribly would the whole earth be at peace,
The burden of the grasshopper indeed
Weigh down the green corn and the tender bud,
The plague of Egypt fall upon the wheat,
And the shrill nit would batten in the heat.

But you, O poor of deeds and rich of breath,
Whose eyes have made our eyes a hue abhorred,
Red, eager aids of aid-unneeding Death,
Hunters before the Lord,
If on the flinted marge about your souls
In vain the heaving tide of mourning rolls,
If from your trails unto the crimson goals
The weeper and the weeping must depart,
If lust of blood come on you like a fiery dart
And darken all the dark autumnal air,
Then, then — be fair.
Pluck a young ash tree or a sapling yew
And at the root end fix an iron thorn,
Then forth with rocking laughter of the horn
And passing, with no belling retinue,
All timorous, lesser sippers of the dew,
Seek out some burly guardian of the hills
And set your urgent thew against his thew.
Then shall the hidden wisdoms and the wills
Strive, and bear witness to the trees and clods
How one has dumb lore of the rocks and swales
And one has reason like unto the gods.
Then shall the lagging righteousness ensue,
The powers at last be equal in the scales,
And the man's club and the beast's claw be flails
To winnow the unworthy of the two.
Then on the earth, in the sky and the heavenly court
That broods behind it,
Justice shall be awakened and aware,
Then those who go forth greatly, seeking sport,
Shall doubtless find it,
And all things be fair.

THE PROBLEM OF FEDERAL PRINTING

BY WILLIAM S. ROSSITER¹

IN 1904 the expenditure of the United States government for all classes of printing amounted to \$7,080,906.73. This heavy expenditure reflects the amount and variety of printed matter now used in the conduct of the federal government and also suggests the possibility of over-liberality. Nearly half a century has elapsed since the last radical change in the printing policy of the government. During this long period, changing conditions, carelessness, or adherence to tradition may have opened the door to some unnecessary expenditures, either in the operation of the Government Printing Office or in the amount of printing required by Congress and the departments.

Twice President Roosevelt, in annual messages to Congress, has sounded a note of warning. Partly as the result of this, near the close of the last session of Congress, a joint committee was appointed to investigate the whole subject of official printing. This committee confronts problems of greater magnitude than ever have existed before in connection with federal printing.

The printing industry has not yielded to the tendency of the period toward combination of capital: there are no commercial printing offices in the United States worthy of comparison, in extent of plant and amount of investment, with leading concerns in other and less important industries. It has remained for the United States government to equip and operate a printing office which, in capital invested, extent of plant, variety and value of product, and number of employees, compares favorably with the principal establishments in other industries, and far sur-

passes any other printing office in the world. So great is the capacity of this office that entire books have been produced in a night; and when emergencies arise in the government service, it is necessary to specify only the requirement and the time available, and the work is done.

Growth of Federal Printing.

The necessity for federal printing began with the First Congress, which assembled in New York in 1789. Proposals were then invited by joint resolution for the printing of six hundred copies of the Acts of Congress, and seven hundred copies of the journal. The early requirements in New York and Philadelphia, and later in Washington, to which place the government was removed in 1800, were, however, very insignificant. For the first half century of national existence, and especially during the first two decades, the bills, documents, and journals of the two Houses of Congress represented much the greater part of the official printing of the government.

The statutes relating to federal printing have been completely made over or amended in important particulars five times during the past century. By the joint resolution of 1819 a scale of prices was established, and each body balloted for its printer. With minor changes this method continued for twenty-seven years. Under the law of 1846 the clerks of the Senate and House were directed to secure bids annually for the printing needed. These bids were to be opened in the presence of the Vice-President and Speaker. This plan remained in operation for six years. It was expensive and unsatisfactory to the government, and ruinous to the contractors.

¹ Chief Clerk United States Census Bureau, and Expert Special Agent for Printing and Publishing the Twelfth Census.

In 1852 the contract system was abolished and the office of Superintendent of Public Printing was created, to be filled through appointment by the President. The superintendent was to take charge of all public printing and advertise annually for bids for paper, but Congress returned to the custom of establishing a fixed scale of compensation and electing a printer for each body. By this time the limited facilities of Washington began to be severely felt. No one office was sufficient to handle the entire volume of federal printing, and dissatisfaction and inconvenience were general. Moreover, the scale system proved very expensive.

The next and inevitable change came in 1860, when Congress, by joint resolution, authorized the purchase of the principal plant in the city, building and all, for \$135,000. This building still forms part of the old Government Printing Office and adjoins the new building. When purchased in 1860 it contained twenty-three Adams presses, three rotary presses, and about twenty tons of type. The job department was stated to consist of eighty-two cases of job type and nineteen "spittoons."

Operation of the plant thus acquired began in the following March, but although new type and machinery were added at frequent intervals it was necessary for the Congressional printer to invoke the assistance of private concerns until 1866.

The Government Printing Office as now operated is therefore the result of years of slow and continuous growth. It is doubtful whether the present building and contents could be duplicated for less than \$10,000,000. The principal building in which this great office is housed was completed two years ago at a cost of \$2,500,000. It is 408 feet long by 175 feet wide, and is seven stories high; it is equipped with fifteen elevators, a refrigerator plant, a filtration plant, eight 300-horse-power boilers, and three engines. The entire plant, including the old building, contains nearly sixteen acres

of floor space. The equipment includes 300 tons of type, 60 typesetting machines, nearly 150 printing presses of all sizes, 600 individual electric motors, and ruling, folding, and binding machinery of bewildering variety and vast capacity. Connected with the establishment is an electrotype foundry said to have no equal in size in the world. It is capable of turning out 2000 electrotypes daily. Under the sidewalk is located a large storage vault for plates, with a capacity for 2,000,000 electrotypes.

The total number of persons employed in the Government Printing Office varies from 4000 to 4500, and the fortnightly disbursement for wages now amounts to nearly \$100,000. The compositors alone number about 1200; they are divided into eight divisions, each of which by itself would be considered a large composing force. A distinct line of work is assigned to each of these divisions as follows:—

- First division (day and night shifts), Congressional bills.
- Second division, special catalogue and library work.
- Third division, statistics and directory work (Census, Blue Book, etc.).
- Fourth division, legal composition (Supreme Court, etc.).
- Fifth division, technical composition (Naval Observatory, Coast Survey, Nautical Almanac, etc.).
- Sixth division, Congressional Record.
- Specifications division (Patent Office Gazette, Trade-Marks, etc.).
- Job division.

The job work of the office requires a separate department employing about 150 compositors and including nearly 40 presses. Attached to the Printing Office are seven branch offices located in the Government departments. Each branch is fully equipped with type and presses. In two of these branches there are also complete binderies.

The immense quantity of material of all kinds consumed by the Government Printing Office in the course of a year is indicated by a few of the larger items.

During the last fiscal year there were purchased 6,366,955 pounds of machine book paper, costing \$216,486.43; approximately 41,000 reams of supercalendered paper of varying sizes and 5000 reams of coated or "cut" paper, together costing about \$150,000; 57,660 reams of writing and ledger paper, costing approximately \$106,000; 39,270 pounds of printing ink, costing \$23,008.68; 216,161 feet of leather, and 9423 dozen skins, costing \$97,904.99; 8015 pieces of book cloth, costing \$46,683.41; 5975 packs and rolls of gold leaf, costing \$33,689.93; 1,393,350 pounds of binder's board, costing \$42,-086.17; while the lithographs, engravings, and cuts purchased by the Public Printer from private contractors, for use in publications printed and bound in the government plant, cost \$272,243.06.

Official Printing in other Countries.

The United States government has always been liberal in its use of printed matter, a trait it may be observed that is characteristic of American people generally. The rapid increase in the volume of official printing appears to have compelled the federal government to face and solve the problem of production by establishing a government plant long before a similar requirement arose in other countries.

Government-operated printing offices and binderies now exist in France, Austria, and Holland; in some other countries, as for example, Russia, official printing offices supply certain classes of work and serve only certain bureaus.

In France the *Imprimerie Nationale*, a bureau under the Ministry of Justice, meets the printing and most of the binding requirements of the French government. By a decree issued in 1889, French officials are compelled to place their orders for printing and binding with this office. Vouchers drawn by officials in favor of commercial printers are not honored by the treasury, except in connection with certain classes of stationery and

binding which may be ordered of private contractors, although the national printing office will supply either when called upon to do so.

In Austria, the entire official printing and binding is produced by a bureau of the Imperial government known as the Austrian Court and Printing Office.

In Holland, the state printing office is under the control of the Ministry of the Interior, and meets the requirements of the Dutch government.

More than half of the printing and binding required by the Russian government is produced by private contracts, as it has been found that the expense is less when the work is done by contract than when the official printing offices are employed. The ministries of War, Interior, Finance, and Ways and Communications operate individual printing offices. The difference, however, between Russian official and private printing offices is not clearly marked. For example, the printing office connected with the Ministry of Finance, whenever not fully employed upon government work, accepts orders for private printing on the same basis as commercial establishments. So unsystematic is the method followed in Russia that it is impossible even to approximate the cost of Imperial printing. It may be observed in this connection that all the financial records of the Imperial government are about two years behind the current date.

Great Britain pursues a totally different policy in connection with official printing, and no material change has been made for many years. The British government employs Harrison and Company, St. Martin's Lane, of which the famous firm of Ayre and Spottiswoode is a part, to produce the printing and binding for that government. The concern supplies the foreign office with a printer, who is known as a confidential man, and under whom are employed about thirty compositors sworn to secrecy.

The German Empire does not operate an official printing office. Such printing

and binding as is required is supplied by private contractors, but one firm, that which prints the *Official Gazette* and the *North German Gazette*, secures most of the government work, and is therefore regarded in a general way as the official printer of the Empire. When bureaus or ministries require printing, they are at liberty to ask for estimates from private firms in Berlin or elsewhere, and to place the order as the results of the bids may indicate, or to disregard the bids, and for reasons of public expediency, or in order to secure rapid or careful work, to place the order with the printers of the *Official Gazette*.

In no country of Europe does the printing approach, in volume or in cost, the requirement of the United States, and in general the material used in American official printing is far superior to that used by foreign governments.

The Cost of Federal Printing.

No record of the expenditures for official printing during the earlier years of the federal government is to be found in the published transactions of Congress. It is possible that the items of payments for printing are on record in the Treasury, but if such details exist they are not accessible. Printing, first mentioned in the appropriations for 1792, was generally included in contingent funds, and thus buried in the odds and ends of official expenses.

In the following table the figures for the early decades have been compiled by the use of known proportions, but it is believed they closely approximate actual expenditures. Moreover, the total amount expended during the first forty-three years of the government, the period for which exact figures are lacking, forms but an insignificant part of the aggregate expenditure to 1904.

The expenditure from 1890 to 1899 inclusive was 243 times as great as that for the corresponding decade one hundred years earlier. If the present rate of increase in outlay for printing continues

EXPENDITURES FOR PUBLIC PRINTING, BY DECADES, WITH PERCENTAGE OF INCREASE: 1790 TO 1904.

Decade.	Total for each Decade.	Per cent. of Increase.
1790-1799	\$154,885	
1800-1809	295,246	91
1810-1819	544,816	85
1820-1829	770,320	41
1830-1839	2,445,248	217
1840-1849	3,111,203	27
1850-1859	8,307,073	167
1860-1869	13,178,706	59
1870-1879	16,552,277	26
1880-1889	26,369,992	59
1890-1899	37,602,102	43
(1900-1904)	29,136,580	
Total,	\$138,468,448	

during the current decade, the total for the ten years from 1900 to 1909 will exceed \$60,000,000, a greater sum than was expended for all federal printing from 1790 to 1880.

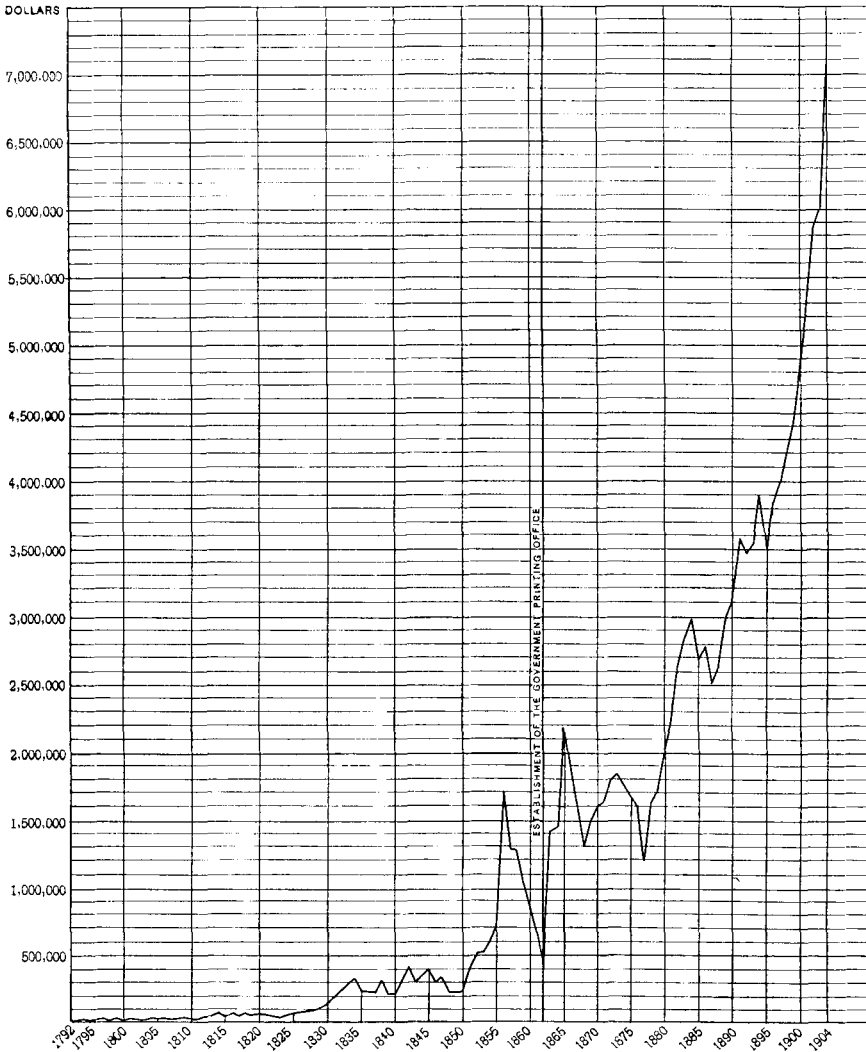
The increase in the cost of official printing during the century is somewhat more vividly shown by noting the increase in the per capita cost.

PER CAPITA COST OF PRINTING, IN CENSUS YEARS, 1790 TO 1900 AND IN 1904.

Year.	Population.	Cost of Printing.	Per capita Cost.
1790	3,929,214	\$8,785	\$0.002
1800	5,308,483	20,322	.003
1810	7,239,881	31,675	.004
1820	9,638,453	71,723	.007
1830	12,866,020	141,144	.01
1840	17,069,453	207,238	.012
1850	23,191,876	344,831	.015
1860	31,443,321	866,868	.027
1870	38,558,371	1,609,859	.041
1880	50,155,783	2,034,750	.04
1890	62,622,250	3,124,462	.05
1900	75,994,575	4,905,881	.065
1904	81,213,321 ¹	7,080,906	.087

From this analysis it is evident that the per capita cost of federal printing has increased steadily during the century, and is now an item of considerable consequence. The accompanying chart shows the increase graphically by years since 1792. It will be observed that until the last decade the sharp advances occur about the

¹ Estimated.



GROWTH OF FEDERAL PRINTING FROM 1792 TO 1904.

first third, or at least in the first half of each ten-year period, and doubtless reflect the periodical expenditures for census reports. The most marked depressions coincide roughly with, or follow, periods of financial depression, thus suggesting the influence of general retrenchment.

It is important to fix clearly in mind at the outset the fact that the printing required by the national government is comprised in two general classes, — legislative and executive (departmental), — between

which the total annual expenditures are about equally divided.

Legislative printing includes not only the great volume of journals, documents, bills, and reports connected with the movement of Congressional business, but also reports of the President and the heads of departments, and a great number of scientific, statistical, and historical publications authorized by Congress, most of which are annual and possess permanent value.

Executive, or departmental, printing comprises all the miscellaneous books, reports, pamphlets, and job work required by the various departments, courts, commissions, and bureaus. For the latter class of printing Congress allots specified sums annually to the Public Printer, upon whom a requisition is made for each piece of work. The former class is generally known as "publications printed by law or by authority of Congress," and the latter as "publications printed or ordered by the executive departments upon requisition."

Unfortunately, it is not possible to make a complete separation of the two classes for purposes of analysis, as the publications of one are often utilized by the other.

In the following table an attempt has been made to classify the greater part of the printing and binding issued under the first of the two general classes referred to above. While the results are not altogether exact, they show clearly the lines in which increased expenditure is most pronounced.

COST OF DOCUMENTS PRINTED BY LAW, OR BY AUTHORITY OF CONGRESS,
CLASSIFIED BY TOPICS: 1870, 1880, 1890, and 1900.

Year.	Reports and Messages.	Eulogies and Histories.	Scientific and Descriptive.	Agricultural.	Statistical.	Industrial.	Miscellaneous.	Senate and House Documents.
1870	\$295,821	\$5,569	\$5,514	\$151,756	\$3,137	\$401	\$35,205	\$159,088
1880	111,563	58,932	59,460	227,786	6,864	13,510	17,316	225,820
1890	274,386	11,796	175,312	203,725	8,348	36,940	43,897	598,542
1900	312,898	65,226	362,633	357,060	78,661	72,077	76,093	976,689

The increase here shown in publications relating to scientific, statistical, and agricultural subjects would be even more striking if the publications in the second general class (departmental) were included.

No comparison with the cost of official printing in other countries is possible, because foreign requirements differ widely from our own, and the wages of employees bear no resemblance to the rates of pay for similar work in the United States.

For example, in France the total cost of the product of the official printing office in 1902 was 6,878,698 francs, — equivalent to \$1,375,729.60; but the rate paid by the French government for composition is only half the rate paid for such work in the United States. Moreover, it is impossible to determine the proportionate share of the total cost borne by labor and materials.

Although the increase in the volume and cost of printing required by the federal government has been shown to have been in progress on a large scale for a century, it must be remembered that con-

tinuous increase alone does not prove extravagance. The use of printing in all the callings of life has increased by leaps and bounds, especially during the last half century. When the federal government began operations, printing was confined principally to making books, pamphlets, and newspapers. Business and professional men wrote their letters on blank sheets of paper, and in general let the printer alone. Now no form of activity is complete without a wide variety of printed matter. It is natural and proper, therefore, that the tendency shown in all private business should appear in the federal government.

It is not possible to determine whether the federal government is more liberal in the use of printing than the great commercial interests, but comparisons of federal and state expenditures for this purpose possess considerable significance. State printing is generally produced under some form of contract. In Nebraska and a few other states, boards of printing exist for the purpose of placing orders; elsewhere, as in Pennsylvania, Colorado,

Ohio, and Virginia, there are salaried officials who superintend the award of contracts and production of work; California and Nevada operate state printing offices and binderies; Ohio operates a state bindery only. Opinions differ concerning the relative merits of a state-operated office and production by contract. As knowledge of this subject is local, each system is advocated by those familiar with it, and the merits of the two have never been intelligently compared.

In the following table are presented the expenditures for official printing and bind-

ing, for the years 1880, 1890, and 1900, in those states which were in existence in 1880. These figures possess much interest, although they are not exactly comparable. So many varieties of bookkeeping are employed that the items included under the terms printing and binding necessarily vary somewhat; moreover, the fiscal years are not uniform. There are but four states in which the legislature meets annually. In states having biennial legislative sessions, the average of the total printing for the legislative and next non-legislative year has been taken.

COST OF OFFICIAL PRINTING IN STATES WHICH WERE IN EXISTENCE IN 1880, FOR 1880, 1890, 1900, WITH PERCENTAGE OF INCREASE.¹

States.	1880.	1890.	1900.	Per cent of Increase.		
				1880-1890.	1890-1900	1880-1900
Alabama	\$6,025.79	\$14,999.50	\$17,711.95	149	18	194
Arkansas	19,642.96	21,273.57	11,470.47	8	-46	-42
California	95,891.06	134,836.72	122,432.08 ²	41	-9	28
Colorado	6,000.00	7,441.86	30,009.93	24	303	400
Connecticut	26,552.20	40,421.20	52,074.09	52	29	96
Delaware	5,750.00	6,131.15	11,910.49	7	94	107
Florida	10,000.00	11,020.42	10,453.77	10	-5	5
Georgia	16,886.91	18,467.35	24,318.89	9	32	44
Illinois	39,716.92	58,804.49	60,381.42	48	3	52
Indiana	27,512.63	35,729.02	51,457.58	30	44	87
Iowa	37,145.72	49,725.49	49,039.83	34	-1	32
Kansas	27,778.66	88,856.16	94,847.71	220	7	241
Kentucky	18,363.18	64,549.98	22,346.09	252	-65	22
Louisiana	31,803.88	36,756.23	52,989.80	16	44	67
Maine	18,500.00	35,000.00	53,000.00	89	51	187
Maryland	25,874.27	25,426.19	37,151.52	-2	46	44
Massachusetts	73,468.44	167,197.16	234,749.11	128	40	220
Michigan	72,250.48	77,253.96	89,379.23	7	16	24
Minnesota	35,030.96	56,902.59	59,915.91	62	6	71
Mississippi	23,752.28	15,430.00	11,377.08	-35	-26	-52
Missouri	46,833.16	65,039.47	79,860.89	39	23	71
Nebraska	37,500.00	42,500.00	50,000.00	13	18	33
Nevada	12,267.92	11,216.71	12,703.80	-9	13	4
New Hampshire	20,261.26	19,937.95	22,578.17	-2	13	11
New Jersey	72,311.81	95,438.39	98,478.78	32	3	36
New York	145,610.79	177,098.64	654,330.53	22	269	349
North Carolina	11,110.49	19,729.46	26,595.89	78	35	139
Ohio	121,147.46	162,853.16	140,392.22	31	-14	13
Oregon	5,738.68	20,038.72	34,927.24	249	74	509
Pennsylvania	294,823.82	293,924.00	260,565.71	(-0.3)	-11	-12
Rhode Island	11,488.44	27,347.06	52,493.49	138	92	357
South Carolina	15,377.50	23,320.23	14,349.32	52	-39	-7
Tennessee	6,042.65	7,546.28	8,136.38	25	8	35
Texas	36,000.00	58,000.00	35,000.00	61	-40	-3
Vermont	10,196.61	8,373.68	15,609.73	-18	86	53
Virginia	21,921.85	24,222.25	32,124.05	11	33	47
West Virginia	23,006.84	41,412.58	43,039.68	80	4	87
Wisconsin	48,764.51	54,531.60	62,120.30	12	14	27
Total	\$1,561,350.13	\$2,118,653.22	\$2,740,323.13	36	29	76

¹ Supplied by state authorities, or compiled from state reports.

² Average of 1901-2.

During the twenty-year period from 1880 to 1900, in eighteen states (nearly one half of the total number considered) the increase in the cost of official printing equaled or exceeded 50 per cent. For all the states combined the increase was 76 per cent. During the same period the cost of printing required by the federal government increased 141 per cent, or about double the increase shown for the states. If, indeed, New York be omitted, the increase from 1880 to 1900 for all the other states is only 47.3 per cent. It should be observed that from 1880 to 1900 a decrease in the cost of printing used is shown by five states, which, with one exception (Pennsylvania) are Southern states.

The use of printing is a habit, and varies greatly in different communities. This is illustrated by the great disparity in the amount of printing which the different states regard as necessary. Tennessee, for example, required printing costing a little over \$8000 in 1900, while New York required printing costing in excess of \$650,000; therefore the proportion of printing to population was twenty times as great in New York as in Tennessee.

From this table it is easily possible to secure percentages of increase for different sections of the country according to the generally accepted geographic divisions, from which New England shows the largest increase, followed by the Middle Atlantic states. The Southern states form the only group showing a decrease in either of the ten-year periods, and show also the smallest increase in the twenty-year period. It must be remembered that conditions vary so greatly in different states that many of the more remote or less wealthy commonwealths are not entirely comparable with the more progressive and liberal federal government. It is interesting to observe, however, that when certain states, generally conceded to be the more prominent and wealthy, are considered, the difference in percentage of increase for them, as compared with that for all the states, is not very marked. In the following table are pre-

sented the percentages for geographic divisions and for nine important states (California, Illinois, Indiana, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania).

Federal Government and States.	Per cent of increase in 1890 over 1880.	Per cent of increase in 1900 over 1890.	Per cent of increase in 1900 over 1880.
Federal Government	54	57	141
All the States	36	29	76
New England States	86	44	168
Middle Atlantic States	10	78	95
Southern States	47	—8	36
Western States	39	5	46
Far Western States	45	15	67
Nine Principal States	27	44	84

The increase shown for the federal government cannot be regarded as abnormal, since high ratios of increase occur in the Eastern and Middle Atlantic states. Indeed, for the twenty-year period eight states show a percentage of increase as large as, or larger than, that shown by the federal government. It is evident, however, that the cost of official printing has been increasing during the past twenty years much more rapidly in the federal government than it has in most of the states. Should the increase continue at the present rate during the remainder of this decade, the annual expenditure for federal printing will reach \$10,000,000 by 1910.

Costliness of Federal Printing.

Because of high wages and other conditions, some of which are within and some beyond the control of the Public Printer, the cost of public printing and binding has long been decidedly higher than the charge for similar commercial work. Indeed, if the plant of the government office — doing a business of \$7,000,000 a year — should be suddenly transformed into a private commercial establishment, the owners would discover that the charges for product, although they do not include the usual and important

items of rent, interest, and profit, are nevertheless from one and one half to ten times as high as the prices charged for similar work by printers who include the omitted items. The cost of composition and electrotyping does not much exceed the charge to customers made by the larger or higher priced commercial printing offices in New York, Boston, and Chicago; but the cost of presswork, ruling, and the folding and binding of books and pamphlets, is much higher in the government office than the commercial charges for similar items which include cost and profit combined.

It is practically impossible to secure from government employees the work — clerical or manual — that is expected and exacted from employees of private concerns. Many factors contribute to this result; it is quite apart from administration and politics, and probably never will be eradicated. The climate of Washington and the lack of commercial excitement — of the rush and bustle which key up the workers in the great industrial centres — contribute also to lessened product and thus to proportionately increased expense. This statement applies to every government office, but obviously for most of them there is no exact standard of comparison with commercial cost of production for similar work, such as exists for the Printing Office.

Within his field the Public Printer has a complete monopoly, for the law compels every official who requires printing, and has an appropriation to pay for it, to patronize him. He supplies estimates on work as a matter of information, but finally charges for each job whatever his records show it to have cost. This, of course, is ideal manufacturing, since with a perfect system of accounting it is possible to distribute against jobs every hour of productive labor. Generally a margin, sometimes large, must be allowed by a commercial printer for waste or unproductive time; but with every hour of labor accounted for there can be no waste time, and general expense is therefore the

only item to be met from surplus. Yet the Public Printer uniformly charges his official patrons 40 per cent profit on composition, a royalty of 10 per cent on all illustrations and paper, and a round advance over cost of labor on presswork and on all other classes of product. Unreduced by rent, bad debts, losses on unprofitable jobs, and waste time, which so torment the commercial printer, it is clear that the aggregate of surplus over cost of labor and material which goes toward the liquidation of general expense must be a large sum.

It is doubtful if there can be found in the United States a manufacturing plant employing one tenth of the number of persons employed in the Government Printing Office, in which the two highest officials are paid as little as the government pays the Public Printer and his Chief Clerk. The salary of the Public Printer (unchanged for twenty years) is \$4500, or \$84.54 per week. That of the Chief Clerk is \$2750, or \$52.28 per week. They are, therefore, probably the worst underpaid manufacturers in the country. A commercial enterprise of magnitude which thus neglected its president and general manager would invite failure.

With the exception of compositors and binding operatives, the wage-earners employed in the Government Printing Office receive in actual compensation little more than the average wages paid in commercial offices; but the additional expense of annual leave and liberality in the number of workers result in a higher rate of pay if considered from the employer's standpoint. At the present time there is no piecework composition in the Government Printing Office; every compositor is paid fifty cents per hour for an eight-hour day. For several years prior to the establishment of the Government Printing Office, in 1861, the wages of "time" compositors and pressmen were established by their "society" at \$14 per week, for a ten-hour day. In February, 1863, the rate was advanced to \$16; in December, 1863, to \$18; in June, 1864, to \$21; and in No-

member of the same year to \$24.¹ The rate for compositors has varied somewhat since 1864, but for some years has been fixed at the rate mentioned. The contrast between the government scale for composition and the commercial scale is best illustrated by comparing the rate paid at the Government Printing Office for time work (which is practically the same operation all over the world) with the scale established in representative cities by the Typographical Union.

SCALE OF WAGES ESTABLISHED BY THE TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION, WITH NUMBER OF WORKING HOURS, AND RATE PER HOUR, FOR REPRESENTATIVE CITIES: 1904.

City.	Weekly Wages.	Total working Hours in Week.	Rate per Hour.
New York	\$19.50	54	\$0.36
Chicago	19.50	54	.36
Philadelphia	18.00	54	.33
Boston	16.50	54	.31
St. Louis	18.00	54	.33
San Francisco	19.00	51	.37
Baltimore	15.40	54	.28
New Orleans	18.00	54	.33
Washington	18.00	54	.33
Government Printing Office	24.00	48	.50
Carson City, Nev. (State Office)	27.96	48	.58

While the annual leave with pay, allowed by the government office, cannot be counted as a definite asset by the recipient, it is assuredly definite liability to the employer. If this item be included, composition costs the government approximately \$26 per week. Hand composition in the Government Printing Office costs the customer 70 cents per hour; the maximum charge which the state of Pennsylvania allows its contractor to make is 40 cents per thousand ems, — about equal to an hour's work. Although little more than half the federal charge, this low figure includes the contractor's profit.

The scale of wages for composition in other countries is much less than the scale paid by either official or commercial

¹ Report of Congressional Printer, 1864.

employers in the United States. This fact simplifies somewhat the problem of the cost of official printing in foreign countries. It should be remembered that the scale of wages for composition abroad is not a uniform rate in each locality, as in the United States, but varies according to the skill of the compositor. The rates paid in 1903 in representative foreign cities, including Toronto, Canada, for the most skillful typesetters were as follows:

WEEKLY SCALE OF WAGES FOR MOST PROFICIENT COMPOSITORS IN REPRESENTATIVE FOREIGN CITIES, WITH WEEKLY HOURS OF LABOR, AND HOURLY RATE: 1903.

City.	Weekly Wages.	Hours of Labor in Week.	Rate per Hour.
London	\$12.00	50	\$0.28
Paris			
Commercial	7.80	60	.13
Imprimerie Nationale	14.00	60	.23
Berlin	7.80	54	.14½
Vienna	12.00	54	.22
Lisbon	10.00	60	.16½
Toronto, Canada (scale)	13.25	54	.24½

The year 1862 was the first in which the Government Printing Office was in operation during the entire year. The general average hourly wage for all employees on time work was 20.1 cents. Computing the average for each tenth year thereafter from the reports of the Public Printer, an increase of over 100 per cent is shown in 1902, the figures being as follows: 1872, 42.8 cents; 1882, 33.2 cents; 1892, 36.5 cents; 1902, 44 cents.

It should be observed, however, that part of the increase in 1902 was due to placing all compositors on time work.

The proportionate cost of labor and the cost of paper have greatly changed during the life of the government office. Paper for the reports of the Seventh Census (1850) represented 50 per cent of the total cost; for the Twelfth Census (1900) 16 per cent. During the first eight years of the existence of the Government Printing Office the aggregate cost of paper was approximately as great as the aggregate

gate cost of labor. The changes in relative importance of the items of cost are shown in the following percentages: —

PERCENTAGE OF THE TOTAL COST OF PRINTING AND BINDING FORMED BY LABOR, PAPER, ILLUSTRATIONS, AND OTHER MATERIALS, AT FIVE-YEAR INTERVALS: 1860-1900.

Years.	Labor.	Paper.	Illustrations.	Miscellaneous Material.
1860-1864	44	46	10	
1865-1869	51	42	7	
1870-1874	71	27	2	
1875-1879	78	21	1	
1880-1884	72	19	9	
1885-1889	72	15	5	8
1890-1894	71	16	3	10
1895-1899	70	13	3	14
1900-1904	71	13	4	12

In 1860-64 the cost of labor formed less than half of the total expense, while paper and illustrations together formed more than half; in 1900-4 labor consumed more than two thirds of the total, and paper, illustrations, and all other supplies less than one third.

These interesting proportions clearly indicate the changes that have been in progress: the increased remuneration to, and probably more liberal employment of, labor; the decline in the price of paper; and the increasing volume and variety of supplies required to complete an expanding product.

It is not intended to suggest, even indirectly, that the compensation of employees in the Government Printing Office is too high. Whatever the arrangements and relations of labor may be with private enterprise, all will agree that if the government embarks in manufacturing, the wages paid should be high enough to provide comfortable support, regardless of what the scale for similar work may be elsewhere. Exceptionally high wages must necessarily result in higher cost of production, but it is reasonable to expect that this advance should be met out of the margin which the commercial printer allows for rent, interest, and profit.

The past decade has witnessed a marvelous advance in the printing industry.

Every progressive concern constantly studies to secure the most artistic combination of types, paper, cuts, and colors. In this movement the great government plant has not participated until recently. Long after the leaders in printing had realized the artistic side of their historic calling and returned to simplicity and beauty of typography, the Government Printing Office remained in company with the cheap jobbers of the side streets, filling its pages with Noah's-ark combinations of type. The mere fact that a publication was a public document doomed it to a cheap and homely typographical presentation. Happily this is now being remedied to some extent, but it is only within two years that modern faces of type and a few ornaments have been added to the government plant.

In mechanical excellence the government should be the leader, not the tardy follower of private enterprise, for the United States is perhaps the most extensive publisher in the world. In 1904, for example, it issued fourteen periodicals, — three daily, three weekly, one bi-monthly, and seven monthly. It published volumes and pamphlets discussing almost a thousand different topics. This great range of subjects included history, diplomacy, biography, and military and naval operations in the United States and elsewhere; statistics of all kinds, laws, finance, and the tariff; education; mineral resources, fisheries, and agriculture in all its branches, including the farmers' habits, welfare, reading and prospects, the crops, insects, animals, and soil, the trees and plants of the United States and those of other countries adapted to growth here; medicine, ethnology, geology, and astronomy; coast and interior surveys, geographical research, and the progress of foreign nations in industries, arts, and sciences.

Many of these volumes are the product of divisions or of carefully organized and equipped bureaus, which have been created for the purpose of making research to be recorded in printed pages. The Department of Agriculture alone treats

of approximately four hundred different topics annually.

The present system is the growth of nearly half a century, during which time publications of the executive and legislative branches have become interwoven, — the former acts as author and producer, and the latter provides the money and goes shares for the product. Readjustments are thus doubly hard to devise. The sundry civil appropriation bill annually appropriates an aggregate amount of money to be expended by the Public Printer, as it may be drawn upon by Congress, the departments and the various bureaus specified in the act, to the amounts allotted to each.

Under the last bill the specified "customers" of the Government Printing Office numbered twenty-one, as follows: —

Congress	\$3,035,645.82
State Department	35,000.00
Treasury Department	320,000.00
War Department	239,500.00
Navy Department	145,000.00
Interior Department	422,000.00
Smithsonian Institution	25,000.00
Geological Survey	215,000.00
Department of Justice	20,000.00
Post Office Department (exclusive of Money Order Office)	350,000.00
Department of Agriculture	160,000.00
Annual Report of Secretary of Agriculture	300,000.00
Weather Bureau	25,000.00
Department of Commerce and Labor	320,000.00
Coast and Geodetic Survey	30,000.00
Census Office	150,000.00
Supreme Court of the United States	10,000.00
Supreme Court of the District of Columbia	1,500.00
Court of Claims	15,000.00
Library of Congress	185,000.00
Executive Office	2,000.00
	\$6,005,645.82
Government Printing Office (annual leave to employees)	325,000.00
	\$6,330,645.82

It will be observed that of the entire appropriation Congress reserved approxi-

mately half for its own requirements. This great sum is expended primarily for the Congressional Record, testimony before Committees, and bills and reports. Printing and binding of this character may be regarded as necessary features of the work of Congress, and in general not open to criticism; but a very large part of the Congressional allotment is annually applied to items prepared under the general order of Congress, but not under direct supervision, and in these abridgment or reduction might be claimed as reasonable.

Some of the items in this class for 1904 may be thus grouped: ¹ —

The volumes specified in these tables are but a portion of the annual publications authorized by Congress. Their subjects, size, edition, or cost, one or all, suggest the possibility that saving in some details might be effected in connection with each of these publications without injury.

By the present system a quota of these volumes is assigned to each Senator and Member of the House of Representatives, although very few of the publications produced by the government are of interest to every section of the country. The following table, which covers the quotas of the publications "issued by authority of law" only, for the year 1904, indicates the variety of subjects treated, and the immense number and the value of volumes at the disposal annually of Members of both Houses of Congress.¹

It is no easy task to formulate a definite policy to reduce the volume of official printing so that reduction will not cause serious irritation and embarrassment. Mistakes in existing methods really begin with the appropriations: the estimates are made up so far in advance of the date when the money becomes available (nearly a year) that accuracy is impossible and generous computations are necessary. This encourages liberal expenditure. Moreover, the form of appropriation is injudicious: the Public Printer is author-

¹ For tables, see following page.

DETAILS OF SIZE AND COST OF CERTAIN PUBLICATIONS ISSUED BY
AUTHORITY OF CONGRESS: 1904.¹

Title.	Number of Volumes.	Number of Copies.	Number of Pages.	Cost.
Report of Secretary of War	8	29,440 ²	5,810	\$38,594.86
Report of Secretary of the Navy	1	3,680	1,294	8,382.29
Report of Postmaster-General	1	3,680	852	6,544.02
Report of Secretary of Agriculture	1	6,680	668	4,321.45
Report of Secretary of the Treasury	1	3,680	546	4,380.48
Report of Attorney-General	1	3,642	452	3,546.58
Report of Secretary of the Interior :				
Commissioner of Education	2	77,360	2,568	61,474.30
Commissioner of General Land Office	1	3,680	776	4,896.36
Commissioner of Indian Affairs	1	3,680	640	4,756.88
Director of the Geological Survey	1	13,680	304	12,032.98
Report of the Comptroller of the Currency	2	21,360	2,798	33,934.15
Report of Interstate Commerce Commission (and appendices)	2	38,680	1,538	19,250.55
Report of Smithsonian Institution	3	32,040	2,020	57,990.85
Report of Weather Bureau	1	4,642	352	5,416.38
Report of American Historical Association	2	12,284	1,176	7,505.02
Report of Public Printer	1	1,642	310	2,111.22
Report of Civil Service Commission	1	23,642	312	7,828.60
Memorial addresses: Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley	2	40,284	316	36,955.95
Eulogies :				
Volumes commemorating deaths of 11 Senators and Members	11	95,062 ³	866	29,517.68
Congressional Directory	4 eds.	73,408	468	26,692.58
Report of Librarian of Congress	1	5,642	600	4,883.85
Report on Diseases of the Horse	1	200,642	600	100,862.75
Report of Bureau of Animal Industries	1	30,642	656	19,833.70
Report of Division of Soils	1	17,642	842	66,524.05
Report of Director Experiment Station	1	8,642	758	8,496.17
Report on Beet Sugar Industry	1	90,642	184	11,622.95
Report of Governor of New Mexico	1	5,000	670	2,442.80
Report of Louisiana Purchase Exposition	1	15,030	60	1,768.21
Rebellion Record Atlas	1	1,350		73,362.85
Report of Bureau of Ethnology	1	8,642	462	18,497.60

CONGRESSIONAL QUOTAS OF PUBLICATIONS ISSUED BY AUTHORITY OF
LAW: 1904.

Congress.	Total Volumes allotted.	Total Allotment to each Senator and Member.	Subjects treated.	Share of Total Cost repre- sented by Allotments.	Value of Allot- ments to each Senator and Member.	Average Cost per Copy.
Senate	251,500	2,704	42	\$163,137	\$1,754	\$0.65
House	496,000	1,259	42	321,733	816	0.65
Total	747,500			\$484,870		

ized by Congress to honor the orders of various "customers" to the amounts specified; the balances, if any, unused at the

¹ Report of the Public Printer.

² 3680 copies of each volume under this authorization.

³ 8642 copies of each volume under this authorization.

end of the fiscal year, lapse into the Treasury, and, as one official expressed it, "are lost." Money which is never seen, which is disbursed by another and unrelated official, and over which no control exists except the power to order expenditure, is not a matter of interest, and never can be made so. Congress seems more insistent

in limiting the amount beyond which a department shall not go, than in encouraging the department to be as economical as possible within that limit.

To the publication of every volume issued by the commercial publisher there are two parties, — the author and the publisher. The former, with the pride of creation, considers that his manuscript is unquestionably worthy of publication. The publisher recognizes no pride of authorship, and accepts or rejects the volume upon its merits. Under the present procedure in official printing, the departments must be regarded as the author. But there is no check such as exists in the commercial world in the publisher; and the scientific bureau, organized perhaps to disseminate information, views the matter solely from the standpoint, and with the enthusiasm, of creation. Somewhere in the legislative or executive system there should be introduced a check to take the place of the cold-blooded publisher. It is obvious that Congress will not tolerate any interference with its own independence of action, yet Congress needs expert advice about every printing proposition that comes before it.

The waste in federal printing may be summed up as comprised in two general classes: that occurring from various causes in the conduct of the printing plant itself; that resulting from the publication of pamphlets and volumes either really not needed at all, or, if needed, issued too expensively or in too large numbers. Of these two classes of waste, that existing in the plant is purely a business matter, and can be remedied to some extent by following more closely the best commercial methods. That occurring in connection with the character and amount of product can probably be met permanently only by some form of supervision dealing especially with the three questions which should be considered with every proposed publication: the question of publishing at all, the question of economy in mechanical presentation, and the question of restricting the

size of the edition so as not to exceed the number of copies required by a wise distribution. Distribution, indeed, forms a perplexing problem by itself. The commercial publisher catering to a definite demand avoids dead stock by reprinting. With federal publications the tendency is toward only one edition and that a liberal one. Herein is the possibility of serious waste: people are always to be found who will accept any kind of a book if it costs nothing. Therefore distribution is limited solely by the number of copies Congress or government officials are willing to issue. The object of most federal publications could be attained at a very small part of the present cost if they were sent free only to libraries and public institutions, and certain important newspapers which agree to review them, and sold for a nominal sum to all others. Such a policy would be a radical departure from present procedure, — especially in the case of Congress, for little by little Senators and Representatives have become distributing centres and official book agents for literature on all subjects.

These are some features of the problem Congress must confront at the next session, when the joint committee makes its report. The present system dates in many particulars from 1861. Requirements, methods, and plant have all changed since that date. Unquestionably great saving is possible and spasms of economy may occur, but it is very doubtful if any large or permanent saving will be effected by ordinary legislation. The federal government is a vast machine; quite apart from waste, its legitimate requirements must annually increase. Indeed, the same general tendency has been shown to exist in the states. Close supervision of the most expert character could effect large saving, but obviously that is a difficult and delicate matter; therefore retrenchment is likely to take the form of horizontal cutting, certain to cause inconvenience, and after a period of interruption and agitation the upward movement will be resumed.

EDUCATION

BY MARTHA BAKER DUNN

I

ONCE before, many years ago, I sat down at my desk and wrote the caption *Education* large at the head of my page. I was then sixteen years old, and I should probably have called that humble sheet of paper my "virgin page" had I found it necessary to give it a local habitation and a name.

The master spirit who was at that time directing the trials and experiences of the Hallowell High School had the kindly habit of furnishing as a gift the subjects for our fortnightly "compositions;" delightfully easy, obvious subjects such as "The Pleasures of Memory," "The Advantages of History," and kindred topics suited to the capacity of youthful minds. At sixteen one naturally knows a good deal about the pleasures of memory; the advantages of history unfold themselves to the most casual observer, and Education — with a large E — has already begun to rasp itself in indelible lines upon the tender imagination.

I am pleased to know, by reference to the battered old "composition book" which lies open before me, that even at that period of soaring ambition, that halcyon period when I "woke in the morning with an appetite that could eat the solar system like a cake," there was something about the all-pervading and all-comprehending nature of this latter topic which made me hesitate.

"Education is a boundless subject," thus the theme opens, "and so wide is the field which spreads itself before me, that I hardly know where to begin." Once started, however, all obstacles were triumphantly swept away and the whole question brought to such a triumphant conclusion that I have never, until this

fateful morning, felt it necessary to tackle it again. Alas, I know beforehand just how lamely, illogically, and inconsistently I am going to conduct this second excursion into that spreading field!

My past reticence, fortunately, has not been shared by other writers, better qualified to pursue the problems of education into their fastnesses than I can ever hope to be, and I have read their pregnant and instructive pages with deep and ever-growing interest. The meaning of the word; the methods of interpreting that meaning; who shall be educated; when, where, how, and why it shall be done; the question of discrimination between sexes, between classes, between tweedledum and tweedledee, — all these, variously and eloquently and interminably set forth, have passed in an endless phantasmagoria before my mental vision, only to leave my stubborn mind set like a rock on one conclusion: the wisdom of educating every living creature, man, woman, child, fish, flesh, fowl, to the limit of individual capacity; and to this conclusion I should add the conviction that there is no danger whatever that any creature will ever know — really and absolutely *know* — too much.

It is true that I have not yet removed the beam from my own eye, but I am still able to discover the mote which obscures my brother's vision. I realize — or I dimly dream that I realize — the deficiencies of my own education, but much more plainly I perceive that my cook would be benefited by a knowledge of the higher mathematics, classical literature, and the philosophy of history. It may be argued that if she possessed these acquirements my kitchen would not contain her; but even if the scheme of universal education were carried out,

there must still be cooks, and what sane, sanitary, hygienic, æsthetic, reasoning and reasonable possibilities might be looked for from a race of enlightened queens of the kitchen,—central suns, around which the whole domestic system must revolve.

The typical cook of the average New England town lives, moves, and has her being entrenched behind one axiom of precedent: the thing which, in her experience, has been done, can be done again. After this, the deluge.

It may be, for instance, that the domestic goddess in question served her first apprenticeship in a family of ten. For the consumption of such a family she was in the daily habit of preparing twenty potatoes in one or another form. When, during her subsequent peregrinations, she condescends to minister to my modest home circle of three persons, I sometimes assure myself that if to a knowledge of elementary arithmetic she could add a thorough understanding of higher algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, and then superadd some slight acquaintance with differential and integral calculus, she might in time be able to discover that if ten persons require twenty potatoes, by the same ratio of allotment three persons might be satisfied with six.

In the present fragmentary state of domestic education, however, the situation is a hopeless one. It is in vain that I present myself periodically before the dispenser of vegetables to suggest that but three consumers of potatoes sit at our festal board, that no one of the three is afflicted with an inordinate appetite for that starch-laden esculent, that a wise economy prohibits waste. Arithmetic and political economy are alike thrown away upon one who has but a single formula, unchangeable as the decrees of the Medes and Persians, by which to regulate the conduct of life.

I suggest six potatoes, a modest and satisfying half dozen. The arbiter of fate replies, "You see, ma'am, I've always been accustomed to cookin' twenty"—and twenty it is!

Hence it comes that there have been few periods during my housekeeping career when I have not been provided with a sufficient number of cold potatoes to answer any sudden demand upon hospitality. No friend ever needed to pass potatoless from my door.

Yet if it fell to my lot to prepare a civil service examination for aspiring domesticities there is only one point on which I should insist. I would not require any candidate to know beyond a peradventure why Bedreddin Hassan did or did not put pepper in his cream tarts, but on him whose comprehending soul could grasp the idea that the problem of satisfactorily adding pepper to cream tarts need not be an insoluble one, I would without hesitation confer a degree.

Pepper tarts do not appeal to me, but the instinctive realization that to genius all things are possible does appeal. It opens flowery visions of a domestic possessing no fixed standards on the subject of potatoes, an "expedientful" person to whom the mixing of a cake with three eggs when the recipe calls for four would not present insurmountable difficulties.

It is true that no amount of education will cause wings to sprout on those who are born absolutely wingless, but the most unpromising grub may conceal within its ugly breast the possibility of transformation, and surely no harm can result from seeking everywhere the hidden spark of divinity. Imagination helps to season the soup and decorate the salad, and one may weave the banquets of Lucullus, Nero's roses dropping from the ceiling, the magic pitcher from which Baucis and Philemon drew their never-failing fount, John the Baptist's locusts and wild honey, Charles Lamb's roast pig, the red wine which Omar's nightingale cries unto the rose, and that draught of clear water from the well of Bethlehem for which David thirsted, into a background that expands the narrowest kitchen wall into a vista of memory and romance.

II

We have become so accustomed to shouting at the top of our lungs the assertion that this is an age of progress that most of us have come to an unquestioning belief in the reality of what we announce. It is, indeed, true that there never were so many schools, so many colleges, so many facilities for doing special work, such opportunities for learning made easy as exist in our day; but the test of what any system of education is doing for its age lies rather in what it has accomplished for the mass than for the individual.

If the progress of the last century has given us better domestic service, better mechanics, better teachers, more thorough and practical scholars, better and wiser all-round men and women than those who played their part in former generations, if the trend of the race has been genuinely upward, then it must be acknowledged that we can with clear consciences continue to vociferate our claims to advancement.

I hope I am neither a pessimist nor a cynic in regard to the achievements of latter-day civilization; I am ready, as a rule, to hurrah for my own side, but I am not prepared to profess an unqualified surety that the progress of the last century has been wholly in the right direction.

In this matter of domestic service, for example, it would not be a difficult business to collect a sheaf of testimonies from housekeepers who are able to remember the changes of the last fifty years, certifying that the thrifty, capable, and reliable "hired girl," with whose virtues and usefulness so many New England households have in former days been happily familiar, no longer exists except in infrequent and sporadic instances.

The younger class of girls who, under the old régime, went out to service, now employ themselves in the shops, factories, and similar establishments where their time, after working hours, is their

own. Like Yankee Doodle they have "put feathers in their caps," and to this adornment have added whatever stands, in the vogue of the day, for the "rings on their fingers and bells on their toes" of Mother Goose memory. They know the sweets of independence and the proud, if imaginary, satisfaction of being "just as good as anybody." The domestic ranks in the New England towns of to-day are largely recruited from a wandering tribe of more mature women who vary the serial of matrimony by divergences into the field of "working out." Some of them belong to the variety known as "grass widows," some of them have either just "got a bill" or are just about to get a bill from their husbands, some have husbands who appear spasmodically and then pass once more into obscurity. During the intervals of these interrupted romances the heroines of them bestow a somewhat intermittent and perfunctory attention on households whose need is so urgent that the members therefore are willing to suffer and be strong.

"I don't need to work out," one of these culinary heroines was wont to murmur pensively; "ever since I parted from William there's been plenty o' men willin' to marry me any mornin' before breakfast," — and this statement represents the strongest kind of willingness, since many a man who could easily be beguiled into wedding after supper would in the clearness of morning judgment hesitate about delivering himself over to the chains of Hymen!

The old-fashioned semi-patriarchal system, which permitted the "help" to become an integral part of the family, presents many objectionable features, yet the natural and logical result of such relations between employer and employed was to secure a better and more intelligent class of service.

There was a certain neat, spare, gauntly decorous, middle-aged woman who, during my girlhood, always spent a part of each year "helping out" in our crowded household, whose memory retains for

me an abiding fascination. She exemplified a type which had in those days many representatives, a type of woman strong both in mind and body, with an untutored intelligence born of necessity and experience. These women were apt to be sharp-cornered, full of individuality, incisive of speech and act, — a surface ungraciousness which did not long conceal a repressed sweetness of nature, often the outgrowth of deep and conscientious religious feeling. It was always a gala day to me when "Aunt Sophia" came to abide with us. It meant that there would be things doing, fresh interests added to life, interests more or less piquantly flavored with the newcomer's individuality. Aunt Sophia's sharp sayings, her idiomatic stories gathered from experiences in many households, the very unexpectedness of her standpoints, all helped to flavor the commonplaceness of daily living; and though I have spoken of her and her class as creatures of untutored intelligence, in comparison with many of the flippant and shallow beings who inhabit our kitchens to-day, these old-fashioned domestics were admirably educated. Sophia drew her intellectual sustenance from a fount of classical English, pure and richly varied literature, and deep spiritual information. She read her Bible as eagerly as her prototype of to-day reads Bertha M. Clay's novels, and from it she gained the knowledge of those mysteries which God has hidden "from ages and generations," but makes manifest unto his saints.

It often seems to me that the world of my girlhood was a simpler, more dignified, more genuine world than that to which our age of progress has advanced us to-day. It was a striving world then as now, a faulty, narrow-minded world, yet many of its common people were less radically common than the same class of the present generation, simply because they were more diligent students of the Bible, because they built and founded themselves more broadly on the influences and inspirations of that wonderful classic.

It may be that in my recollections I somewhat idealize the virtues of that former generation, but I do not idealize the simple homes which made no pretense of being what they were not, the homes where a narrow income was not a thing to be ashamed of, where thrift and economy were held as praiseworthy virtues, where a good many daily joys were somehow compatible with a rather strenuous notion that life was duty.

I have said, and I repeat, that I would be willing to educate every human and inhuman creature up to the limit of what is to be known; but if a man cannot know all about Confucius and Aristotle and Shakespeare and Darwin, the Zend Avesta and the Nibelungenlied, if his literary and ethical study is to be limited to the assimilation of the contents of one volume, I would place in his hands that one which in Scotland used piously to be referred to as "the Book" and feel that, after all, I had given him material for a liberal education. He might search its pages for the building up of creeds, for the confirmation of prejudice, for the foundation of dogma; but if he continued to search with any right-minded desire to discover the truth of things, in spite of creeds, in spite of prejudices, in spite of dogmas, he would find himself broadening and sweetening, and breathing the air of purer horizons.

It is rather the fashion nowadays to pride one's self on knowing little about the Bible, just as it is the fashion for men to shake their heads with dissimulated pride while they aver that they do not profess to be religious. Many people seem to feel that to disclaim all pretensions to the knowledge of any but the material side of life serves in some mysterious fashion to rid them of moral responsibility. There are some men who apparently have the idea that to mention the name of God, except by way of oath or adjuration, is an uncalled-for exhibition of pious priggishness; yet the most untutored pagan, however primitive his creed may be, who is so far from being ashamed of his religion that he would

rather be ashamed of not possessing one, has a deeper hold on the foundation structure of all education than such men as these. He at least recognizes something which binds him morally, however mistaken his conception of morals may be, and the recognition of moral boundaries is the corner stone of the highest civilization.

III

A group of bright young fellows discussed in my presence not long ago the accepted standpoint, according to twentieth-century ideals, from which a man should pursue his chosen profession. From this conversation it appeared that the aim in view was to secure the largest possible income in the shortest possible time.

Talent, application, strenuous work, all had their value in the struggle, as enabling the aspirant more speedily to obtain recognition in an up-to-date generation which gives prizes only to the concrete.

As I listened I learned that a political career is a mistake because, unless a man gets hold of, and is willing to profit by, a graft of some description, his honors bring him more outlay than income. The judge's bench is tabooed for the truly ambitious because of the straitened salary which restricts its emolument. To accept a position, however flattering, in any branch of the teaching profession, is to limit one's chances for making money. To enter the ministry is an absurd proposition for a man who is capable of gaining a competency in any other profession, since the best-paid clergyman cannot, according to modern standards of wealth, hope to become a rich man.

I confess that it surprised me to find these clean, well-balanced, carefully trained youths turning their backs so doughtily on the record of past values as estimated by what the ages have found vital enough to preserve, to seek the choicest rewards of life in things that perish with the using. They *were* young, these prematurely wise boys; I doubt if

any one of their number wholly meant what he said, and some of them, I am very sure, cherish in their hearts higher ideals than their careless speech revealed. The significance of their talk lies in its expression of the spirit of the age, a spirit which one finds only too frequently embodied in both the speech and act of older and riper men who have, it would seem, lived long enough and deeply enough to know something about what life can take away, as well as what it can give.

Religion and patriotism and good sense and good government and final profit are all against this sort of thinking which makes only for ultimate rottenness. A cloud of witnesses, giants of the past, who have known alike the life of soul and sense, protest against it. As an expression of the spirit of a century which claims to have opened the doors of enlightenment to rich and poor alike, such standards are utterly trivial and uneducated.

I found last year in an old chest, which had been long hidden away in my father's attic, a bundle of letters written to a young man who entered upon student life in Bowdoin College about the year 1830. The young scholar was evidently an open-hearted and versatile-minded fellow, of a temperament which opened to him a large circle of friends. These friends all wrote letters, and as they lived in a day when transportation was difficult and postage high, their epistles were generally lengthy ones. Although the student himself was a struggling youth whose college career was prolonged by the necessity of earning money to pay his expenses, he represented a prominent family, well known and much respected throughout the county which is now thickly sown with descendants from its various branches.

I know from household tradition something about the circle of young friends whose faded letters made up the treasure-trove of the old chest. They, too, were scions of eminently worthy families in a day when hard work and struggle were regarded as a necessary and to-be-expected portion of every-day life, and when it

was no disgrace to acknowledge an habitual scarcity of available cash.

The Bowdoin student was the only college man in his circle, much envied and much felicitated for his position and opportunities. It was universally expected that he would, as a result of much learning, rise to a lofty rank in life; but when his companions set before him examples for his emulation, they most frequently selected the triumphs of Webster and Clay, or suggested the name of some eminent divine. To urge him on in mere money-making was far from their thoughts.

The young men whose letters were thus preserved represented varying occupations. One, according to his own definition, was "a wielder of the yardstick," two were post-office clerks, several were teachers of country schools, one a farmer lad who during the winter helped his father to manufacture shingles. The young women also taught school, did sewing, or even, in emergency, assisted in housework.

After the fashion of their century the young creatures poured forth their sentiments, their reflections, their aspirations, without stint. They described sunsets and moonrises; they philosophized regarding everything that pertained to life; they referred darkly to hidden griefs; quoted from Byron, Moore, and kindred poets; analyzed the passion of love from depths of profound experience; gave synopses of sermons and political addresses; and by and by, when these mighty topics had been exhausted, devoted a page or two to local gossip and the discussion of social functions. It was a humble epistle indeed that did not glitter with classical allusions. But through all their commonplaces and crudenesses, these letters revealed in strong light the standpoint of aspiration held by the youth of that period, a standpoint based on the conviction that knowledge is power.

In the evenings, in the odd moments between other avocations, they were all taking courses of study. The young man of the yardstick was translating Cicero

and Sallust and studying astronomy; the post-office clerks were writing lyceum lectures on abstruse topics; one of the teaching young men was studying moral philosophy and different systems of theology, "not with any idea of entering the ministry, but because he had a natural bent for such pursuits;" the farmer lad was dividing his leisure between church-going, village festivities, "back-lot dances," and reading the English poets and essayists during otherwise unoccupied winter evenings.

He tells his correspondent that "making shingles in the sunny corner of the old workshop is an occupation that lends itself readily to the weaving of many dreams," and as one reads the faded sentences one feels how the tides and the yearnings of youth flooded that sunny workshop corner. I remember this writer, the intimate picture of whose daily life is an especially graphic one, as a tall old man of stern face and erect military bearing. As a child I often visited in his home, but I never dreamed of him as capable of such a record of ardent young manhood as his letters reveal.

The girls were studying too; going to school at the "Academy" between periods of teaching; "keeping up their Latin" while the teaching was going on. The sewing girl "went on with French whenever she could borrow a dictionary," and rejoiced greatly at unexpectedly securing several odd volumes of Shakespeare.

In the same paper-covered chest I found also the records of The Franklin Debating Society, formed in 1822 by the printers' boys of a New England town. The membership of this society was later augmented by the addition of a number of clerks and mechanics.

One of the debaters, who shared in the benefits of this club, says of it in relating the story of his life:—

"We got leave to occupy the second story of the Old South schoolhouse. We furnished our own wood and lights. We wrote compositions, we declaimed, de-

bated questions of importance, and enacted dialogues. Our compositions were corrected by an educated man. This society, with a succession of members, continued for four or five years, meeting once a week. With two or three exceptions all of us have closed our earthly career, but if none of us ever rose to be great men, not one became vicious or dissipated."

The society records, kept in an eminently neat and businesslike manner, give account of one hundred and eighteen meetings, with debates, addresses, essays, and reports of committees on all sorts of topics, civil, religious, literary, etc.

I copy a few of the questions for discussion to show what these youths, hardly past the age of boyhood, were voluntarily thinking and talking about:—

What are the advantages of a free republic over a hereditary kingdom?

Should deistical and atheistical writings be prohibited by law? Answer: No.

Should imprisonment for debt be abolished? Answer: No.

Which is most essential in the representative of a free people, integrity or talents? Discussion continued during two meetings; final answer: Integrity.

Can any measure be taken to rid America of slaves? Majority vote: Yes.

It is interesting to note that the reply to the question: In what capacity is a woman useful? was indefinitely postponed, also that the votes were divided about evenly in answering the inquiry: Should the sexes receive education in common?

The eleventh chapter of the first book of Chronicles is one which I often read because of its epic flavor. It is, indeed, an epic and a lyric in one, this story of David's "mighty men." Thirty of them there were, all captains, all doers of deeds; but twenty-seven of these heroes, although they had honorable mention among the thirty, "attained not to the first three."

Some of these second-rank men were rather capable fellows,—Abishai the bro-

ther of Joab, for instance, who lifted up his spear against three hundred and slew them; Benaiah the son of Jehoiada, too, who slew two lionlike men of Moab: also he went down and slew a lion in a pit in a snowy day.

"And he slew an Egyptian, a man of great stature, five cubits high; and in the Egyptian's hand was a spear like a weaver's beam."

Benaiah and Abishai were evidently men of aspirations, and so also were those "valiant men of the armies" whose names follow in the list. If their deeds differed from those of the "three mighties" it was rather in kind than in degree of prowess.

We have vaunted a "Big Four" in the history of our own country, and their deeds differed from those of David's First Three in kind and degree also. For this was the story of the three mighty captains:—

"Now three of the thirty captains went down to the rock to David, into the cave of Adullam; and the host of the Philistines encamped in the valley of Rephaim.

"And David was then in the hold, and the Philistines' garrison was then at Beth-lehem.

"And David longed, and said, Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Beth-lehem, that is at the gate!

"And the three brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Beth-lehem, that was by the gate, and brought it to David: but David would not drink of it, but poured it out to the Lord,

"And said, My God forbid it me, that I should do this thing: shall I drink the blood of these men that have put their lives in jeopardy? for with the jeopardy of their lives they brought it. Therefore he would not drink it. These things did these three mightiest."

According to latter-day standards this episode was very foolishly managed. David was a king, and a rich man. He had flocks and herds, gold, silver, and jewels. He was perfectly well able to pay the

three captains "big money" for risking their lives to gratify his longings, and if, knowing the peril, they still chose to jeopardize themselves, that was their own affair. When the adventure was safely ended, the three captains could perhaps have retired on their earnings and purchased for themselves purple and fine linen and horses and chariots and the like, just as we moderns buy changes of raiment and automobiles and steam yachts with the blood money for which we put ourselves in jeopardy.

As for David, he could have enjoyed his cooling draught with a clear conscience. Why not, since he had made a business contract and "delivered the goods"? There was doubtless water to

be had nearer at hand than that of the well of Beth-lehem, but if a man has an especial kind of thirst, he does have it; and having paid for its gratification, to waste the liquor is senseless deprivation.

It was the Puritan conscience, we are told, which "put rock foundations under this republic;" in the minds of some old-fashioned people the belief still obtains that courage and loyalty and self-control and self-sacrifice lie at the foundation of both national and individual character, and that the nation or the individual who forsakes these ideals will, in spite of all the opportunities and training of schools and colleges and universities, remain radically uneducated.

THE FACE OF THE POOR

BY MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM

MR. ANTHONY attached a memorandum to the letter he was reading, and put his hand on the bell.

"Confound them!" he said under his breath, "what do they think I'm made of!"

A negro opened the door, and came into the room with exaggerated decorum.

"Rufus, take this to Mr. Whitwell, and tell him to get the answer off at once. Is any one waiting?"

"Yes, suh, several. One man's been there some time. Says his name's Busson, suh."

"Send him in."

The man gave his head a tilt forward which seemed to close his eyes, turned pivotally about, and walked out of the room in his most luxurious manner. Rufus never imitated his employer, but he often regretted that his employer did not imitate him.

Mr. Anthony's face resumed its look

of prosperous annoyance. The door opened, and a small, roughly dressed man came toward the desk.

"Well, here I am at last," he said in a tone of gentle apology; "I suppose you think it's about time."

The annoyance faded out of Mr. Anthony's face, and left it blank. The visitor put out a work-calloused hand.

"I guess you don't remember me; my name's Burson. I was up once before, but you were busy. I hope you're well; you look hearty."

Mr. Anthony shook the proffered hand, and then shrank back, with the distrust of geniality which is one of the cruel hardships of wealth.

"I am well, thank you. What can I do for you, Mr. Burson?"

The little man sat down and wiped the back of his neck with his handkerchief. He was bearded almost to the eyes, and his bushy brows stood out in a thatch. As he bent his gaze upon Mr. Anthony it

was like some gentle creature peering out of a brushy covert.

"I guess the question's what I can do for you, Mr. Anthony," he said, smiling wistfully on the millionaire. "I hain't done much this far, sure."

"Well?" Mr. Anthony's voice was dryly interrogative.

"When Edmonson told me he'd sold the mortgage to you, I thought certain I'd be able to keep up the interest, but I have n't made out to do even that; you've been kept out of your money a long time, and to tell the truth I don't see much chance for you to get it. I thought I'd come in and talk with you about it, and see what we could agree on."

Mr. Anthony leaned back rather wearily.

"I might foreclose," he said.

The visitor looked troubled. "Yes, you could foreclose, but that would n't fix it up. To tell the truth, Mr. Anthony, I don't feel right about it. I have n't kep' up the place as I'd ought; it's been running down for more'n a year. I don't believe it's worth the mortgage to-day."

Some of the weariness disappeared from Mr. Anthony's face. He laid his arms on the desk and leaned forward.

"You don't think it's worth the mortgage?" he asked.

"Not the mortgage and interest. You see there's over three hundred dollars interest due. I don't believe you could get more'n a thousand dollars cash for the place."

"There would be a deficiency judgment, then," said the millionaire.

"Well, that's what I wanted to ask you about. I supposed the law was arranged some way so you'd get your money. It's no more'n right. But it seems a kind of a pity for you and me to go to law. There ain't nothing between us. I had the money and you the same as loaned it to me. It was money you'd saved up again old age, and you'd ought to have it. If I'd worked the place and kep' it up right, it would be worth more, though of course property's gone down a

VOL. 96 - NO. 3

good deal. But mother and the girls got kind of discouraged and wanted me to go to peddlin' fruit, and of course you can't do more'n one thing at a time, and do it justice. Now if you had the place I expect you could afford to keep it up, and I would n't wonder if you could sell it; but you'd have to put some ready money into it first, I'm afraid."

Mr. Anthony pushed a pencil up and down between his thumb and forefinger, and watched the process with an inscrutable face. His visitor went on:—

"I was thinking if we could agree on a price, I might deed it to you and give you a note for the balance of what I owe you. I'm getting on kind of slow, but I don't believe but what I could pay the note after a while."

Mr. Anthony kept his eyes on his lead pencil with a strange, whimsical smile. "Edmonson owed me two thousand dollars," he said; "the mortgage really cost me that; at least it was all I got on the debt."

The visitor made a regretful sound with his tongue against the roof of his mouth.

"You don't say so! Well, that is too bad."

The thatch above the speaker's eyes stood out straight as he reflected.

"You're worse off than I thought," he went on slowly, "but it don't quite seem as if I ought to be held responsible for that. I had the thousand dollars, and used it, and I'd ought to pay it; but the other—it was a kind of a trade you made—I can't see—you don't think"—

Mr. Anthony broke into his hesitation with a short laugh.

"No, I don't think you're responsible for my blunders," he said soberly. "You say property has gone down a good deal," he went on, fixing his shrewd eyes on his listener. "A good many other things have gone down. If my money will buy more than it would when it was loaned, some people would say I should n't have so much of it. Perhaps I'm not entitled to more than the place will bring. What do

you think about that?" There was a quizzical note in the rich man's voice.

Burson wiped the back of his neck with his handkerchief, dropped it into his hat, and shook the hat slowly and reflectively, keeping time with his head.

"If you'd kep' your money by you, allowin' that you loaned it to me, — because you the same as did, — if you'd kep' it by you, or put it in the bank and let it lay idle, you'd 'a' had it. It would n't 'a' gone down any. You had n't ought to lose anything, that I can see, — except of course for your mistake about Edmonson. That kind of hurts me about Edmonson. I would n't 'a' thought it of him. He always seemed a clever sort of fellow."

"Oh, Edmonson's all right," said Mr. Anthony; "he went into some things too heavily, and broke up. I guess he'll make it yet."

Burson looked relieved. "Then he'll straighten this up with you, after all," he said.

Mr. Anthony whistled noiselessly. "Well, hardly. He considers it straightened."

Burson turned his old hat slowly around between his knees.

"He's a fair-spoken man, Edmonson; I kind of think he'll square it up, after all," he said hopefully. "Anyway, it does n't become me to throw stones till I've paid my own debts."

The hair that covered the speaker's mouth twitched a little in its effort to smile. He glanced at his companion expectantly.

"Could you come out and take a look at the place?" he asked.

Mr. Anthony slid down in his chair, and clasped his hands across his portliness.

"I believe I'll take your valuation, Burson," he answered slowly. "If I find there's nothing against the property but my mortgage, and you'll give me a deed and your note for the interest, or, say, two hundred and fifty dollars, we'll call it square. It will take a few days to look the matter up, a week perhaps. Suppose you come in at the end of the week. Your

wife will sign the deed?" he added interrogatively.

Burson had leaned forward to get up. At the question he raised his eyes with the look that Mr. Anthony remembered to have seen years ago in small creatures he had driven into corners.

"Mother did n't have to sign the mortgage," he said, halting a little before each word; "the lawyer said it was n't necessary. I don't know if she'll" —

Mr. Anthony broke into his embarrassment. "Let me see." He put his hand on the bell.

"Ask Mr. Evert to send me the mortgage from Burson to Edmonson assigned to me," he said when Rufus appeared.

The negro walked out of the room as if he were carrying the message on his head.

"Mother does n't always see things just as I do," said Burson; "she was willing to sign the mortgage, though," he added, "only she did n't need to; she wanted me to get the money of Edmonson."

He put his hand into his pocket, and a light of discovery came into his face. "Have a peach," he said convivially, laying an enormous Late Crawford on the corner of the desk.

Mr. Anthony gave an uncomprehending glance at the gift.

"Hain't you got a knife?" asked Burson, straightening himself and drawing a bone-handled implement from his pocket. "I keep the big blade for fruit," he said kindly, as he laid it on the desk.

Mr. Anthony inspected the proffered refreshment with a queer, uncertain smile; then he took the peach from the desk, drew the wastebasket between his knees, opened the big blade of the knife, and began to remove the red velvet skin. The juice ran down his wrists and threatened his immaculate cuffs. He fished a spotless handkerchief from his pocket with his pencil and mopped up the encroaching rivulets. His companion smiled upon him with amiable relish as the dripping sections disappeared.

"I errigated 'em more than usual this

year, and it makes 'em kind of sloppy to eat," he apologized; "it does n't help the flavor any, but most people buy for size. When you're out peddling and have n't time to cultivate, it's easy to turn on the water. It's about as bad as a milkman putting water in the milk, and I always feel mean about it. I tell mother errigating's a lazy man's way of farming, but she says water costs so much here she does n't think it's cheating to sell it for peach juice."

Rufus came into the room, and bore down upon the pair with deferential disdain. Mr. Anthony gave his fingers a parting wipe, and took the papers from the envelope.

"It's all right, Burson," he said after a little; "you need n't mind about your wife's signature. I'll risk it. Come back in about a week, say Thursday, Thursday at ten, if that suits you. I'll have my attorney look into it."

Burson got up and started out. Then he turned and stood still an instant.

"Of course I mean to tell mother about the deed," he said; "I would n't want you to think" —

"Oh, certainly, certainly," acquiesced Mr. Anthony, with an almost violent waiving of domestic confidence. "Good-afternoon, Mr. Burson." He whirled his revolving chair toward the desk with a distinct air of dismissal, and picked up the package of papers.

After the door closed he sat still for some time, looking thoughtfully at the mortgage; then he made a memorandum in ink, with his signature in full, and attached it to the document. Rufus opened the door.

"Mr. Darnell and two other gentlemen, suh."

The millionaire set his jaws. "Show them in, Rufus. Damn it," he said softly, "damn it, why can't they be honest!"

"Do you mean to tell me, Erastus Burson, that you deeded him this place, and gave him your note for two hundred and fifty dollars you did n't owe him?"

"Why, no, mother; did n't I explain to you there'd be a deficiency judgment?"

"Well, I should say there was. But if anybody's lackin' judgment I'd say it was you, not him. The idea! Why, he's as rich as cream, and you're as poor" —

"Well, his being rich and me being poor has n't got anything to do with it, mother; we're just two men trying to be fair with each other, don't you see? You and the girls would n't want me to be close-fisted and overreachin', even if I am poor. I think we fixed it up just as near right as a wrong thing can be fixed. Of course I don't like to feel the way I do about Edmonson, but Mr. Anthony don't seem to lay up anything against him, and he's the one that has the right to. Edmonson treated him worse than anybody ever treated me. I don't know just how I'd feel toward a man if he'd treated me the way Edmonson treated Mr. Anthony."

Mrs. Burson laid the overalls she was mending across her knee in a suggestive attitude.

"I don't call it close-fisted or overreachin' to keep a roof over your family's head," she argued; "if the place is n't ours I suppose we'll have to leave it."

"No; Mr. Anthony wants us to stay here, and take care of the place for the rent. I feel as if I'd ought to keep it up better, but if I'm to peddle fruit and try to pay off the note I'll have to hustle. I want to do the square thing by him. He's certainly treated me white."

Mrs. Burson fitted a patch on the seat of the overalls, and flattened it down with rather unnecessarily vigorous slaps of her large hand.

"I would n't lose any sleep over Mr. Anthony; I guess he's able to take care of himself," she said, closing her lips suddenly as if to prevent the escape of less amicable sentiments.

"Well, he does n't seem to be," urged her husband, "the way Edmonson's overreached him. My! but I'd hate to be in that feller's shoes: doin' dirt to a man that-a-way!"

Mrs. Burson sighed audibly and gave her husband a hopelessly uncomprehending look. "You do beat all, Erastus," she said wearily. "Here 's your overalls. I guess you can be trusted with 'em. They're too much patched to give to Mr. Anthony."

Burson returned her look of uncomprehension. Fortunately the marital fog through which two pairs of eyes so often view each other is more likely to dull the outline of faults than of virtues. Mrs. Burson watched her husband not unfondly as he straddled into his overalls and left the room.

"A man does n't have to be very sharp to get the better of Erastus," she said to herself, "but he has to be awful low down; and I s'pose there 's plenty that is."

The winter came smilingly on, tantalizing the farmer with sunny indifference concerning drought, and when he was quite despondent sending great purple clouds from the southeast to wash away his fears. By Christmas the early oranges were yellowing. There had been no frost, and Burson's old spring-wagon and unshapely but well-fed sorrel team made their daily round of the valley, and now and then he dropped into Mr. Anthony's office to make small payments on his note. Pitifully small they seemed to the mortgagee, who appeared nevertheless always glad to receive them, and gave orders to Rufus, much to that dignitary's disgust, that the fruit-vender should always be admitted. The handful of coin which he so cheerfully piled on the corner of the rich man's desk always remained there until his departure, when Mr. Anthony took an envelope from the safe, swept the payment into it without counting, and returned it to its compartment, making no endorsement on the note.

"I'd feel better satisfied if you'd drive out some time and take a look at things," said Burson to his creditor during one of these visits; "you'd ought to get out of the office now and then for your health."

"Maybe I will, Burson," replied the capitalist. "You're not away from home all the time?"

"Oh no, but I s'pose Sunday's your day off; it's mine. Mother and the girls generally go to church, but I don't. I tell 'em I'll watch and they can pray. I can't very well go," he added, making haste to counteract the possible shock from his irreverence; "there ain't but one seat in the fruit-wagon, and when the women folks get their togs on, three's about all that can ride. Come out any Sunday, and stay for dinner. We mostly have chicken."

The following Sunday Mr. Anthony drew up his daintily stepping chestnut at the fruit-peddler's gate. Before he had descended from his shining road-wagon, his host ran down the walk, pulling on his shabby coat.

"Well, now, this is something like!" he exclaimed. "Got a hitching-strap? Just wait till I open the gate; I believe I'd better take your horse inside. There's a post by the kitchen door. My, ain't he a beauty!"

Burson led the roadster through the gate, and Mr. Anthony walked by his side. When the horse was tied the two men went about the place, and Erastus showed his guest the poultry and fruit trees, commenting on the merits of Plymouth Rocks and White Leghorns as layers, and displaying modest pride in the condition of the orchard.

"I've kep' it up better this year. The rains come along more favorable and the weeds did n't get ahead of me the way they did last winter. Look out, there!" he cried, as Mr. Anthony laid his hand on the head of a Jersey calf that backed awkwardly from under his grasp. "Don't let her get a-hold of your coat-tail; she chawed mine to a frazzle the other day; the girls pet her so much she has no manners."

When the tour of the little farm was finished the two men came back to the veranda, and Erastus drew a rocking-chair from the front room for his guest. It was hung with patchwork cushions of

"crazy" design, but Mr. Anthony leaned his tired head against them in the sanest content.

"Now you just sit still a minute," Erastus said, "and I'm a-going to bring you something you hain't tasted for a long time."

He darted into the house, and returned with a pitcher and two glasses.

"Sweet cider!" he announced, with a triumphant smile. "I had a lot of apples in the fall, not big enough to peddle,—you know our apples ain't anything to brag of,—and I just rigged up a kind of hand-press in the back yard, and now and then I press out a pitcher of cider for Sunday. I never let it get the least bit hard; not that I don't like a little tang to it myself, but mother belongs to the W. C. T. U., and it'd worry her."

He darted into the house again, and emerged with a plate of brown twisted cakes. "Mother usually makes cookies on Saturday, but I can't find anything but these doughnuts. Maybe they won't go bad with the cider."

He poured his guest a glass, and Mr. Anthony drank it, holding a doughnut in one hand, and partaking of it with evident relish.

"It's good, Burson," he said. "May I have another glass and another doughnut?"

His host's countenance fairly shone with delighted hospitality as he replenished the empty glass. There were crumbs on the floor when the visitor left, and flies buzzed about the empty plate and pitcher as Mrs. Burson and her daughters came up the steps.

"Mr. Anthony 's been here," said Erastus cheerfully. "I'm awful sorry you missed him. We had some cider and doughnuts."

The three women stopped suddenly, and stared at the speaker.

"Why, Paw Burson!" ejaculated the elder daughter, "did you give Mr. Anthony doughnuts and cider out here on this porch?"

"Why, yes, Millie," apologized the fa-

ther; "I looked for cookies, but I could n't find any. He said he liked doughnuts, and he did seem to relish 'em; he eat several."

"That awful rich man! Why, Paw Burson!"

The young woman gave an awe-stricken glance about her, as if expecting to discover some lingering traces of wealth.

"Doughnuts!" she repeated helplessly.

"Why, Millie," faltered the father, mildly aggressive, "I don't see why being rich should take away a man's appetite; I'm sure I hope I'll never be too rich to like doughnuts and cider."

"Did n't you give him a napkin, paw?" queried the younger girl.

"No," said the father meekly, "he had his handkerchief. I coaxed him to stay to dinner, but he could n't; and I asked him to drive out some day with his wife and daughter—he has n't but one—they lost a little girl when she was seven"—

The man's voice quivered on the last word, and died away. Mrs. Burson went hurriedly into the house. She reappeared at the door in a few minutes without her bonnet.

"Erastus," she said gently, "will you split me a few sticks of kindling before you put away the team?"

Mrs. Burson was fitting a salad-green bodice on her elder daughter. That young woman's efforts to see her own spine, where her mother was distributing pins with solemn intentness, had dyed her face a somewhat unnatural red, but the hands that lay upon her downy arms were much whiter than those that hovered about her back. A dining-table, bearing the more permanent part of its outfit, was pushed into a corner of the room, and covered with a yellow mosquito-net, and from the kitchen came a sound of crockery accompanied by an occasional splash and a scraping of tin. Now and then the younger girl appeared in the doorway, and gazed in a sort of worshipful ecstasy at her sister's splendor.

"Do you think you'll get it finished for the Fiesta, maw?" she asked, between deep breaths of admiration. Mrs. Burson nodded absently, exploring her bosom for another pin with her outspread palm.

Her husband came into the room, and seated himself on the edge of the rep lounge. His face had a strange pallor above the mask of his beard.

"You're home early, Erastus," she said; then she looked up. "Are you sick?" she asked with anxiety.

"Mr. Anthony is dead," Burson said huskily.

"Dead! Why, Erastus!"

Mrs. Burson held a pin suspended in the air and stared at her husband.

"Yes. He dropped dead in his chair. Or rather, he had some kind of a stroke, and never came to. It happened more than a week ago. I went in to-day, and Rufus told me."

Mrs. Burson returned the pin to her bosom, and motioned her daughter toward the bedroom door.

"Go and take it off, Millie," she said soberly. She was shamefacedly conscious of something different from the grief that stirred her husband, something more sordid and personal.

"It hurt me all over," Burson went on, "the way some of them talked in town. They looked queer at me when I said what I did about him. I don't understand it."

"I guess there's a good many things you don't understand, Erastus," ventured the wife quietly.

A carriage stopped at the gate, and a young woman alighted from it, and came up the walk. Erastus saw her first, and met her in the open doorway. She looked at him with eager intentness.

"Is this Mr. Burson?" she asked gently. "I am Mr. Anthony's daughter."

Mrs. Burson got up, holding the scraps of green silk in her apron, and offered the visitor a seat. Erastus held out his hand, and tried to speak. The two faced each other in tearful silence.

"I wanted to bring you this myself," the girl faltered, "because — because of what is written on the outside." She held a package of papers toward him. "I have heard him speak of you, I think. Any friend of my father must be a good man. We want to thank you, my mother and I" —

"To thank me?" Erastus questioned, "to thank me! You certainly don't know" —

"I know you were my father's friend," the girl interrupted; "I don't care about the rest. Possibly I could n't understand it. I know very little about business, but I knew my father."

She got up, holding her head high in grief-stricken pride, and gave her hand to her host and hostess.

The younger Burson girl emerged from the kitchen, a dish-towel and a half-wiped plate clasped to her breast, and watched the visitor as she went down the path.

"Her silk waist does n't begin to touch Millie's for style," she said pensively, "and her skirt does n't even drag; but there's something about her."

"Yes," acquiesced Mrs. Burson, "there is something about her."

Erastus sat on the edge of the old rep lounge, looking absently at the papers.

"In the event of my death, to be delivered to my friend Erastus Burson," was written on the package.

His wife came and stood over him.

"I don't know just what it means, mother," he said; "there's a deed, and my note marked 'Paid,' and a lot of two-bit and four-bit pieces. I'll have to get somebody to explain it."

He sat quite still until the woman laid her large hand on his bowed head. Then he looked up, with moist, winking eyes.

"I don't feel right about it, mother," he said. "I wish now I'd a-dropped in oftener, and been more sociable. It's a strange thing to say, but I think sometimes he was lonesome; and I'm sure I don't know why, for a kinder, genialer man I never met."

THE TENTH DECADE OF THE UNITED STATES¹

BY WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN

IV

LINCOLN'S POLICY OF MERCY

STRANGE as it seems, not one man of all those who in the armies and in civil stations had worked and fought so resolutely to destroy the old order in the South had made out any complete scheme of what should come after it. As to the political, the social, the economic arrangements which should take the place of those based on slavery, men's ideas were vague. It had so long been felt that slavery was the source of all the trouble, to put down the Confederacy was so imperative a programme, to free the slaves so great an opportunity, that the statesmen and the captains of the North, absorbed in these tasks, had forborne to question a remoter future.

The exception was Lincoln. Though every day was filled with its own cares, importunate in their demands upon his strength, his unrelenting conscience had not granted him surcease of forethought. In the midst of war, he had not been unmindful of the problems peace would bring. His very last days, which to some lesser, happier nature might have been a time of triumph and fruition only, were filled, on the contrary, with anxious planning, darkened, even, with sad forebodings. Indeed, he could not have put by the future if he had tried. From an early period in the struggle the necessity had been upon him to lay some sort of foundation for a new order in the South. What he had done was now a great part of the situation with which his successor had to deal. If we would follow with intelligence the course of Reconstruction under Johnson and Grant, we must be-

gin with that beginning which Lincoln had already made.

His general conception of the problem, and of his own duty, was first indicated in his first inaugural address. "In view of the Constitution and the laws," he had then said, "the Union is still unbroken." His duty, as he then saw it, was, accordingly, merely to reorganize and to restore. It was to enforce the Constitution and the laws against the individual men who were resisting them, and thus to bring the states whose governments had been usurped back into their proper relations with the other states and with the Union. For he considered that he was not making war on states, but only on disloyal men, and that a part of his duty was to protect the loyal men of the South, none of whose rights were forfeited. And all this, he held, was incumbent upon him, not upon Congress, because he was charged with the preservation of the Union and with the enforcement of the laws, and more particularly because he was commander-in-chief of all the forces. To this view he adhered with a characteristic constancy.

It was neither unnatural nor illogical that the President should treat as one the two tasks of putting down the insurrection, and of restoring what had been destroyed. In the actual course of events, the work of laying waste began from the first to pass into the work of rebuilding. The government of territory conquered from the Confederates was a necessary part of war-making; as unavoidable as the marches and the battles. Long be-

¹ Copyright, 1905, by WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN.

fore the end of the fighting, the President found himself the well-nigh absolute ruler of wide areas. Even in the North there were considerable regions under martial law,¹ and there had been a still plainer necessity to extend it over the border states. As the armies advanced into the Confederacy, they left behind them no authority that could sustain itself unaided, and in some quarters no machinery of government whatever. The actual approach to Reconstruction had to be made through an administration of military government on a great scale.

The powers which the President came thus to exercise, chiefly through subordinate commanders, were many and formidable; it is no wonder that even in the North some were soon crying out that the liberties of the whole people were in danger. At the very outbreak of hostilities, martial law being proclaimed in Maryland, the general commanding at Baltimore had found it expedient to disband the police force of the city, which was thought to be disaffected, and to set up another establishment in its stead. Measures equally arbitrary were soon common. Throughout northern Missouri, for example, local government was for a time entrusted to standing committees chosen from among the officers of the army. Congress having confirmed to the President the right to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, he took that radical course freely wherever disaffection appeared, even in quarters far remote from the scenes of the actual fighting, and Stanton's hand was heavy upon the people of the border states and of the old Northwest, where there was sympathy with the South. Nor did this régime in the North end with the fighting. It lasted until the close of 1866, when the Supreme Court ordered the discharge of one Milligan, of Indiana, who rested under a sentence of death pronounced by a military com-

mission and approved by the commander-in-chief. In this important case, *Ex parte Milligan*, it was decided that the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus did not deprive a citizen of his right to be tried in a regular civil court if he lived in a region where the courts were open and continued to exercise their jurisdiction. The right of trial by jury in criminal cases, it was held, persists in time of war. The decision, and the arguments of the distinguished counsel also, leaned to the view that the power to suspend the writ belonged to Congress; for the reasoning was based on the act of Congress, not on the earlier precedents made by the executive alone.

But it was in the South that military rule had the widest scope. Within a few weeks from the first outbreak of hostilities, all that part of Virginia which lay to the west of the principal Appalachian range was cleared of the Confederate arms. In Tennessee, a battleground from the first, the Union forces were in control of the western counties oftener than their adversaries, and after September, 1863, eastern Tennessee, a country of small farms and few negroes, and a Unionist stronghold, was never at any time controlled by the Confederates. With the fall of New Orleans, in April, 1862, southern Louisiana came within the Union lines. During the same spring, a considerable part of eastern North Carolina was won. Northern Arkansas, where the Unionists were strong, was also soon cleared of the Confederates, and their power in central and southern Arkansas practically ended with the fall of Vicksburg in the summer of 1863. Save that a new civil government was at once established in western Virginia, military rule in one form or another was at once extended into all these regions. From time to time, other areas were given over to the same régime. At the end, practically the entire South was governed in that way. As the permanent new order, whatever it might be, must emerge from this temporary order, the character of the

¹ This phrase, as Mr. David Dudley Field pointed out in his argument in the Milligan case, is incorrect. "Martial rule" is preferable. But the usage is fixed.

first measures to be taken was naturally determined by the actual situation, and by precedents made in time of war.

Even those measures of the President and his subordinates which affected the social and economic, as distinguished from the political problem, were adopted as accessory to the conduct of the war, and accomplished by the exercise of military powers. A careful regulation of trade and commerce was attempted. No one was permitted to buy or sell cotton, now become fabulously dear, without the consent of representatives of the government, which was made contingent on the attested loyalty of both the parties to the exchange. Special agents of the treasury were appointed to collect and sell all property captured or confiscated by the military or abandoned by its owners, and these officials found much to do; for through its plan of produce loans the Confederate government had acquired a claim to great quantities of cotton, scattered over the country. By the end of March, 1865, some eighty thousand bales had been seized, and by capture, confiscation, and abandonment much property of other sorts had come into the hands of the various commanders. Secretary McCulloch, having spent much time in investigating charges against the treasury agents, reported that they were, as a rule, without foundation. There is, however, only too good reason to believe that agents, persons pretending to be agents, licensed traders, and others, often profited in the meanest ways by the ruined fortunes of the Southern people.

The first attempts to find for the negroes a place under freedom belong also to the history of the military government of conquered territory. As the Union armies advanced, the subject quickly forced itself to the front. Many slaves were abandoned by their fleeing masters, and these and other negroes flocked into the camps. Along the coasts, many also came aboard the Union vessels. At once, a great diversity of ideas and of practices appeared. A distinction was attempted

between the negroes from the border states and those from the states in insurrection, but with the latter the generals in the field dealt, for a time, according to their own differing views and inclinations. Benjamin F. Butler, commanding at Norfolk, refused to return slaves to their owners, and put his refusal on the cleverly chosen ground that the blacks might be employed on the military works of the Confederates, and were therefore contraband. Buell and Hooper, in the West, respected the owners' claims, and Attorney-General Bates instructed all the United States marshals to execute the Fugitive Slave Law. McClellan and Patterson not merely returned such fugitives as took refuge in their camps, but considered it good military policy to assure the inhabitants of their districts that the soldiers of the Union were come among them to give them security in all their rights and possessions. A little later, General Frémont was actually decreeing an emancipation of all the slaves in Missouri whose masters were disloyal to the Union; and in the spring of 1862 General Hunter attempted the same sweeping change in the three states of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. General Halleck advanced in a proclamation a plan to avoid rather than solve the problem by keeping the negroes away from the camps; but with the rapid increase of the area under military rule that escape soon became impossible. The number of negroes within the Union lines was too great, and their helplessness appealed too strongly to the commanders and to the country. Special camps were established for them. Whenever it was practicable, they were employed on government works. Many were colonized on abandoned and confiscated lands. Others were hired out to private individuals. Voluntary organizations, the Freedmen's Aid Societies, were formed to help them. Soon after the capture of Hilton Head, South Carolina (November, 1861), Edward L. Peirce, of Massachusetts, acting by authority from the Treasury Department, set to work to

organize on a basis of freedom the industry of the densely ignorant blacks of the South Carolina Sea Islands. Before the end, there were some two hundred thousand negroes enlisted in the army and navy. Finally, in March, 1865, the entire subject was by act of Congress committed to a separate Bureau of the Department of War, to be known as the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands. Major-General O. O. Howard, a conscientious and humane officer, was set at its head. Under him were assistant commissioners for all the states in insurrection. The principal duty of these officials was to divide among the blacks the lands which the government had seized, and the plan was to allot forty acres of good land to every competent male, in the hope that he might in the end become its owner. But rations and other alms were also generously distributed, and it was intended that the commissioners should exercise a kind of general guardianship over the freedmen. For some such agency as this there was indeed a clear demand. So long as its officers stuck to its original objects, the Bureau was a natural and a not unwise response to the situation which successful warfare had created.

The Northern public had shown from the first a lively interest in the fate of the negroes in the conquered territory. Frémont's proclamation in Missouri had quickened once more the abolitionist design and hope. And Congress responded warmly to the popular feeling. It enacted a forfeiture of all slaves owned by persons in insurrection and employed in aid of the Confederacy, forbade commanders in the field to employ troops to return fugitive slaves, and passed, finally, a confiscation act so sweeping in its terms that some have thought it would have worked the overthrow of slavery even if nothing more had been done. Taken with the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and then in the territories, these measures certainly went far beyond the hopes of any but the most sanguine

anti-slavery men at the beginning of the war.

But meanwhile the President had been slow to act; so slow that ardent friends of the negro were bitterly disappointed. He held, apparently, to the announcement he had made so pointedly, that he did not propose to interfere with the domestic institutions of any state. Impatient with his conservatism, many accused him of indifference. When he countermanded the emancipation orders of Frémont and Hunter, the abolitionists for the most part turned against him. It was doubtless because he saw this drift of public sentiment that he wrote, in August, 1862, his famous reply to an anti-slavery open letter of Horace Greeley. "My paramount object," he said, "is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it. And if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it. And if I could save it by freeing some, and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union, and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union." Yet at the end he added: "I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free."

The truth is that Lincoln's views on the whole subject of slavery were like those of Washington and other of our earlier statesmen. Deeply desirous of emancipation for all the slaves, he yet believed that it ought to be gradual; that it ought to be accomplished through the state governments; that the owners ought to be compensated; and that if possible the mass of the negroes ought to be deported from the country. Up to the summer of 1862, he labored earnestly and persistently with Congress, and particularly with the representatives of the border states, in favor of that programme. But the border states could not yet be brought to take any voluntary action, and

Congress, although extremists in both houses were actually proposing to abolish slavery everywhere by ordinary statute, would not appropriate the money to compensate the owners. When it became plainly necessary to decide at once the fate of the fast increasing number of negroes delivered from slavery by the progress of the Union arms, Lincoln therefore turned reluctantly away from the hope which for a hundred years the wisest Americans had cherished. Still firmly of the opinion that neither he nor Congress had any right to interfere with the domestic institutions of states, save only in the prosecution of the war, he made up his mind, after much thought, that emancipation could reasonably be considered a necessary and proper means to the supreme end of saving the Union. He accordingly decreed emancipation in those states and parts of states which on January 1, 1863, were still in insurrection against the government. He plainly stated his opinion both that the act was military, and that he could not if he would have thrown upon Congress any part of the responsibility for it. Few momentous deeds have ever been done so cautiously; yet few have been braver.

But all that he could do by military decree was to emancipate slaves. The institution of slavery persisted. Outside of the area covered by his proclamation, it had not been struck at all. Even within that area, it might conceivably be revived. The new state of West Virginia had adopted a scheme of gradual emancipation, but the other border states still declined to act. The commander-in-chief having done his utmost, the constitutional President, the anti-slavery leader, turned to the effort already making to abolish slavery everywhere and forever by an amendment to the Constitution. Lincoln supported the proposed Thirteenth Amendment against all rival schemes in Congress until, at the very end of his first administration, it passed. Notwithstanding the afterthought of the congressional leaders that it did not need

his signature, he signed it. When his successor came into office, it had gone to the states for the approval of their legislatures.

It is quite clear that Lincoln considered his setting up of loyal governments in the Southern states as of a piece with the Emancipation Proclamation. This also, he held, was a means to the main end of the war. It was executing the laws. It was defending the Constitution. It was an essential part of his great obligation to save the Union — "barring the broken eggs." Holding to that simple theory of the task, he avoided the worst bewilderment American statesmen have ever encountered in their efforts to harmonize the demands of actual situations with the Constitution's mandates and restraints.

The case of western Virginia, at the very outset, had been quickly disposed of, and in a way that accorded, at least superficially, with Lincoln's view. The inhabitants of that region, a mountainous country of small farms, had no great interest in slavery, and but little sympathy with the people of the eastern parts of the state. When Virginia seceded they determined to resist. Doubtless prompted and certainly supported from without, they quickly assembled in convention, repudiated the ordinance, formed a new government for the whole state, and then proceeded to partition the old commonwealth. To recognize this convention as the government of Virginia seemed a good way to take care of these loyal people. It would be a means also to weaken the insurrection at home and abroad. Congress, as well as the President, quickly decided in favor of that course. Representatives from Virginia were at once seated in both houses of Congress.¹ At the end of 1862, West Virginia was admitted to the Union. Francis H. Peirpoint, who had been

¹ But Congress soon began to vacillate on this point. In 1863, the lower house refused to seat persons claiming to represent Virginia. The next year, when the term of one of the Senators expired, his successor was not seated. The other Senator kept his place until 1865.

chosen by the convention governor of Virginia, was also permitted to set up an establishment at Alexandria, within the Union lines, where a miniature legislature went through the forms of law-making, and whence he endeavored to extend his authority over such territory in eastern Virginia as from time to time was won from the Confederates. In May, 1863, a few votes, cast in the fringes of the state then occupied by the Federal armies, were held sufficient to reelect him. There was actually held at Alexandria a constitutional convention, composed of sixteen members, representing five counties, which voted to abolish slavery. Federal commanders, it is true, when now and then they found Peirpoint's civil officials in their way, showed them but scant courtesy. At Norfolk, where a Union municipal government had been established, the people voted by a great majority to return to military rule. The President himself is reported to have said: "I have a government in Virginia, the Peirpoint government. It has but a small margin, and I am not disposed to increase it." But he continued to recognize and sustain it. Clearly, to his mind, the whole question of the method in restoration was but a secondary matter. The main thing was, that Virginia should somehow be restored.

All his plans to evolve out of military rule a civil order which might be permanent had, of purpose, the same tentative and flexible character. Outside of Virginia, no move was made for a permanent establishment in any state until the second year of the war. On March 3, 1862, the President appointed Andrew Johnson military governor of Tennessee, with the rank of brigadier-general; and this appointment the Senate confirmed. The duties of the office were never precisely stated. The only precedent for it was a somewhat obscure one, made in the time of the war with Mexico, when New Mexico and Upper California had been governed in this way. In all cases of conflict of authority the military gov-

ernor was required to yield to the army officer in command of the district; but he was expected to discharge most of the ordinary functions of a civil governor in time of peace, and his power was restrained by none of those limitations which a state constitution usually imposes on the executive. He could not only fill existing offices and tribunals, but set up new ones; he could even suspend the privileges of the writ of habeas corpus. During the next six months, Edward Stanley, George F. Shepley, and John S. Phelps, all commissioned in the same fashion, were sent, respectively, to North Carolina, to Louisiana, and to Arkansas. Lincoln called these and other agents whom he set at work in the South "quasi-military." However they might subserve the objects of warfare, they looked toward peace. Their work was supplementary to the work of the armies; they were charged to protect loyal Southerners; but their principal business was to make an end of that very order to which they themselves belonged. To Johnson in Tennessee, who doubted if the powers of his office were adequate to this object, Lincoln gave express authority to do whatever might be necessary to enable the loyal Tennesseans to erect a government.

But the first attempt was made in southern Louisiana. It began with the courts of law, and the method of it was thoroughly arbitrary. A provost court, organized by General Butler in June, 1862, quickly extended its jurisdiction over causes not at all related to military affairs; and Shepley, coming into office a little later, revived as many as he could of the courts that existed before the war. The President soon went farther still. In December, there arrived from New York a complete Court of Record for the State of Louisiana, — judge, marshal, clerk, and prosecuting attorney, — with jurisdiction over "all causes, civil and criminal, including cases in law, equity, revenue, and admiralty," and over all the territory held by the Union arms. Such a

ready-made judiciary did not look like a beginning of self-government; but it was not long before Judge Peabody, the head of this extraordinary court, was appointed Chief Justice of the old Supreme Court of Louisiana.

Meanwhile, the President, replying to certain remonstrances against military rule, had taken occasion to assure the people of southern Louisiana that if they disliked military and quasi-military government they could get rid of it of their own motion. "Let them" — he wrote to one correspondent — "in good faith re-inaugurate the national authority, and set up a state government conforming thereto under the Constitution. . . . The army will be withdrawn so soon as such state government can dispense with its presence; and the people of the state can then, upon the old constitutional terms, govern themselves to their own liking." One very natural step toward this end would be to elect representatives in Congress; and Lincoln, warning his agents that such an election, to be of any use, must be the voluntary act of bonafide citizens, not the sending up of a parcel of Northern men chosen "at the point of the bayonet," told them to direct and help the Union party in the movement. Shepley accordingly arranged an election in the two New Orleans districts, and it was held in December, 1862. To the qualifications which the state constitution required of electors he added merely an oath of allegiance to the Union. Though the vote was light, and in some of the precincts the polls could not be opened, the House of Representatives seated the two successful candidates.

But the President himself, by his proclamation of emancipation, had made the complete reestablishment of the old order in Louisiana impossible. Certain parishes, including New Orleans, where the people were not held to be in insurrection on January 1, 1863, were, it is true, expressly exempted in the proclamation. But the exemption at once became of itself a source of dissension among

the Union men. A strong party of radicals desired to begin with a convention which should adapt the old constitution to the new order by repealing everything in it that recognized or protected slavery. On the other hand, a conservative party was ready, and did in fact attempt, to go on at once and elect the full list of state officials required by the old constitution, leaving to the future the task of adapting laws and constitution to the great change. Shepley favored the free-state plan. Banks, in command of the department, so far differed with him as to prefer that the election of state officials should come before the convention. The President at first welcomed the suggestion of a convention, and expressed a hope that it might devise "some practical system by which the two races could gradually live themselves out of the old relation to each other," — a phrase which indicates how deeply he was already pondering the entire new phase of the problem of the races. But he would not be drawn away, by any larger hope, from that immediate and attainable purpose which he had in mind. He was willing to recognize any government which could sustain itself and become a nucleus for Union men, provided only it did not try to undo what had already been done for the negroes.

At the end of 1863, the object lesson of reestablishment in Louisiana was still in this stage, and nowhere else could even so much progress be reported. In Tennessee, it is true, Johnson's aggressive disposition had impelled him to various activities. But as yet a permanent establishment was not feasible. In Arkansas, it was a year before a military advance permitted Governor Phelps to attempt any exercise of his powers. Nor had Stanley made any headway in North Carolina.

Nevertheless, Lincoln decided that the time was come for a formal statement of his policy. Complaints of his course were already beginning to be heard. There were signs of coöperation against it between the radical free-state party in

Louisiana and a radical anti-slavery group in Congress, and to forestall this opposition may have been a part of his design. But it was also desirable to name clearly terms of amnesty and pardon to Confederates, and Congress had by a special act empowered the President to name them. His announcement took, accordingly, the form of a proclamation of amnesty. It appeared December 8, 1863. In a message which he sent to Congress on the same day, he amplified, explained, and defended it.

To all persons who were or had been in insurrection, certain classes barred, he offered a free pardon, with restitution of all their rights in property other than slaves, save in cases where the rights of third parties had intervened. One sole condition was imposed: they must take an oath to support the Constitution and the Union, and to abide by the acts and the proclamations which bore on slavery. The excepted classes were, all the higher civil and military officers of the Confederacy, all who had left judicial places or seats in Congress or military offices in the service of the United States to aid the insurrection, and all who had treated otherwise than as prisoners of war negroes, or persons in charge of negroes, taken in the service of the United States. If, in any state which had been in insurrection, properly qualified electors should take the oath, to a number not less than one tenth of the number of votes cast in that state in the presidential election of 1860, they might set up a state government, and this would be recognized and protected under the authority of that clause of the Constitution which guarantees to each state a republican form of government. They were advised, however, to make no changes in the boundary, the name, or the laws of their state, unless the new conditions should seem to demand them. All that was asked for the freedmen was some arrangement which should recognize their freedom, provide for their education, and consist with their present condition as "a laboring, land-

less, and homeless class." But the President carefully pointed out that each of the two houses of Congress must decide for itself whether it would admit to seats members who should come up from a state in this way restored. The proclamation did not apply to any state in which a Union government had been all along maintained. In the earnest and reasonable concluding paragraphs of his message to Congress, Lincoln further explained that while he felt it only just to the loyal men in the South to show them one safe way to reestablish their state governments, he was not saying that if they proceeded in some other way he would not accept their work. He closed by reminding Congress that, however the government might prefer to move toward its objects, the war power afforded the only means which in the unhappy state of the South it was as yet possible to employ. He did not add, what his acts sufficiently suggested, that the war power, in this particular use of it, belonged to the executive alone.

Here was the same cautious and deliberate courage he had shown in his other proclamation of emancipation. For he was taking on himself the initiative in a task which he foresaw to be hardly less important, and even more intricate and difficult, than waging war or freeing the slaves. In the plan he proposed, notwithstanding his willingness to consider other plans, there was a bold attempt to decide at once questions which were certainly debatable. He was in effect declaring that there ought to be no further punishment of the mass of the Confederates; and he was committing to Southerners, with no proviso but that they should be Union men and accept the fact of emancipation, the future of the negro as a freedman. On the question whether the executive or the legislature should have control of reconstruction, Congress at once took issue with him; and the whole country was soon in angry debate over the wisdom of his course with the Southerners and the negroes.

But before the opposition could stay the President's hand something had been accomplished. In Louisiana, soon after the proclamation, General Banks hit upon a way out of the controversy between the two Union parties, and the President promptly approved it. The plan was, to go on and hold an election for a legislature and state officials, treating the old constitution and laws of the state as still in force, save in so far as they related to slavery or conflicted with military arrangements. If, later, it should seem wise to form a new constitution, a convention could be called.

A state election was accordingly held on Washington's Birthday, 1864. Polls were opened in seventeen of the forty-eight parishes, and a total vote of 11,411 was cast. Part of it was cast by refugees from other parts of the state, and part by soldiers and sailors claiming to be citizens; but there is little doubt that the qualified electors who voted were more than ten per cent of the total of 1860. Michael Hahn, a conservative anti-slavery man, opposed to making citizens of the negroes, was elected governor by a clear majority over Flanders, the radical free-state candidate, and Fellows, a pro-slavery conservative. The free-state party attacked the validity of the election, declaring that it was the "mere registration of a military edict," but Hahn was promptly inaugurated; and the President, as if to insist again that the main point was to get an effective loyal government, at once invested him with all the powers which the military governor had exercised. At the same time, in a private letter, Lincoln modestly offered some advice to the new executive. "Now," he wrote, "you are about to have a convention which, among other things, will probably define the elective franchise. I barely suggest for your private consideration whether some of the colored people may not be let in, — as, for instance, the very intelligent, and especially those who have fought gallantly in our ranks. They would probably help, in some trying time to come,

to keep the jewel of liberty in the family of freedom. But this is only a suggestion, not to the public, but to you alone." He was, as usual, thinking ahead of the passing moment and its demands; but he was also, as usual, completely mindful of actual conditions and patiently considerate of public opinion, even of prejudice, as factors in the problem.

The remaining steps were quickly taken. Against the will of a conservative minority, a convention was held. It at once passed an ordinance to emancipate all slaves, with no compensation to the owners. A new constitution was also framed and submitted to the people. Both Lincoln and Banks took extraordinary measures in support of it, and there were few who actively opposed it.¹ But the vote was very light; the conservatives, apparently, stayed away from the polls. At the same time, representatives in Congress were chosen. When the legislature met, it named two Senators and the state's quota of presidential electors.

In Arkansas, the machinery of restoration was set at work early in 1864. The President began by directing the military to proceed as in Louisiana, and hold an election as if the old constitution were for the most part still in force. But he soon learned that the Union men had already begun in a different way: in two fifths of the counties, delegates to a constitutional convention had already been elected. This initiative he promptly accepted. The convention met and carried through its part of the programme. Secession was nullified, slavery abolished, the Confederate debt repudiated. A new constitution

¹ EXECUTIVE MANSION,

Washington, August 9, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS, — I have just seen the new constitution of Louisiana, and am anxious that it shall be ratified by the people. I will thank you to let the civil officers in Louisiana, holding under me, know that this is my wish, and to let me know at once who of them declare for the constitution, and who of them, if any, decline to so declare.

(Signed) A. LINCOLN.

Lincoln's Complete Works, ii, 560.

was drawn up, and the people ratified it by a vote considerably larger than the proclamation required. When the new representatives of Louisiana arrived at Washington, Senators and Congressmen were already there demanding seats as from Arkansas; and their case was probably the strongest that any Southern state could at this time present to the two houses. But Arkansas took no part in the presidential election of 1864.

In Tennessee, the way to reëstablishment proved far rougher. Virginia excepted, no other state was the scene of so many great military operations. More than once, when a beginning in civil government was about to be made, it became suddenly necessary to abandon the field to the Confederates. Even so late as January, 1865, a convention called to meet at Nashville had to wait while a battle was fought there.

There was, moreover, a division of the people of this state which made its experience peculiar, both in war and in Reconstruction. Not only were there more Unionists in Tennessee than in any other member of the Confederacy after the partition of Virginia, but the great mass of them inhabited a region separated by natural barriers from the rest of the state, and indeed from all the country about it. The long, high, rolling valley of eastern Tennessee, drained by the Tennessee River and its earlier confluent, and shut in by great ranges of mountains, had in 1861 a population of some three hundred thousand souls, of whom an overwhelming majority opposed secession. Nor did they, like so many other Southern Unionists, content themselves with votes and protests. When the state was irregularly joined to the Confederacy, they still stood firm. So far, the situation was like that in western Virginia. But the loyalty of the Union men of western Virginia was never put to such a test as that the Union men of eastern Tennessee had now to endure. The truth is, no other community anywhere in the country suffered for its loyalty as this did. When the east Ten-

nesseans took their stand, there was not a Federal regiment south of the Potomac. It was two long years and more before the flag of the Union reappeared among them or a single blue-clad soldier came across the mountains.

Many of these people came, however, of a stock which for centuries had displayed an exceeding stubbornness in its religious and political convictions, and a great love of liberty. The Scotch-Irish or Covenanters strain predominated among them. It was their fathers and grandfathers who had followed Shelby and Sevier over the Great Smokies to perform at King's Mountain the most astounding exploit of the Revolutionary war; and the years since 1780 had wrought no radical changes in their ideals or their lives. Their position in the heart of the Confederacy has often been compared to that of the province of La Vendée in Revolutionary France. But to their own minds their stand may have seemed more fairly comparable to that of their ancestors at the siege of Londonderry or in the old religious wars of Scotland. They were amply true to the tradition of their race. An important factor in the war, their course in Reconstruction was scarcely less important. Lincoln, impressed with their courage, and sympathizing deeply with their sufferings, was tireless in his efforts to send them succor. Urging General Thomas to go to their rescue, he justly pronounced them "the most valuable stake we have in the South." But the project did not accord with the wider plans of the Union generals, and a relief expedition which started in the autumn of 1861 was quickly recalled. Unfortunately, however, a number of the bolder spirits among the east Tennesseans had already attempted to coöperate with it by burning bridges along the railway which traversed their valley. Several of them were caught and hanged, and military arrests, already begun, became at once so common that thousands sought refuge in the mountains, while other thousands passed beyond the mountains

into years of exile. Of the able-bodied, from thirty to thirty-five thousand found their way into the Union armies. Some of these were with Burnside when at last, in September, 1863, he marched into Knoxville and was welcomed as no other Federal commander was ever welcomed anywhere in the South. But there were still to follow the siege of Knoxville and other military operations which brought east Tennessee close to a famine. The end of the long story of this stubborn loyalty came only with the peace.

It is not a negligible circumstance that Andrew Johnson's home was among these people. He was one of the leaders who held them firm in 1861. It was his conduct then, and the stormy experience he had later as military governor, that made him so much more conspicuous than any other Union man in the South. A contemporary eloquently described him as standing "in the furnace of treason," and the phrase went far to win for him the second place in the government. As military governor in the very midst of arms, he found, we may well suppose, the best opportunity he ever found for his unpolished integrity, his insupple strength of will. Within the changing limits which the fortunes of war had set to his authority, he had asserted it with the utmost vigor and with some severity. He had exacted an oath of allegiance of all persons charged with civil trusts. He had rigidly censored the press and the pulpit. He had raised troops from the Union population, and found them arms and supplies. He had reinstated courts and filled judicial and executive offices with Union men. He had levied taxes on the rich, fed and clothed and sheltered the poor. He had seized and operated, and even built, railroads. Cut off, however, from the main body of his supporters, he could accomplish little until near the end of the fighting. The east Tennesseans themselves tried repeatedly to hold a convention and form a civil government; but each time some advance of the Confederates brought their plans to naught.

VOL. 96 - NO. 3

Their principal leader, William G. Brownlow, who as "Parson" Brownlow was scarcely less well known to the country than Johnson himself, was an ardent but bigoted and violent champion of the Union and of freedom. Following his advice, a mass meeting held at Nashville in the summer of 1863 called upon Johnson to issue writs for the election of a legislature; but Johnson could not at that time see his way to proceed. Even in March, 1864, when he did try an election for county and local officers alone, the result was disappointing; the vote was inconsiderable. The oath which on this occasion the military governor required of the electors was more stringent than the President's, but Lincoln, eager as always for a reasonable beginning, yielded the point without a controversy. All that was accomplished in 1864 was to bring a presidential and congressional ticket before such of the voters as would take the test oath; and this was done against a bitter protest from the Democratic National Committee. Along with the claims of the electors from Louisiana and the representatives both from Louisiana and Arkansas, Congress had therefore to consider the claims of certain persons from Tennessee to be considered electors.

A gathering more like a party caucus than a constitutional convention, held in Nashville in January, 1865, immediately after the battle there, finally did in an irregular fashion what it was essential to do under the President's proclamation. Recognizing the old constitution as still in force, it proceeded by amendments to abolish slavery, to nullify secession, and to repudiate the Confederate debt. For the first election of state officials it made the amplest provision, actually nominating candidates for all the offices. The amended constitution was ratified in February by a sufficient vote, and in March the convention's ticket was elected. Brownlow became the first free-state governor, and the legislature, after choosing two United States Senators, passed an

act which clearly revealed the temper of the men who, after long persecution, were now in power. It disfranchised so many voters for serving the Confederacy that all political control was fixed in the hands of the original Union men. The ballot was denied, for a period of fifteen years, to three fourths of the old electorate of the state.

These things which had been done toward the ushering in of a new order in the South were all, to an astonishing extent, the work of Lincoln's hands. And they stood as long as he lived; for the opposition in Congress was not yet strong enough to undo anything that he had done. It was, however, strong enough to harass and vex him, to make a division in the party, and to keep him from achieving, in any state, the whole of his design.

Congress had not, in fact, been far behind the President in setting forth its view of Reconstruction; and it appears that at the outset the legislature and the executive were in close accord. At the special session in the summer of 1861, the venerable Crittenden, of Kentucky, who to the last had striven for a compromise like the compromises of Henry Clay, offered in the House of Representatives a resolution stating the purpose of the war. It defined the public enemy as "the disunionists of the Southern states," — not the states themselves, or the Confederacy, — and then went on to declare "that this war is not waged upon our part in any spirit of oppression, or for any purpose of conquest or subjugation, or purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of those states; but to maintain and defend the supremacy of the Constitution, and to preserve the Union with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several states unimpaired." The day after the first battle of Bull Run, the whole North being in an anxious and sober mood, this resolution passed the House without debate. On each of its two clauses, only two nays were recorded. When Andrew Johnson

offered in the Senate a declaration identical in all but two or three unimportant words, it provoked a heated debate; but only five Senators opposed it. While from this common point of departure the executive was advancing by such steps as the blockade, the emancipation, the various measures of military government, and the proclamation of amnesty, the advance of the legislature, though marked by no such practical commitments, was decidedly more rapid; and it was in the direction of a far more radical policy. In the list of those who voted for the Crittenden resolution the name of the leader of the House of Representatives does not appear. Even at this time, Thaddeus Stevens was opposed to pledges, opposed to any policy of conciliation. He alone, it seems, of all the men in both houses of Congress, kept in his own mind from the very beginning to the far-off end the same view and the same practical purpose. Within a fortnight, he was flatly proclaiming that the laws of war were the only laws which were any longer binding on the government in dealing with the South. In December, at the opening of the regular session, the Crittenden resolution being again proposed in a slightly altered form, he moved to table it, and by a few votes his motion carried. Thereafter, as from time to time opportunity offered, he never failed to present his own radical view; now coldly and bluntly, now passionately, now with ridicule of his associates' halting progress toward it, but always with a stern confidence that it must in the end prevail. Once, he quietly called on members to fix it in their minds against the day when they should all accede to it. The essence of it was that the Constitution no longer either guided or restrained the government in its dealings with the insurrection. The Confederacy, he held, stood to the Union in the relation of an open enemy. War was the main fact of the situation. Treaties, compacts, laws, compromises, and "everything else," were abrogated. When the insurrection should be suppressed, Congress

must deal with the Southern states as with "conquered provinces."¹

Nor was it long before an equally powerful voice was raised in the other chamber for a theory not less radical, an even clearer purpose. In February, 1862, Charles Sumner stated his view in an elaborate series of resolutions. The central idea in them all was that the Southern states, though they had not indeed succeeded in withdrawing from the Union, had by their insurrection abdicated the powers and forfeited the rights of statehood. They were *felo de se*; and in their suicide they had killed also every institution of theirs which drew its life from their own laws. In that corollary was the practical import of his contention. Slavery, resting solely on the statutes of these states, had fallen in fact long before the President made up his mind to strike it with his military edict. It was but a step farther to Sumner's ultimate position, that all legal distinctions between the races, since they also had been erected by the same state authority, were likewise obliterated, and to his proposal of citizenship and the ballot for the blacks.

Congress, however, was as yet by no means ready to go the lengths of these two radical leaders. Both were much in advance of their own party; and the opposition never once moved in their direction. On the contrary, if the Democrats departed at all from the stand which both parties had taken in 1861, they wavered toward an even more conciliatory policy with the South. But by the time of the Amnesty Proclamation it was plain that the majority of the Republicans in Congress were following, though still with a long interval, the lead of Stevens and

Sumner. They were fast growing discontented with the milder attitude of the President. The confiscation act was evidence enough that the legislature was no longer minded to keep the pledge it had given in the Crittenden resolution. Other acts, and many utterances of individual members, showed the same drift. But the breach with the President did not become open until the close of 1863, when the House of Representatives refused to seat the claimants from Louisiana and Virginia. The whole subject was then taken up, and with a clear assumption of full power to deal with it, by referring to a special committee so much of the President's message as related to the duty of the United States to guarantee to every state a republican form of government.

The chairman of this committee was Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland, and he became at once, and remained throughout the session, the leader of the opposition movement in the House; for Stevens, apparently, found in the committee's moderate proposals no sign that his hour was come. The name of Davis being associated with no other remembered measure, his place in American history is like "Single-Speech Hamilton's" in the history of England. He owes it to a single bill. An impassioned Unionist from a border state, and by all accounts an eloquent orator, he was distinguished also by a jealous concern for the prerogatives of the legislature and a sensitive pride in his own personal independence. His speeches reveal how strongly Congress was coming to resent its comparative eclipse by the executive. The debate over the bill which he soon introduced also showed that the Republicans differed widely among themselves over the problems war was bringing in its train.

The bill itself can be regarded only as a fairly accurate expression of the will of the majority of the majority party in Congress at this stage of its advance. It was offered distinctly in fulfillment of the guaranty of a republican form of govern-

¹ Julian (*Political Recollections*) reports a conversation between Stevens and Secretary Stanton as early as April, 1862, in which the Secretary agreed with the Congressman. They both held "that there was no Constitution so far as the prosecution of the war is concerned; and that we should strip the rebels of all their rights and give them a reconstruction on such terms as would end treason forever."

ment to every state. Like the President's proclamation, it proceeded on the theory that the states in insurrection were still states within the meaning of the Constitution, and that their governments had been "usurped." But it assumed that Congress, not the executive, was charged with the duty to "restore" them. The word "reconstruction" was not yet used. The plan of restoration was rigid and uniform. A provisional governor, to be named by the President, was to administer the civil government of each Southern state until the insurrection should be completely suppressed within its borders. All white male citizens were then to be enrolled. Whenever, in any state, a majority should be found to have taken the oath of allegiance, they might proceed by a convention to erect a government; but the new constitution must disfranchise the leaders in the insurrection and disqualify them for holding public office, it must prohibit slavery, and it must repudiate all debts contracted in aid of the Confederacy. Not until Congress should approve the new government and the President, authorized by Congress, should formally recognize it, would the state be entitled to Senators and Representatives in Congress and membership in the electoral college.

This programme plainly annulled the President's tentative proposals. It virtually denied the authority of the President to proceed at all of his own motion. It also ingeniously found a way to attack slavery, through the contention that it had already proved itself destructive of republican institutions. The purpose thus made plain was a motive scarcely less powerful in the minds of the majority than the desire to put a check upon the President. The bill set forth the plan of Congress not merely to restore civil governments in the insurgent states, but to effect abolition as well. It covered, and more than covered, the ground of the two great proclamations; and it was a kind of substitute for the proposed Thirteenth Amendment.

All these springs and motives of the opposition appeared in the debates; for the bill was before one or the other of the two houses from February to July. In the Senate, its manager and champion was Wade, of Ohio, successor of Douglas as chairman of the committee on territories, — a veteran in anti-slavery politics, abrupt, fearless, and harshly intolerant of any tolerance of the slave power. It bears his name, as well as Davis's. Few men of any note in either house kept entirely out of the discussion. The Democrats, who about this time were committing their blunder of calling the war a failure, made for the most part indiscriminating attacks both on the President and on the diverging adversaries before them; but Pendleton, of Ohio, a sincere and strong man, in brief, passionate sentences went straight to the practical import of the bill, and convicted the majority in Congress of trying to change the objects of the war. One of the Senators from Virginia, Carlile, a Republican, attacking the constitutional grounding of the measure, effectively ridiculed it for absurdly widening the scope of the guaranty by absurdly narrowing the definition of a republican form of government. Stevens alone excepted, both sides in both houses were still looking for authority and guidance to particular clauses of the Constitution; all, apparently, still assumed that the Constitution had provided somewhere for the existing emergency. Congress would not yet embark on that wide sea of controversy over the entire theory of our national existence toward which, however, the current of debate was logically moving. The talk was still of the guaranty, and who should fulfill it, of the right of every state to be represented in the Senate, and of whether the states in insurrection ought to be considered as within or without the Union. Of the Democrats, the majority took but little heed; their heaviest fire was reserved for the President. The attack was strongest when they criticised the character and the constituencies of

the new governments in Arkansas and Louisiana. When, however, the more violent assailants of the President charged that he was governed by ambition, and was making use of these establishments to secure his own reëlection, they doubtless weakened their case. None of these men was Lincoln's match in political strategy; and Congress, with its confused voices, is usually at a disadvantage when it competes with the executive, a crowd against a man, for popular approval. Besides, the time for the contest was ill-chosen. While the bill was still under debate, Lincoln was renominated by a convention which had seated the delegates from Arkansas, Tennessee, and Louisiana.¹ Few Republicans dared to incur the charge of disloyalty to their party's chosen leader on the eve of an election which might involve the fate of the Union. Some had thought, perhaps, that he himself would yield rather than risk his nomination or cause a division among his followers before the people.

Doubtless he would have yielded if the charge had been true that his course in Louisiana was governed by ambition. Ambition he had, as indeed no human motive whatsoever was entirely alien to his nature; but it was the kind of ambition that made him fight for his convictions harder than for any office. Behind his modesty and his patience there was always a peasant-like tenacity of what was essential in his purpose. Watching every move of his adversaries, and studying its effects as carefully as he formed his own opinions or resolved upon his policies, he saw no signs that the country was taking fire from Congress. He felt that the current of public opinion was with him. It is not unreasonable to suppose that he had calculated the very moment of the final breach. The bill did not pass the Senate in its final form until Congress was within an hour of adjourning; and it was then brought immediately to the President's room at the

¹ Delegates from Virginia were admitted to the floor, but were not allowed to vote.

Capitol where, according to the custom, Lincoln was awaiting the last measures of the session. He must therefore sign it within the hour, or it would fail to become a law. How great the crisis was could not then be understood; even the present generation may not fully appreciate the issues that depended on the President's decision. The course which he proposed was milder than the bill's provisions, but it now seems that by yielding to the will of Congress he might perhaps have spared the South its worst humiliation, and the whole country years of turmoil.

He laid the bill aside and went on with the others. Sumner and other Senators, unable to contain their anxiety about its fate, came into the room. Chandler, of Michigan, bluntly asked the President if he were not going to sign it. Lincoln answered that the matter was too big to be swallowed in that way. Chandler blurted out that the important part was the clause which dealt with slavery. "That," said the President, "is the point on which I doubt the authority of Congress to act." "It is no more than you yourself have done," said the Senator. "I conceive," said the President, "that I may in an emergency do things on military grounds which cannot be done constitutionally by Congress." They saw that he would not sign, and left him. But he continued to talk with the members of his Cabinet, who sat about him. He could not see, he said, how they could now admit, what they had all along denied, that Congress had power over slavery in the states. Neither could he admit that the states in insurrection had succeeded in dissolving their connection with the Union. If that were true, then he was not the President; the men who had passed the bill were not Congress. That question he had striven to avoid altogether, for it was sure to divide the friends of the Union. It was "a merely metaphysical question, and one unnecessary to be forced into discussion." He kept on in this strain until he entered his carriage. The bill remained unsigned.

But if he had made use of the pocket veto, it was not to hide his mind. On the contrary, many members of Congress had not yet reached their homes when, by an extraordinary method, he laid before the country the reasons for his course. In an executive proclamation he explained that he was unwilling to commit himself to any single, exclusive plan of restoration, and that he could not believe in the competence of Congress to abolish slavery by statute. Nor could he consent to nullify what at his suggestion loyal men had done in Louisiana and in Arkansas. But he would, he said, promise his support to the congressional plan in any state that should choose to adopt it.

Davis and Wade instantly replied with an angry remonstrance; but again they won no response from the country. On the contrary, Lincoln's popularity was now fast rising to its greatest height. Davis himself failed to win a renomination from his Republican constituents; and when the Thirty-Eighth Congress gathered for its last session, it quickly appeared that there also, as well as throughout the country, the opposition had lost ground. The bill was promptly introduced again, this time by Ashley, of Ohio; but its managers, seeing that it would not pass, tried to arrange a compromise. Their first offer was to recognize the "ten per cent" government in Louisiana, provided that in the other states the President would let them have their way. Even Sumner consented to this concession, and in an interview with Lincoln he somehow got the notion that the offer would be accepted. But it was soon widened to cover Arkansas also; and even with these changes the bill was twice tabled in the House, and by decisive votes. Its friends in the Senate did not venture to bring it forward at all. On the other hand, however, a radical faction, demanding for the negroes not merely freedom but citizenship and suffrage, was growing bolder and more outspoken. From this time forward, Sumner never again offered to accept anything short

of these demands. Nor was Winter Davis a party to the attempt at compromise. On the contrary, his speeches grew more and more bitter and impassioned. When the session closed, and his own term with it, he did not give up the fight, but throughout the summer, after the death of the President, he kept on with the propaganda of resistance. He himself died in the autumn, and the next Congress, hoping to offset whatever sentimental support Andrew Johnson got from the memory of Lincoln, tried to use the taking off of Davis as a sort of countervailing martyrdom. He received the extraordinary honor of a funeral oration pronounced before both houses.

On the question of counting the electoral votes of Tennessee and Louisiana, Congress had stood firm. Both states were excluded from the college, and after some debate the exclusion was put on the ground that at the time of the election these and other Southern states were "in such a condition of rebellion" that no valid election could be held in them. On a broad view of the whole situation, this may well have been the fairest course to take. It was taken, however, by a joint resolution; and a joint resolution requires the signature of the President. Lincoln signed it, but he could not forbear to win from it a humorous advantage over his opponents. In a special message he mildly explained that he was signing only in obedience to the wish of Congress. He did not mean to claim any right to interfere in the count of the electoral vote, — a function which the Constitution assigned to Congress alone. Neither did he mean to commit himself to the reasoning in the preamble.

It is clear that his policy was at this time close to a substantial triumph. The House Committee on Elections had reported in favor of several applicants for seats from Arkansas and from Louisiana. In the Senate, the Committee on the Judiciary, holding that before the Senators from Louisiana should be seated the new government ought to be recog-

nized, reported in favor of the recognition; and test votes on the resolution showed that a majority favored it. Only a most determined fight by the radical faction kept it from passing; had not this been a short session, it would have passed. Charles Sumner, leading the opposition, spoke repeatedly, and introduced long sets of substitute resolves. One of these displayed, with perfect accuracy, the train of reasoning and sentiment by which the radicals had come to their demand of suffrage for the negroes. It declared that, as their muskets had helped to defend the nation against open rebellion, so were their ballots needed now against the subtler enemies of the Union. But to prevent a vote before adjournment Sumner was driven to plain filibustering. He announced that in this crisis he felt himself justified in employing all the weapons in the parliamentary arsenal.

Congress never again showed any willingness to accept the policy of Lincoln. When we search for the reasons why it never was accepted, it is hard to believe that the chief of them was the doubt of its being constitutional. On that score, more could be said for it than for the partition of Virginia. To some Congressmen, no doubt, it was a sufficient objection that the policy was so distinctly executive, for they believed that Reconstruction was their business, and not the President's. His powers, they thought, were already too much increased, and ought to be diminished. But a greater number probably opposed his plan because it did not promise certain very practical results which they desired. They wished to make an end of slavery at once. They wished to destroy, completely and forever, the power of the men who had formerly ruled the South, and who had made the insurrection. They wished also to build up, in the reconstructed South, a strong Union party. It is no wonder that with these ends in view more and more of them were coming to look with favor on the radical plan to give the suffrage to the blacks. In that proposal,

partisanship was fast inclining to join hands with philanthropy. It is not unjust to add that the majority of these men were quite incapable of approaching the matter in that high mood which Lincoln's constant soul had kept from the beginning. They had come to think of the Southerners not as fellow countrymen, but as rebels and slave-masters. They could not forget the thousands of brave youths slain in battle for the Union, the prison-pen at Andersonville, or the maimed and halt, the widows and orphans, who were left behind.

It was, in truth, easy enough to find imperfections in the President's handiwork. His "ten per cent" governments presented abundant opportunities for criticism, for ridicule. In Louisiana, the men who sat in the convention of 1864 had been, with few exceptions, of such a character that they would never, in ordinary times, have risen to the least distinction. Many of their proceedings were absurd. Their anxiety about their own perquisites was contemptible. Their constituency was painfully scant. General Banks himself had once admitted that the city of New Orleans was for the time being the State of Louisiana; and in the city the registrar officially declared, in March, 1865, that of some seven thousand names on his rolls at least three thousand had been put there by fraud. Even among the avowed Unionists there were some who would not support the government. In the heart of many a Creole there was, after all these years, far more loyalty to France than to either of these two warring American republics. A government built up from such material, by the power and menace of the military arm, did not appeal successfully either to the American sense of the practical or to the American sense of humor. "The fact is," an observer and participant had written, "the whole civil reorganization of Louisiana is a cheat and a swindle, and everybody knows it." The Arkansas establishment, though it may perhaps have had a broader and more

genuine popular support, was also far from impressive. In personnel, it was below all ordinary standards. In Virginia, Peirpoint and his Lilliput Legislature excited nothing but amusement. In Tennessee, the implacable temper of Brownlow and his followers boded ill for any stable order, even in time of peace.

Lincoln saw and owned that these things were so; but they did not convince him that he was wrong. In the very last of all his public speeches, turning, even from the clamor of a multitude rejoicing over Lee's surrender, to the subject which absorbed him, he admitted most of what was said against the Louisiana government. But such a beginning, he contended, was better than none. "Concede," he said, "that the new government of Louisiana is only to what it should be as the egg is to the fowl, we shall sooner have the fowl by hatching the egg than by smashing it." Nor would he yet forbear practical measures on any ground of theory. He still declined to argue whether the states in insurrection were inside or outside of the Union. "Finding themselves safely at home, it would be utterly immaterial whether they had ever been abroad." He was, he admitted, considering a new announcement to the people of the South. But he could see no good reason to undo what had been done. To the hour of his death his words were all of restoration, of reconciliation, of for-

givenness. To those about him who spoke of punishments, he repeated, more than once, "Judge not, lest ye be judged." At his last Cabinet meeting, the day of the assassination, he served notice on his advisers that he would be no party to any acts of revenge. He would not consent to the hanging of a single Confederate, — not the most malignant. With a comical gesture, as though he were scaring sheep, he exclaimed, "Open the gates, let down the bars, scare them off." He had found his heart's desire in the words of David to them that counseled vengeance upon Shimei: "What have I to do with you, ye sons of Zeruiah, that ye should this day be adversaries unto me? Shall there any man be put to death this day in Israel?" Whatever faults there were in this his policy of mercy, there was a wisdom in it wanting to the schemes of all that stood against him: the wisdom of the knowledge of the hearts of men. Many will always believe that it would have prevailed, and have warded off countless ills, had he himself only lived to perfect it, to adapt it to changing conditions, to labor for it with his inexhaustible patience and his unequalled skill in conciliating opposition and in guiding public opinion. Incomplete as he now left it, beaten and abandoned though it was, it proves forever the greatness of his own spirit. Nothing else in his whole noble life better commends him to the love of all his countrymen.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S RAILWAY POLICY

I THE PROBLEM

BY WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY

THE present agitation for an extension of public control over the carriers of the country, according to the assertions of railroad men, has no justification in point of fact. It is alleged that there is no widespread popular feeling on the subject; that whatever there may be is an artificial product, the result of a persistent campaign for enlargement of the scope of their activities by politicians at Washington. This attempt to belittle the importance of the movement, both in and out of Congress, will deceive few people acquainted with the economic situation. Conditions are neither so entirely bad, nor so supremely idyllic, as interested parties on either side would have us believe. As always in such cases, glittering generalities entirely fail to make the situation clear. It is necessary to particularize, both as to the existing abuses and as to the remedies appropriate thereto.

Aside from the evils of secret rebates and personal discrimination, — for the cure of which the law is now entirely adequate if forcibly invoked, — complaints against existing conditions may be roughly classified under the following three heads: first, as to the absolute railroad rate charged for a given service, by and of itself; secondly, that the relative adjustment of freight rates is inequitable either as between different classes of commodities or different competing localities; and thirdly, that rights concerning the conditions of transportation are denied. Concrete illustration of these real or fancied evils may serve to enliven the discussion as to remedial action. The first class, namely, rates held to be absolutely unreasonable, in and of themselves, is of infrequent occurrence and rela-

tively slight importance, if one is willing to concede that the general level of rates the country over is not unduly high at the present time. Unless and until the railways of the country attempt another general advance of charges all along the line, as they did in 1900, this phase of the matter will not occasion widespread unrest. Freight rates, as a whole, are not unreasonably remunerative, as compared with foreign countries. The service is the best in the world. The American people recognize these facts; although they might not so willingly acquiesce in another general advance, a point which railway managers should carefully note.

Yet while the general level of rates may not be unreasonably high, cases are always possible, in which particular charges in and of themselves occasion complaint. A notable instance is the contention of live-stock dealers that a switching charge of \$2 per car on cattle at the Union Stock Yards at Chicago is an unreasonable exaction. This charge was arbitrarily imposed in 1894, as an addition to the regular freight rates long imposed from Western points. Shippers' associations protested, and carried the case before the Interstate Commerce Commission. This tribunal, after full hearing, held the rate to be unreasonable, in view of the cost of service rendered, and suggested a rate of \$1 per car as a proper terminal charge. Protracted litigation in the Federal courts, for enforcement of this decision, has thus far afforded no relief. The charge is still \$2, and has been successfully collected without interruption for more than ten years. The quibble as to whether the terminal charge is really a part of the through rate or not, is of no

practical importance, however large it may loom up legally. The fact is that \$2 is exacted and must be paid.

Another instance of dispute over the reasonableness of charges in and of themselves has just derived prominence by a decision of the United States Circuit Court in Georgia upholding the Interstate Commerce Commission. It concerns the justice of an increase of two cents per hundred pounds on lumber from Georgia points to the Ohio River. From 1894 to 1903 these rates had been already raised by three or four cents to a level of thirteen or fourteen cents; so that prosperity had been already discounted by a rise of thirty or forty per cent. On top of this, and despite an enormous increase in the tonnage, came a further raise of two cents per hundred pounds in April, 1903. This was too much. To this exaction, involving not less than \$132,000 per year additional freight rates, the lumbermen of Georgia objected. The Interstate Commerce Commission upheld their contention; and in July, 1905, more than two years afterward, the Circuit Court sustained the Commission. The slow, wearisome course of litigation will probably, however, drag along until a final award by the Supreme Court of the United States. Meantime, note you, the extra two cents must be paid, or the lumber cannot be shipped. A transportation tax, which the shippers, the Interstate Commerce Commission and a United States Circuit judge alike believe to be unfair, continues to be collected. Will such issues ever be decided promptly on economic rather than legal grounds; and if so, by what tribunal? That is the open question.

Not absolute but relative freight rates constitute the most serious complaints against American railway practice. Such abuses may arise, either in respect of the relative adjustment as between commodities, or as between competing localities. That such relative freight rates constitute the main difficulty at present, is shown by the fact that of 353 cases decided by

the Interstate Commerce Commission only 37, or less than 10 per cent, had to do with the unreasonableness of a rate in and of itself; while 135, or about four times as many, turned upon relative inequality as between commodities or places. See how it works in the intricate matter of classification; namely, the assignment of goods to different classes, according to value, bulk, weight, etc. The process of so grading commodities with reference to one another determines of course the freight rate. The following case is typical, as given by Gregory L. Cabot, a Boston manufacturer, in evidence before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce at its recent hearings in Washington:—

"From July 15, 1889, to January 1 of this year, the classification (of carbon black, basis of printers' ink) continued to be once and a half first class in less than carload lots, third class in carload lots, approximately twice the freight required between 1887 and 1889. Meanwhile, the price had declined. . . . On the 1st of January, the classification was again raised to class 2, rule 25, an increase of about 10 per cent in carload lots. Numerous efforts have been made by myself and others to have this commodity classified where it belongs, as dry color, but the only result has been the reverse of what we desired: and the industry has been and is in a somewhat precarious condition, as we have contracted for millions of pounds of black at prices fixed at the point of delivery, and had no notice of the raise in freight rate until subsequent to its going into operation."

Never mind whether this basic material of printers' ink is more properly "dry color" or "carbon black." That is not the question for us. We are concerned merely as to the tribunal most competent to decide this momentous matter. Shall cow peas pay freight as "vegetables, N. O. S., dried or evaporated," or as "fertilizer," being an active agent in soil regeneration? Are "iron-handled bristle

shoe-blackening daubers" machinery or toilet appliances? Are patent medicines distinguishable for purposes of transportation from other alcoholic beverages used as tonics? Is hay straw, or straw hay? Each of these is a real live case, raised in recent years. They may not appear to be vital questions to the world at large. Yet their decision may affect the welfare of great industries and populous communities.

The Spokane Chamber of Commerce, in these Senate Committee hearings, recites another illuminating instance of the exercise of arbitrary power in classification. "The Pacific Coast Pipe Co. started to manufacture wired wooden pipe in the spring of 1900. . . . There was at that time but one factory of the kind on the North Pacific coast, located at Seattle. . . . The Seattle factory, backed by the big lumber firms on the coast, finding a serious competitor in the Spokane field, got the railroads to put manufactured pipe under the lumber classification, thus reducing the rate from Seattle to Spokane from 46 to 20 cents per 100 pounds. . . . The Spokane factory at once filed a vigorous protest, with the result that the railroads put back the rate from Seattle to Spokane to 46 cents, but established a maximum rate of 50 cents for Seattle pipe, which of course shut off all territory east of Spokane from the Spokane factory. . . . The remnant of the Spokane factory. . . has been compelled to shut down, and the entire plant is being removed to Ballard." Whether these facts are true exactly as stated or not, is not at issue in this brief article. Pacific coast rates are intricate in the extreme. We cite them as a fair instance of things which have been done, here or elsewhere, are being done, and will be done until a competent tribunal is established by the government of the United States. In the United Kingdom a Parliamentary Commission sat for months and prescribed a classification, which is in force on every railway, and for all possible commodities shipped by rail, from alligators "loose or

in tanks" to zylonite K. D. Few will advocate so rigid a system for our own country, although the necessity of adequate governmental supervision and control is no less imperative.

Local discrimination, or inequality as between competing cities or markets, — a second phase of the complaint about relative freight rates, — constitutes the main gravamen of the difficulty to-day. Compared with it, all the other abuses above named pale into insignificance. Those probably affected a few individual complainants or possibly trade associations. But these local discrimination cases may involve the welfare of entire states or groups of states. A simple case is illustrated by our complaint of the Spokane wooden pipe makers, above cited. Who was to pipe the Northwest, Spokane, or Seattle? And if to pipe or not to pipe, also to feed, warm, clothe, and furnish the population of that vast area. Spokane might consent to divide the field with her seaport rival; but to have goods — like the wire on this pipe perhaps — go through Spokane from the East on low "compelled" water rates to Seattle cheaper than Spokane can have it is mildly annoying at least. And then, on top of that, to have it manufactured into pipe in Seattle, come back through Spokane, and be laid down *east* of Spokane for less than that city must pay to sell in its own bailiwick, is unendurable. A similar issue has been up for some years as between St. Louis and San Francisco, in competition for the trade of the intermediate territory and the Pacific Coast. It is a vastly complicated matter to adjust such issues. To accomplish it successfully, demands not only impartiality, but the possession of power to compel the acquiescence of all parties concerned as well. For a long time the principal Western cities have been demanding an equality in freight rates into the South with New York, Boston, and Philadelphia; which would enable them to compete successfully for trade in that section. If Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati are right in that

contention, no permanent settlement can result until not only every railway but every coastwise steamship line is forced into harmony by governmental authority. For any single line by refusing to coöperate can hold up all the rest in their desire to deal justly. As long as empty coast liners are seeking a return freight by water from New York to Savannah, they will cut under any rate which the Western roads may be induced to give to Chicago. On land as well there are always "scab" railways. Every territory has had at some time its Erie, its Atlantic and Western, its New York and New England, or its Chicago and Great Western, to block the way to comprehensive reform.

The evil of local discrimination is generally due to failure to pay proper attention to the element of distance in transportation. The long and short haul clause in the original Act of 1887 was intended to secure this result; but its wise provisions have been entirely nullified by interpretation of the Federal Courts. For all practical purposes the railways may now do as they please; and the consequent evils are very great, although happily localized in the main either in the Far West or in the Southern states. The disparity is often great. Recently cited, was a rate on rope from San Francisco to Kansas City in carloads for 60 cents per hundred pounds; while the rate from San Francisco to Hutchinson, Kansas, 220 miles west of Kansas City, was \$1.01. The South has for a long time been a hotbed of popular discontent. An iniquitous scheme of rate-making prevails, which has been again and again condemned by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Certain cities not always on waterways are designated as "basing points." To these, low through rates are granted; while to all other places round about the freight rate is compounded by adding to the basing point rate the local tariff out. Thus on the line between New York and Montgomery, Alabama, rates from New York may progressively rise as the distance to New York becomes less.

A figure recently quoted on canned goods from New York to Suwanee, thirty odd miles nearer New York than Atlanta, was 86 cents per hundred pounds; while Atlanta, miles from any waterway, got a rate of only 46 cents. Of course in so far as such low basing point rates are due to the stern necessities of water competition, they may be deplored, but must be endured. Others, however, are the mere creation of railroad favoritism. This is conceded even by so eminent an authority as Edward Baxter, Esq., of Nashville, in his brief for the railways in the celebrated Alabama Midland case before the Supreme Court of the United States. "There may be," he says, "a few mere 'railroad junctions' in the South, which, owing to the ignorance or corruption of certain railroad officials, have been arbitrarily 'called' competitive points, and which 'receive' certain arbitrary 'concessions' in rates to which they are not justly entitled. There may be also a few strictly local stations in the South, which are not even 'railroad junctions,' where arbitrary and unfair 'concessions' in rates have been made by certain corrupt railroad officials, to enhance the value of property owned at such stations by said officials, or by their relatives or friends . . . [but they] are the offspring of ignorance or corruption and should not be recognized by the courts." Now the fact is that the small towns all through this region have been clamoring in vain for years for the courts to make just such distinctions. And all that has resulted is that the Federal judges have held that wherever railroad or any other conceivable kind of competition, actual or potential, can be shown to exist, that the long and short haul clause does not apply. The evil can be cured. This is proved by the fact that several railways in the same territory have always adhered to the just principle of conceding to distance its proper importance in their tariffs. Thus at Birmingham the Alabama Southern, the K. C., M. and B., and the Southern Railway in part are said to

concede the principle in force on all our Northern trunk lines; while the Louisville and Nashville and the Central of Georgia insist upon their right to charge what, when, and where they please, regardless of distance. And it is the Louisville and Nashville Railway, and not the Pennsylvania Company with its well-ordered scheme of charges, which is vociferously protesting against legislation, on the ground that it is not needed.

Our third variety of complaints involves no monetary issues at all, but merely conflict of rights. The Orange Routing Cases against the Southern Pacific Railroad touch the right of the shipper to name the particular railways over which their fruit shall reach Eastern markets. Rates are the same by whatever route; but the railways deny the right of the shipper not only to name, but even to know, the route taken by his goods in transit. The same issue came up some years ago, concerning the right of cotton shippers at Memphis to designate the particular connecting railroads which should haul their goods. The purpose of the carriers in seeking to control this matter is obvious and may be praiseworthy. Secret rebates cannot often be secured by shippers from the initial carriers; especially if, as in California, no railway competition exists: for the Atchison and the Southern Pacific have done away with that by pooling their fruit business. Secret rebates, if secured by shippers at all, must be wrung from the connecting lines, which bid for it at the great junction points, like Kansas City and Chicago. The initial road, by reserving the right to route the freight, is able most effectively to nullify all such preferential contracts. But on the other hand, this practice denies to the owner of the goods control, or even supervision over his own. Market conditions may easily change while the goods are in transit. It may be desirable to stop them off at Chicago, or divert them to New Orleans. And moreover, damages for delay on such perishable goods as fruit are

refused by the terms of the contract. The routing road exercises power without assuming responsibility. On these grounds, and in consonance with the long-established principles of common law, the Interstate Commerce Commission held that the shippers' rights were jeopardized. It was shown that freight was often diverted from one road to another in order to secure more valuable percentages of the through rate for the initial carrier. These cases have not yet proceeded to final adjudication; but the United States Circuit Court, in September, 1904, provisionally sustained the Commission. Meanwhile, be it observed, the railroads continue the practice, and popular discontent is the result.

After proving by concrete and living instances that abuses in railway operation really do exist, it may seem an unnecessary work of supererogation to prove that they can exist. Yet a favorite railway contention is that in the very nature of things injustice to the shipper cannot arise, or be long tolerated by the railways. For, so runs this threadbare argument, the welfare of both parties, railway and shipper, is indissolubly linked together. A policy which throttles trade or industry must react upon the volume of traffic and the development of the territory served. Every railway in the country fixes its freight rates by "charging what the traffic will bear." To charge more than this, it is alleged, would immediately be detrimental to tonnage and revenue. There is force in this contention, and its validity explains the prevalence of fair rate adjustment by and large throughout the country. But unfortunately as in most human affairs, the principle sometimes fails to work according to the prospectus. At such times and places abuses are bound to arise. Most of them occur because of the fact that no two competitive centres or classes of freight are equally remunerative. Upbuilding of one town or industry often jeopardizes another. Such conditions are inevitable. Hence the policy of the

railway manager involves a choice, not between two evils, but between a resultant good and a necessarily attendant evil. No sane traffic manager would naturally desire to transfer the milling of our American wheat to foreign manufacturers in Liverpool or elsewhere. Yet if his own particular railway revenues may be increased faster by the carriage of wheat in bulk relatively cheaper than flour in barrels, from the field to the seaboard, what can he do? His President and his Executive Committee are following his gross earnings day by day. His large salary depends upon his record. Can he do otherwise than deplore the results, but continue to accept the revenue?

Railway policy often involves economic situations best described in the familiar lines of Lovelace,

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more."

The St. Louis roads this spring, when they reduced their freight rates into the South, did not do so because of any desire to work harm to the thriving town of Chicago. They merely loved St. Louis more! Or when, some years ago, the railways threatened to ruin a pulp paper mill to be established at Denver, by putting in lower rates from Wisconsin, they loved not Denver less but the long haul more. Observe again how it works out in a recent concrete case before the Interstate Commerce Commission. The planters in a certain Southern territory served by the Louisville and Nashville Railway ship out their cotton to the North by various routes. It may go by way of New Orleans, via Pensacola; up the main line along the Mississippi Valley; or be hauled eastward to Savannah and other Atlantic ports, and thence go by vessel to New England. Inasmuch as the through rate is the same by all routes, no monetary issue to the planter is involved. But not so to the railway; for by the first routes it secures a long haul, while by the last it not only is limited to short carriage of the goods, but is compelled to accept an even smaller fraction of the joint through

rate. In this case the Louisville and Nashville Railway — which, as we have said, has more persistently denied the existence of abuses than any other road in the country — advanced the Savannah cotton rate arbitrarily from \$2.75 to \$3.30 a bale. This effectually dammed up the eastern outlet and jeopardized the interests of the port of Savannah to that degree. Doubtless the Louisville and Nashville was not oblivious to the welfare of that great seaport. It could not afford to be, for Savannah's growth must indirectly accrue to its benefit. It did not love Savannah less, but it loved its own particular seaport, Pensacola, or the long haul via Louisville, more! Maybe it was better that traffic should go out this way; who knows! What the President demands for the people of the South is that an early decision in this case shall be made by some public, impartial, and competent tribunal; and not by one of the private parties directly interested in the dispute. In no other domain of commercial or industrial life is there such denial of equality of rights before the law. The President demands, and rightly, that such mediæval conditions shall cease to exist.

Supposing we concede the principle of benevolent autocracy, — which we cannot for a moment, — namely, that railway managers are the natural guardians of the territory and interests committed to their charge; who is to nominate these custodians of the public welfare? What is to insure any permanency in their policy? Or who is to guarantee that such policy shall contemplate the permanent, rather than the merely temporary and immediate, interest of one party concerned? Suppose — to continue our illustration drawn from real life — that a gang of Western speculators swoops down upon the Louisville and Nashville as it did in April, 1903. It stole the railway from those, we will assume, who as natural guardians of the territory had been developing and up-building it in a large way. What did these new speculators care about the permanent welfare of a large section of the

South? Their control of the system was based on borrowed money. They bought the road merely to sell it again at a higher price. Their plan was to get business here and now, regardless of the future, increase dividends, and sell out before the public learned the truth. Is any community of interest traceable between the planter, the merchant, and a set of bandits like these! Such occurrences have dotted our railway history in the past, and are always likely to occur. The public demands nothing more than that the traffic policy of such a railroad should at all times be subject to some kind of administrative review.

Are present laws adequate to provide a remedy for these evils? In theory and according to the letter of the law, in part, yes; in practice and especially for the evils of local discrimination and classification, emphatically no! Two years ago, at the instance of the railways, which were desirous of stopping large leakages of revenue due to rate cutting, Congress enacted the so-called Elkins law. This was distinctly a railway measure. Hence the ease and quiet of its passage. It roused none of the corporate watch-dogs of the Senate, ostensibly guardians of the public welfare. Nor was it a compromise. There was no need of compromise. Both railways and shippers were agreed in the wish to eliminate rebates. Section 3 of this law of 1903 recites "that whenever the Interstate Commerce Commission shall have reasonable ground for belief that any common carrier is engaged in the carriage of passenger or freight traffic between given points at less than the published rates on file, *or is committing any discriminations forbidden by law*" (our italics), it may petition any circuit judge for the issuance of an injunction summarily prohibiting the practice. Such a remedy would seem to be prompt, efficient, and adequate. It is the basis of the universal railway testimony that no further legislation on the subject is needed, but that the Interstate Commerce Com-

mission should quit talking and get down to business.

The adequacy of this remedy hinges upon two vital points. First, what discriminations are really "forbidden by law," and hence liable to prohibition by injunction; and secondly, the entire enforcement under this law, being immediately transferred from the Commission to the Courts, are judicial processes as competent as administrative ones for affording prompt and adequate relief?

That the Elkins law adds nothing to the original statute of 1887 is indisputable. It deals with means, not ends. It provides motive power, but not intelligent direction, for the wheels of justice. The law remains absolutely unchanged, in its definition of rights and wrongs. In so far as the law of 1887 prescribes that all rates shall be "reasonable," the Elkins amendment would seem to offer a remedy, such as it is, against absolutely extortionate or unreasonably high charges. A circuit judge could summarily enjoin the railways about Chicago from exacting more than \$1 *extra* for delivering live stock to the Union Stock Yards instead of \$2, as they have so successfully done since 1894, in the face of protracted litigation. The imposition of a prohibitory rate against east-bound shipment of cotton via Savannah could likewise be enjoined as inherently unreasonable; and such increases as the two cents per hundred pounds on lumber from the South, cited above, could be prevented or at least retarded. These would all be complaints of rates, unreasonable by and of themselves. But is the same remedy open to those shippers who complain, not of absolute freight rates, but of their relative adjustment between different commodities, or competing localities? There is the crux of the matter. Relative rate adjustments form the burden of the complaints. All parties are agreed as to that. What does the law provide respecting them? Is it clear, positive, and just? Or is it uncertain, halting, and insufficient? Careful and disinterested examination of

the evidence apparently shows that the state of the law is most unsatisfactory. All turns again upon that fateful third section of the Elkins law. The summary process of injunction can be invoked whenever a carrier "is committing any discriminations forbidden by law." But all of our difficulties incident to unreasonable classification of commodities have never been adequately defined by law. The Act to Regulate Commerce of 1887 was strangely silent on this point. There are no discriminations "forbidden by law," except as to those rates which are "unreasonable." And who shall say that hay is straw, or straw hay? Not the Interstate Commerce Commission certainly? The Federal Courts have interdicted that, until the law makes express provision therefor. Unfortunately, also, as the law has been finally construed by the Supreme Court, no violation of the long and short haul principle constitutes such discrimination. The Alabama Midland decision established that point, and subsequent pronouncements have not materially altered it. An anomaly results. Transportation is in essence the elimination of distance; yet distance as a factor in the determination of transportation charges has been practically disregarded. The original law of 1887 contained as a vital feature a long and short haul clause, providing that on the same line, similarly circumstanced, no more distant point should enjoy lower rates than any intermediate one. That was the law then. To-day, as remodeled by the Supreme Court, dissimilarity of circumstances, justifying neglect of this clause, arises whenever the railways can establish the existence of competition either by water, foreign carriers, trade conditions, or by other railways at the more distant point. All protection for the small or the local trade centre, as against the large towns and railroad centres, has vanished. The Elkins law has provided a lever, but the fulcrum has disappeared. Unless and until the long and short haul clause is reenacted and redefined

according to the just intent of the Congress of 1887, many of the worst abuses of local discrimination, now irritating the people, will continue to flourish.

The second loophole in the remedy provided by the present Elkins law is obvious. The function of the Interstate Commerce Commission becomes merely that of initiation. It is shorn of all other powers. The circuit judge to whom appeal for an injunction is made, or a new Transportation Court, if especially created for the purpose, would supplant the present administrative commission, so far as any real power is concerned. And such courts would of necessity be restricted to passing upon the reasonableness of rates or practices, after the commission of the acts. The stable door might indeed be closed, but only after the horse had been stolen. Therein lies the defect of all judicial processes. Their inadequacy is well exemplified in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company case of 1895. This corporation complained of excessive rates from Pueblo, Colorado, to San Francisco on iron and steel. The Interstate Commerce Commission ordered the rates on steel rails not to exceed 45 cents per 100 pounds, or 75 per cent of the Chicago-San Francisco rate on the same commodity, whatever that might be. The Southern Pacific, under pressure, complied with this order for about two years; and then in 1898 advanced the rate one third, to 60 cents per 100 pounds. Thereupon the Iron Company obtained an injunction from the United States Circuit Court prohibiting the violation of the Commission's order. The case went to the Circuit Court of Appeals, which reversed this decree. Meantime, proceedings before a master had fixed the amount of damages under the rate increase at \$35,300. The Court held that these damages, if due, could be recovered before a jury which should establish the unreasonableness of the rates in force. But while this was being done, what would become of the California business of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company? The

Pacific coast is one of its most important markets. The price of steel rails for competitors from Pittsburg or Europe, who ship by water, would remain quite undisturbed. It would be difficult to recover trade when once lost. No damages, based upon mere increased freight rates, actually paid, would begin to measure the possible loss. And moreover, even if this sum were recovered after prolonged litigation, the situation would not be remedied. Precisely the same rates which gave rise to the damages would still be in effect. An indefinite series of litigations might result, which would harass the company and perhaps drive it from the field altogether. The outcome of this Southern Pacific case sufficiently proves, even where the shipper is a powerful corporation, the futility of seeking redress through judicial proceedings. Again and again we are forced back to the same conclusion; that the only remedy for an unjust rate is not to continue an unfair one and pay damages, but as speedily as possible to substitute a reasonable charge. How much greater force has this conclusion for the small shipper, if

VOL. 96 -- NO. 3

the remedy fails even for an industrial combination powerful enough to extort secret rebates of \$1000 a day from the Atchison Company, as proved in the now celebrated Morton case!

Extraordinary efforts are being put forth by the railways in the endeavor to persuade Congress and the American people that the only railway legislation needed at the present time concerns the prevention of rebates, the supervision of private car lines, and perhaps express companies, and the control of contracts between the side tracks of industrial combinations and the great railroad companies. These reforms are all good enough in their way. To effect them will be well worth while. But only the fringe of the really great transportation problems of the country will be touched, unless the forthcoming legislation is more comprehensive than this. And it surely will not be, in view of the determined opposition of the distinguished railway counsel constituting the Senate of the United States, unless the people carefully analyze the problem, and support the President in a demand for its solution in the right way.

HISTORY IN EASY LESSONS

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

NOTHING gives to a calm observer, on the whole, more respect for children than their apparent dislike to the study of history. Nor does anything oftener impress one with the unreasonableness of parental demands than the efforts to force history by main strength into childish minds. The father comes home from his office or his workshop with a large volume done up in a parcel, and says hopefully to his little son, "Here, my boy, is the first volume of Bancroft's *History of the United States*. You will enjoy reading it very much, and when you have got through with it, there are six more just like it!" Then the father settles himself down to his daily *Herald*, and the mother to *The Smart Set*, feeling that all their parental duty is, for the moment, done. Far more just and equal was the proposal of a little girl of my acquaintance, who suggested to her favorite aunt to join her in a spelling match, and stipulated that they should "start fair." On inquiry as to her standard of fairness, she replied after a moment's reflection, "You shall spell Nebuchadnezzar, and I will spell cat; that will be starting fair."

We have discovered long since that every child is a born naturalist, but every child knew long before the arrival of Darwin that the most interesting of all animals is Man. One may see on any hillside in the country the open hole of a woodchuck, with sticks of various lengths lying round it, showing where the village children have vainly sought to explore the depths of that mysterious sheltering place. But there was never one of those boys who was not ready to leave his explorations at a moment's notice on seeing a party of two or three men coming up the other side of the hill with spades and pickaxes evidently intent to dig a

larger hole for an unknown purpose, and perhaps for the cellar of some human woodchuck's abode. Never yet was a boy seen who did not enjoy the *Swiss Family Robinson*, but history written as it should be is all *Swiss Family Robinson*. Every girl takes pleasure in what is called at country fairs "A Centennial Teaparty," but history properly arranged is a series of just such parties. Instead of preferring fiction to truth, every child, if fairly treated, likes the truth. His dogs must actually bark, his cats actually mew. I once knew a professor's little son who had been brought up with every indulgence except the personal possession of a cat. Vainly had he pined for this crowning experience, till at last, on making a visit to a friend, he was lifted at once to the highest point of enjoyment by being introduced to a fine specimen of the feline race in full vigor. Shutting himself up in the room with it, he proceeded to try experiments in natural history, and when the cat roused the household by its wails, and a maid was sent in to hastily withdraw it, the child implored, "Ah, please, please, don't take it away; this is the most best noise I ever saw a cat do!" A similar taste for reality belongs to every youthful mind.

Is this treating the great cause of human education with too much levity? Yet its great local pioneer in the United States was Horace Mann, and the fundamental grammar of his science was to be found in his very first lecture on "The Means and Objects of Common-School Education," in 1837. In this he says, "Allow me to premise that there is one rule which in all places and in all forms of education should be held as primary, paramount, and, as far as possible, exclusive. Acquirement and pleasure should go

hand in hand. They should never part company. The pleasure of acquiring should be the incitement to acquire. . . . Nature has implanted a feeling of curiosity in the heart of every child as if to make herself certain of his activity and progress." This he elsewhere follows up by a graphic description of a boy in school drooping sleepily and hopelessly over his lesson, and the same child five minutes after, when the recess bell has rung. It is perhaps his first lesson in a new game; all his faculties are on the alert; he learns as if by magic where to stand, when to run, whither to run, when he is "in," when and where he is "out," how to count the successes or failures on his side, in short, a harder ordeal than the whole school morning has furnished indoors, and yet he calls it play. It may be truly said that the basis of the whole public school system of the United States is to be found in those early observations by Horace Mann. He it was who first pointed out that, in the active mind of a child, whatever is understood interests, and whatever interests is remembered.

It is a curious fact that Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was in his day generally regarded among English-speaking people as the supreme authority on all intellectual questions, held that "great abilities were not requisite for an historian." "In historical composition," he said, "all the greatest powers of the human mind are quiescent. He has facts ready to his hand; so there is no exercise of invention. Imagination is not required in any high degree; only about as much as is used in the lower kinds of poetry. Some penetration, accuracy, and coloring will fit a man for the task, if he can give the application which is necessary." It is hard to take seriously a dogma so whimsical, yet it is a further fact worth noticing that the famous Dr. Thomas Guthrie in Scotland, who was said to have educated more men for the Christian ministry, a hundred years ago, than any other living preceptor, divided his training into

three departments somewhat analogous to Johnson's "penetration, accuracy, and coloring." These three Dr. Guthrie called "proving, painting, and persuading," and they were known among his pupils collectively as "the three p's." His far-off correspondents, indeed, would frequently be reminded of them by a postscript at the end of a letter from Dr. Guthrie to this effect: "N. B. Remember the three p's." Let us consider these elements of all knowledge.

1. The basis of all knowledge, historical or otherwise, consists doubtless in a sufficient number of facts, this number being of course dependent on the temperament of the person concerned. There is on one side the time-worn tradition that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." Yet I remember, on the other hand, that I met, while connected with the Massachusetts Board of Education, a teacher possessed of such remarkable knack at passing examinations that he literally never failed in the process; and on my asking him his secret, he replied that it lay in the fact that he had less of general knowledge, not more, than most of his competitors, the result being, as he said, that what he knew, he knew. Like this was, in some degree, the example of Wendell Phillips, whose use of historical allusion in public speaking was singularly effective, and who was wont to attribute it all to the fact that he had mastered one thing thoroughly in history, the period of the English Revolution. Personally, I can recall but three public speakers whose store of facts seemed to me absolutely inexhaustible, these three being John Quincy Adams, Theodore Parker, and Louis Agassiz; their treasures in this respect lying in three different directions, but seeming alike endless. With the mass of men, however, it is unquestionable that one fact drives out another, and it is doubtful if the most learned person carries in his mind more details of knowledge when fifty years old than he carried at twenty. It is only that he carries different things. The great lawyer, for

instance, obliged to retain in his memory all the minutiae of the most complex case, with the liability of hopeless defeat should one fact drop out of place in the chart of his mental voyage, may very likely have to enter on another case by wholly forgetting the first one. He can no more carry it all with him than he can carry the knowledge by which he perhaps graduated *summa cum laude* from college ten years before, as for instance chemistry, or the differential calculus. Still less can he rival his own little girl, whom he may perhaps hear through the piazza window reciting to her mother the rules for knitting her new bedspread. "Cast on 41 stitches. 1st row, knit across plain; 2d row, slip 1, purl 19, purl 2 together, purl 17, thread over, purl 2; 3d row, slip 1, knit 19, knit 2 together, knit 17, over, knit 2; 4th row, slip 1, purl 19, purl 2 together, purl 17, over, purl 2; 5th row, slip 1, knit 19, knit 2 together, knit 17, over, knit 2;" and so on through the rest of the lesson.

2. Granting thus that history must begin with a limited number of facts, offered simply as facts, we come to Dr. Guthrie's second intellectual department, which he describes as "painting." This may offer the additional charm that it presently takes us into the department commonly called "light reading," or still lighter conversation. It is said of Sydney Smith that when visiting his parishioners in their farmhouses and taken at once into the hopeless decorum of the best parlor, he would walk to and fro flinging open the windows and exclaiming, "Glorify the room! Glorify the room!" Give the child some variety; if it be only that achieved by an old black man among the freed slaves in war times, who first taught his pupils to say the alphabet, and then, having attained to the limit of his own knowledge, taught them to say it also backwards. Every person who has had much experience with children knows that the stupidest child develops plenty of vivacity when talking about what interests him. When standing up in recita-

tion, he may seem hopeless, but wait till recess time, and hear him describe a casual dog fight, or a glimpse into a circus, or even that historic occasion when the schoolroom stove got red-hot and singed the teacher's overshoes; and we have Homer's Iliad in a nutshell. I well remember that, when just out of college, I was entrusted with the pleasing task of showing Flaxman's Illustrations of Homer, then a novelty, to a young girl who was reputed to be fond of reading, and that I pointed out to her the inferiority of Flaxman's horses to their riders. "Such thick necks," I added critically; upon which she remarked, with the proper humility of a young woman for whom there were as yet no colleges, "But did not the Thessalian horses have those thick necks?" Upon this the pride of Harvard sank defeated. Alas, I could write verses in Greek hexameter, but I did not even know that it was in Thessaly that the Greek riding horses were bred.

Detail, the animation of detail, is what the young student needs. How inconceivably stiff and dreary seems to many a child the early Puritan life in New England, until he comes across some casual anecdote from which it suddenly flashes upon him that those formal clergymen had a human side. "Holy Mr. Cotton," for instance, how remote and unapproachable he seems, until this fact suddenly comes into view, that this good man was pacing homeward in Boston, wrapped in his Geneva cloak, pondering on his next Sunday's sermon, when some "street boys" passing by — so the legend says, but can it be that there were "street boys" in those days? — were heard to whisper among themselves, "Let's put a trick upon old Cotton." Upon which one boy, more daring than the rest, ran up behind him and shouted in his ear, "Cotton, thou art an old fool!" "I know it, I know it," shouted the old gentleman suddenly, "the Lord make both thee and me wiser," and then reverted to his meditations. Whole pages of fact committed to memory had left the life of that time still

dull and mechanical, but this single incident gives to the schoolboy a human side.

A still more striking illustration of the changed point of view in which George Washington is now regarded, is to be found in the fact that all this wider intelligence dates back to a single passage introduced by Washington Irving in a footnote in very small print at the bottom of a page in the third volume of his memoirs. Four or five biographers had preceded Irving in their narrations, Ramsay, Marshall, Weems, Sparks, and the elder Bancroft. Yet not one of them had ventured to concede for an instant that the Father of his Country was capable of laughter. Irving at last ventured to recognize this possibility, and, having once done it could not restrain himself from telling how his hero was so amused while in camp, with a story told by one of his young lieutenants, that he not only laughed, but was actually seen to roll on the grass, over and over, to get to the other end of his laughter. Fancy the situation! Six feet and three inches of Father of his Country, rolling over and over on the sod in the ineffectual effort to get to the other end of that laugh. What a trivial and almost despicable fact was this, as forming a part of that great man's career! Yet it is only since that discovery that Washington became to his fellow citizens not only the Father of his Country, but a fellow man. At the present day it would be difficult to find a country school-teacher so remote that he would think it morally wrong to admit that the first American President was capable of laughing.

3. Dr. Guthrie's third department, that of "persuading," now shows itself in the higher form of freedom of discussion, such as prevails more and more universally in all our public high schools, where Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, are encouraged to search subjects for themselves, the pupil simply looking toward the teachers as presiding officers in the debate. There could hardly, for instance, be a finer example of this than in

the classes in American history which I once saw conducted by that fine teacher and large-minded author, Alice Wellington Rollins. When I said to her, "You could not, of course, go through the period of the Protestant Reformation in this way?" she replied that there was no period so interesting and successful, in her experience. Her class, she said, was about equally divided between Catholic and Protestant; the girls in succession brought out all they knew, and then, for want of ammunition, begged to have the debate adjourned until the next week, when they would come back with their cartridge boxes replenished. In answer to my inquiry "if either side converted the other," she replied, "Probably not," but that perhaps they lived all their lives holding their own view in a larger spirit, as understanding the points at which honest minds could differ. The same principle applies still more to later questions, as to those resulting from the Civil War, where it is undeniable that the children of each great party can do more justice to the others' point of view than would have seemed possible immediately after the contest. The same result is found with still earlier cases. When consulting with that gifted teacher, Jane Andrews, as to the topics that should be included in a school history I was just then writing, I hinted somewhat drearily, perhaps, at the hopelessness of making the early Colonial charters clear, or even intelligible, to very young classes, and she at once set any such fear aside, saying that there was nothing which her pupils, girls of twelve or thereabouts, followed up with more ready interest than those very charters. It was not long after when her widely famed book, *The Seven Little Sisters Who Live on the Round Ball that Floats in the Air*, reached these very sisters so thoroughly as to be translated into Japanese and Chinese.

Now it hardly needs to be pointed out, as we go farther on, that all these little rules and maxims which apply to the child apply also to the veteran historian.

Its proving, its painting, its persuading, must be the same to him. Coleridge said that the dullest writer could write an interesting book if he would but relate the events of his own life with honesty, not disguising the feelings that accompanied them.¹ All depends, after all, on the teacher, and even that teacher has his inspired moments. It is a curious fact that those men of genius who have done the most to recognize the picturesqueness of our earlier American life were the very men who at the outset were troubled by the theory that it was tame and commonplace; as in the case of Lowell, who complained that the details of New England history were essentially dry and unpoetic; and Hawthorne, who had maintained that the same period furnished only "a dull routine of commonplace prosperity; no picturesque and gloomy wrong."

The vast rapidity with which studies in history, and especially in American history, are multiplying every day can only recall to us the fact that the professional historian, like the professional lawyer or physician or poet, was only developed by degrees in our American society. In Virginia the early leaders were planters; in the New England Colonies they were clergymen; and all other intellectual leadership was done by this class or not done at all. There was no distinct class of lawyers in Massachusetts, at least, before 1701; and even then they were simply admitted as attorneys, with no examination and no study required. One favorite Boston attorney, for instance, was a quick-witted tailor, others were merchants. Attorney-General Bullivant was an apothecary. A few men had been trained to the bar in England, but even those were liable at any moment to have their plans interfered with by clergymen who came into court, expressed their minds, and often carried the day. Among others in the courts there was no courtesy and no deference. There was jury trial, but it happened some-

times, when a jurymen stood out against the rest, that he was refused food and starved into compliance. The court bullied the counsel and were treated without respect by the bar. One day when a poor old woman came hobbling into the courtroom and found no seat, the lawyer who had summoned her as a witness bade her go up on the judges' bench, which she innocently proceeded to do, and the lawyer when reproved replied that he thought that place was "made for old women." The first English-bred lawyer who set himself up as an attorney, Thomas Lechford, in 1637, was allowed but one case and then forbidden to practice; and Jeremy Gridley, called "the father of the Boston bar," came to it about 1730. Out of all this chaos, order was evolved in time. But it is a remarkable fact that the three leaders most conspicuous in the early days of the Revolution, John and Samuel Adams and Oxenbridge Thacher, were all originally destined for the church, the family of Samuel Adams objecting to his becoming a lawyer because it was not considered an altogether respectable profession.

None of these careers would be likely, as we can now see, to train the historian, and when the higher training arrived it came in the purely classic form and hindered as much as it helped. The late Professor Henry W. Torrey told me that he, Charles Sumner, and Wendell Phillips used to learn by heart at the Boston Latin School whole books of Virgil and Homer in the original, and recite lessons from them without referring to the text. There were still cultivated families where the gentlemen of the house would cap verses, as it was called, by the evening fireside. Public oratory was measured by just such formal standards. We have in the diaries of Rev. John Peirce the precise measurement of the length of orations and poems at Harvard Φ. B. K. meetings for many years; no address, he shows us, had exceeded fifty minutes down to 1824, when Edward Everett, then in his early

¹ *Quarterly Review*, xeviii, p. 456.

glory, went up to one hour and fifty-one minutes.¹

So vast and complex are the developments of modern history, it is quite certain that no American scholar of high standing would now treat with any respect the belittling statement of Johnson as to the gifts required of an historian. The criticism now belongs rather on the other side as to the permanence or final quality of the work. The late Justin Winsor, who was recognized by almost all as the chief among our American historians, always pointed out with sadness that even a vast specialist like Parkman — the one striking instance among us of one who chose his life career in college days and never swerved from it — would

inevitably be superseded as time went on by the man of later knowledge; as we already see, indeed, in the case of Parkman that he underrated from the outset the claims of the Indians on the imaginative side, and did not keep up with the later observations. Even Rufus Choate, when he turned from his forensic triumphs, and said, "After all, a book is the only immortality," left the problem unsolved, for he did not tell what that book should be; and no one ever met the fatal possibilities of that ordeal. Voltaire perhaps solved the problem more nearly than Choate, for Voltaire laid it down as final that nothing can be more difficult than to be obscurely hanged.

ULTIMATE QUESTIONS

BY IAFCADIO HEARN

A MEMORY of long ago. . . . I am walking upon a granite pavement that rings like iron, between buildings of granite bathed in the light of a cloudless noon. Shadows are short and sharp: there is no stir in the hot bright air; and the sound of my footsteps, strangely loud, is the only sound in the street. . . . Suddenly an odd feeling comes to me, with a sort of tingling shock, — a feeling, or suspicion, of universal illusion. The pavement, the bulks of hewn stone, the iron rails, and all things visible, are dreams! Light, color, form, weight, solidity — all sensed existences — are but phantoms of being, manifestations only of one infinite ghostliness for which the language of man has not any word. . . .

This experience had been produced by study of the first volume of the *Synthetic Philosophy*, which an American friend

¹ *Massachusetts Historical Collections*, ix, p. 119.

had taught me how to read. I did not find it easy reading; partly because I am a slow thinker, but chiefly because my mind had never been trained to sustained effort in such directions. To learn the *First Principles* occupied me many months: no other volume of the series gave me equal trouble. I would read one section at a time, — rarely two, — never venturing upon a fresh section until I thought that I had made sure of the preceding. Very cautious and slow my progress was, like that of a man mounting, for the first time, a long series of ladders in darkness. Reaching the light at last, I caught a sudden new vision of things, — a momentary perception of the illusion of surfaces, — and from that time the world never again appeared to me quite the same as it had appeared before. . . .

This memory of more than twenty years ago, and the extraordinary thrill of the moment, were recently revived for me by the reading of the essay "Ultimate

Questions," in the last and not least precious volume bequeathed us by the world's greatest thinker. The essay contains his final utterance about the riddle of life and death, as that riddle presented itself to his vast mind in the dusk of a lifetime of intellectual toil. Certainly the substance of what he had to tell us might have been inferred from the *Synthetic Philosophy*; but the particular interest of this last essay is made by the writer's expression of personal sentiment regarding the problem that troubles all deep thinkers. Perhaps few of us could have remained satisfied with his purely scientific position. Even while fully accepting his declaration of the identity of the power that "wells up in us under the form of consciousness" with that Power Unknowable which shapes all things, most disciples of the master must have longed for some chance to ask him directly, "But how do *you* feel in regard to the prospect of personal dissolution?" And this merely emotional question he has answered as frankly and as fully as any of us could have desired, — perhaps even more frankly. "Old people," he remarks apologetically, "must have many reflections in common. Doubtless one which I have now in mind is very familiar. For years past, when watching the unfolding buds in the Spring, there has arisen the thought, 'Shall I ever again see the buds unfold? Shall I ever again be awakened at dawn by the song of the thrush?' Now that the end is not likely to be long postponed, there results an increasing tendency to meditate upon ultimate questions." . . . Then he tells us that these ultimate questions — "of the How and the Why, of the Whence and the Whither" — occupy much more space in the minds of those who cannot accept the creed of Christendom than the current conception fills in the minds of the majority of men. The enormity of the problem of existence becomes manifest only to those who have permitted themselves to think freely and widely and deeply, with all such aids to thought as exact science can furnish; and

the larger the knowledge of the thinker, the more pressing and tremendous the problem appears, and the more hopelessly unanswerable. To Herbert Spencer himself it must have assumed a vastness beyond the apprehension of the average mind; and it weighed upon him more and more inexorably the nearer he approached to death. He could not avoid the conviction — plainly suggested in his magnificent *Psychology* and in other volumes of his great work — that there exists no rational evidence for any belief in the continuance of conscious personality after death.

"After studying primitive beliefs, and finding that there is no origin for the idea of an after-life, save the conclusion which the savage draws, from the notion suggested by dreams, of a wandering double which comes back on awaking, and which goes away for an indefinite time at death; — and after contemplating the inscrutable relation between brain and consciousness, and finding that we can get no evidence of the existence of the last without the activity of the first, — we seem obliged to relinquish the thought that consciousness continues after physical organization has become inactive."

In this measured utterance there is no word of hope; but there is at least a carefully stated doubt, which those who will may try to develop into the germ of a hope. The guarded phrase, "we *seem* obliged to relinquish," certainly suggests that, although in the present state of human knowledge we have no reason to believe in the perpetuity of consciousness, some larger future knowledge might help us to a less forlorn prospect. From the prospect as it now appears even this mightiest of thinkers recoiled: —

. . . "But it seems a strange and repugnant conclusion that with the cessation of consciousness at death, there ceases to be any knowledge of having existed. With his last breath it becomes to each the same thing as though he had never lived.

"And then the consciousness itself —

what is it during the time that it continues? And what becomes of it when it ends? We can only infer that it is a specialized and individualized form of that Infinite and Eternal Energy which transcends both our knowledge and our imagination; and that at death its elements lapse into that Infinite and Eternal Energy, whence they were derived."

— *With his last breath it becomes to each the same thing as though he had never lived?* To the individual, perhaps — surely not to the humanity made wiser and better by his labors. But the world must pass away: will it thereafter be the same for the universe as if humanity had never existed? That might depend upon the possibilities of future interplanetary communication. But the whole universe of suns and planets must also perish: thereafter will it be the same as if no intelligent life had ever toiled and suffered upon those countless worlds? We have at least the certainty that the energies of life cannot be destroyed, and the strong probability that they will help to form another life and thought in universes yet to be evolved. . . . Nevertheless, allowing for all imagined possibilities, — granting even the likelihood of some inapprehensible relation between all past and all future conditioned-being, — the tremendous question remains: What signifies the whole of apparitional existence to the Unconditioned? As flickers of sheet-lightning leave no record in the night, so in that Darkness a million billion trillion universes might come and go, and leave no trace of their having been.

To every aspect of the problem Herbert Spencer must have given thought; but he has plainly declared that the human intellect, as at present constituted, can offer no solution. The greatest mind that this world has yet produced, — the mind that systematized all human knowledge, that revolutionized modern science, that dissipated materialism forever, that revealed to us the ghostly unity of all existence, that reestablished all ethics

upon an immutable and eternal foundation, — the mind that could expound with equal lucidity, and by the same universal formula, the history of a gnat or the history of a sun, — confessed itself, before the Riddle of Existence, scarcely less helpless than the mind of a child.

But for me the supreme value of this last essay is made by the fact that in its pathetic statement of uncertainties and probabilities one can discern something very much resembling a declaration of faith. Though assured that we have yet no foundation for any belief in the persistence of consciousness after the death of the brain, we are bidden to remember that the ultimate nature of consciousness remains inscrutable. Though we cannot surmise the relation of consciousness to the unseen, we are reminded that it must be considered as a manifestation of the Infinite Energy, and that its elements, if dissociated by death, will return to the timeless and measureless Source of Life. . . . Science to-day also assures us that whatever existence has been, — all individual life that ever moved in animal or plant, — all feeling and thought that ever stirred in human consciousness, — must have flashed self-record beyond the sphere of sentience; and though we cannot know, we cannot help imagining that the best of such registration may be destined to perpetuity. On this latter subject, for obvious reasons, Herbert Spencer has remained silent; but the reader may ponder a remarkable paragraph in the final sixth edition of the *First Principles*, — a paragraph dealing with the hypothesis that consciousness may belong to the cosmic ether. This hypothesis has not been lightly dismissed by him; and even while proving its inadequacy, he seems to intimate that it may represent imperfectly some truth yet inapprehensible by the human mind: —

"The only supposition having consistency is that that in which consciousness inheres is the all-pervading ether. This we know can be affected by molecules of matter in motion, and conversely can

affect the motions of molecules; — as witness the action of light on the retina. In pursuance of this supposition we may assume that the ether, which pervades not only all space but all matter, is, under special conditions in certain parts of the nervous system, capable of being affected by the nervous changes in such way as to result in feeling, and is reciprocally capable under these conditions of affecting the nervous changes. But if we accept this explanation, we must assume that the potentiality of feeling is universal, and that the evolution of feeling in the ether takes place only under the extremely complex conditions occurring in certain nervous centres. This, however, is but a semblance of an explanation, since we know not what the ether is, and since, by confession of those most capable of judging, no hypothesis that has been framed accounts for all its powers. Such an explanation may be said to do no more than symbolize the phenomena by symbols of unknown natures.”¹

— “Inscrutable is this complex consciousness which has slowly evolved out of infantine vacuity — consciousness which, in other shapes, is manifested by animate beings at large — consciousness which, during the development of every creature, makes its appearance out of what seems unconscious matter; *suggesting the thought that consciousness, in some rudimentary form, is omnipresent.*”²

— Of all modern thinkers, Spencer was perhaps the most careful to avoid giving encouragement to any hypothesis unsupported by powerful evidence. Even the simple sum of his own creed is uttered only, with due reservation, as a statement of three probabilities: that consciousness represents a specialized and individualized form of the infinite Energy; that it is dissolved by death; and that its elements then return to the source of all be-

ing. As for our mental attitude toward the infinite Mystery, his advice is plain. We must resign ourselves to the eternal law, and endeavor to vanquish our ancient inheritance of superstitious terrors, remembering that, “merciless as is the Cosmic process worked out by an Unknown Power, yet vengeance is nowhere to be found in it.”³

In the same brief essay there is another confession of singular interest, — an acknowledgment of the terror of Space. To even the ordinary mind, the notion of infinite Space, as forced upon us by those monstrous facts of astronomy which require no serious study to apprehend, is terrifying; — I mean the mere vague idea of that everlasting Night into which the blazing of millions of suns can bring neither light nor warmth. But to the intellect of Herbert Spencer the idea of Space must have presented itself after a manner incomparably more mysterious and stupendous. The mathematician alone will comprehend the full significance of the paragraph dealing with the Geometry of Position and the mystery of space-relations, — or the startling declaration that “even could we penetrate the mysteries of existence, there would remain still more transcendent mysteries.” But Herbert Spencer tells us that, apart from the conception of these geometrical mysteries, the problem of naked Space itself became for him, in the twilight of his age, an obsession and a dismay: —

. . . “And then comes the thought of this universal matrix itself, anteceding alike creation or evolution, whichever be assumed, and infinitely transcending both, alike in extent and duration; since both, if conceived at all, must be conceived as having had beginnings, while Space had no beginning. The thought of this blank form of existence which, explored in all directions as far as imagination can reach, has, beyond that, an unexplored region compared with which the part which imagination has traversed is but infinitesimal, — the thought of a Space compared

¹ *First Principles*, § 71 c, definitive edition of 1900.

² *Autobiography*, vol. ii, p. 470.

³ *Facts and Comments*, p. 201.

with which our immeasurable sidereal system dwindles to a point, is a thought too overwhelming to be dwelt upon. Of late years the consciousness that without origin or cause infinite Space has ever existed and must ever exist, produces in me a feeling from which I shrink."

How the idea of infinite Space may affect a mind incomparably more powerful than my own, I cannot know; — neither can I divine the nature of certain problems which the laws of space-relation present to the geometrician. But when I try to determine the cause of the horror which that idea evokes within my own feeble imagination, I am able to distinguish different elements of the emotion, — particular forms of terror responding to particular ideas (rational and irrational) suggested by the revelations of science. One feeling — perhaps the main element of the horror — is made by the thought of being *prisoned* forever and ever within that unutterable Viewlessness which occupies infinite Space.

Behind this feeling there is more than the thought of eternal circumscription, — there is also the idea of being perpetually penetrated, traversed, thrilled by the Nameless; — there is likewise the certainty that no least particle of innermost secret Self could shun the eternal touch of It; — there is furthermore the tremendous conviction that could the Self of me rush with the swiftness of light, — with more than the swiftness of light, — beyond all galaxies, beyond durations of time so vast that Science knows no sign by which their magnitudes might be indicated, — and still flee onward, onward, downward, upward, — always, always, — never could that Self of me reach nearer to any verge, never speed farther from any centre. For, in that Silence, all vastitude and height and depth and time and direction are swallowed up: relation therein could have no meaning but for the speck of my fleeting consciousness, — atom of terror pulsating alone through atomless, soundless, nameless, illimitable potentiality.

And the idea of that potentiality awakens another quality of horror, — the horror of infinite Possibility. For this Inscrutable that pulses through substance as if substance were not at all — so subtly that none can feel the flowing of its tides, yet so swiftly that no lifetime would suffice to count the number of the oscillations which it makes within the fraction of one second — thrills to us out of endlessness; — and the force of infinity dwells in its lightest tremor; the weight of eternity presses behind its faintest shudder. To that phantom-Touch, the tinting of a blossom or the dissipation of a universe were equally facile: here it caresses the eye with the charm and illusion of color; there it bestirs into being a cluster of giant suns. All that human mind is capable of conceiving as possible — and how much also that human mind must forever remain incapable of conceiving? — may be wrought anywhere, everywhere, by a single tremor of that Abyss. . . .

Is it true, as some would have us believe, that the fear of the extinction of self is the terror supreme? . . . For the thought of personal perpetuity in the infinite vortex is enough to evoke sudden trepidations that no tongue can utter, — fugitive instants of a horror too vast to enter wholly into consciousness: a horror that can be endured in swift black glimpsings only. And the trust that we are one with the Absolute — dim points of thrilling in the abyss of It — can prove a consoling faith only to those who find themselves obliged to think that consciousness dissolves with the crumbling of the brain. . . . It seems to me that few (or none) dare to utter frankly those stupendous doubts and fears which force mortal intelligence to recoil upon itself at every fresh attempt to pass the barrier of the Knowable. Were that barrier unexpectedly pushed back, — were knowledge to be suddenly and vastly expanded beyond its present limits, — perhaps we should find ourselves unable to endure the revelation. . . .

Mr. Percival Lowell's astonishing book *Mars* sets one to thinking about the results of being able to hold communication with the habitants of an older and a wiser world, — some race of beings more highly evolved than we, both intellectually and morally, and able to interpret a thousand mysteries that still baffle our science. Perhaps, in such event, we should not find ourselves able to comprehend the methods, even could we borrow the results, of wisdom older than all our civilization by myriads or hundreds of myriads of years. But would not the sudden advent of larger knowledge from some elder planet prove for us, by reason of the present moral condition of mankind, nothing less than a catastrophe? — might it not even result in the extinction of the human species?

The rule seems to be that the dissemination of dangerous higher knowledge, before the masses of a people are ethically prepared to receive it, will always be prevented by the conservative instinct; and we have reason to suppose (allowing for individual exceptions) that the

power to gain higher knowledge is developed only as the moral ability to profit by such knowledge is evolved. I fancy that if the power of holding intellectual converse with other worlds could now serve us, we should presently obtain it. But if, by some astonishing chance — as by the discovery, let us suppose, of some method of ether-telegraphy — this power were prematurely acquired, its exercise would in all probability be prohibited. Imagine, for example, what would have happened during the Middle Ages to the person guilty of discovering means to communicate with the people of a neighboring planet! Assuredly that inventor and his apparatus and his records would have been burnt; every trace and memory of his labors would have been extirpated. Even to-day the sudden discovery of truths unsupported by human experience, the sudden revelation of facts opposed to existing convictions, might evoke some frantic revival of superstitious terrors, — some religious panic-fury that would strangle science, and replunge the world in mental darkness for a thousand years.

MARRIAGE VOWS

BY AGNES REPPLIER

WE had decided upon the married estate, titles, and foreign travel. I do not mean that we cherished such ambitions for the future, — what was the future to us? — but that in the world of illusions, which was our world, we were about to assume these new and dazzling conditions. Childish even for our years, though our years were very few, and preserved mercifully from that familiar and deadening intercourse with adults, which might have resulted in our being sensible and well-informed, we cultivated our imaginations instead of our minds. The very bareness of our surroundings, the absence of all appliances for play, flung us back unreservedly upon the illimitable resources of invention. It was in the long winter months, when Nature was unkind, when the last chestnut had been gathered, and the last red leaf pressed carefully in an atlas, that we awoke to the recognition of our needs, and slipped across the border-land of fancy. It was then that certain wise and experienced nuns watched us closely, knowing that our pent-up energies might at any moment break down the barriers of discipline; but knowing also that it was not possible for a grown-up person, however well disposed, to enter our guarded realm. We were always under observation; but the secret city wherein we dwelt was trodden by no other foot than ours.

It had rained for a week. We had exhausted the resources of literature and the drama. A new book in the convent library, a book with a most promising title, *The Witch of Melton Hill*, had turned out to be a dismal failure. Elizabeth observed sardonically that if it had been named, as it should have been, *The Guardian Angel of Hallam House*, we should at least have let it alone. An un-

reasoning relative had sent me as a belated Christmas gift, *Agnes Hilton; or Pride Corrected*, — making the feeble excuse that I bore the heroine's name. To a logical mind this would have seemed no ground either for giving me the story, or for blaming me because it proved unreadable. But Tony, to whom I lent it, reproached me with exceeding bitterness for having the kind of a name — a goody-goody name she called it — which was always borne by pious and virtuous heroines. She said she thanked Heaven none of them were ever christened Antoinette; and she seemed to hold me responsible for the ennobling qualities she despised.

As for the drama, we had acted for the second time Elizabeth's masterpiece, *The Youth of Michael Angelo*, and there appeared to be no further opening for our talents. We little girls, with the imitative instincts of our age, were always endeavoring to reproduce on a modest scale the artistic triumphs with which the big girls entertained the school. It was hard work because we had no plays, no costumes, and no manager. We had only Elizabeth, who rose to the urgent needs of the situation, overcoming for our sake the aversion she felt for any form of composition, and substituting for her French exercises the more inspiring labors of the dramatist. Her first effort was slight, a mere curtain raiser, and dealt with the fortunes of a robber chief, who, after passionate pursuit of a beautiful and beloved maiden, finds out that she is his sister, and hails the news with calm fraternal joy. By a fortunate coincidence, he also discovers that an aged traveler whom he had purposed robbing is his father; so the curtain falls upon a united family, the gentle desperado quoting an admirable sentiment of Cowper's (it was in our reader,

accompanied by a picture of a gentleman, a lady, a baby, and a birdcage):—

“Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall.”

The success of this touching and realistic little play encouraged Elizabeth to more ambitious labors. She set about dramatizing, with my assistance, a story from *The Boyhood of Great Painters*, which told how the youthful Michael Angelo modeled a snow Faun in the gardens of Lorenzo de Medici, and how that magnificent duke, seeing this work of art before it had time to melt, showered praises and promises upon the happy sculptor. It was not a powerful theme, but there was an ancient retainer of the Buonarroti family (Elizabeth wisely reserved this part for herself), who made sarcastic remarks about his employers, and never appeared without a large feather duster, thus fulfilling all the legitimate requirements of modern comedy.

What puzzled us most sorely was the Faun, which we supposed to be an innocent young quadruped, and had no possible way of presenting. Therefore, after a great deal of consideration, it was determined that a flower girl should be substituted; this happy idea (so suggestive of Michael Angelo's genius) being inspired by the plaster figures then sadly familiar to lawns and garden walks. In the story, the young artist emphasized the age of the Faun by deftly knocking out two of its front teeth,—a touch of realism beyond our range, as Viola Milton in a nightgown played the statue's part. In our drama, the Duke complained that the flower girl was too grave, whereupon Michael Angelo, with a few happy touches, gave her a smile so broad—Viola's teeth being her most prominent feature—that some foolish little girls in the audience thought a joke was intended, and laughed uproariously. Marie played Michael Angelo. I was his proud father, who appeared only in the last scene, and said, “Come to my arms, my beloved son!” which he did so impetuously—Marie was nothing if not ardent—that I was

greatly embarrassed, and did not know how to hold him. Lorenzo the Magnificent was affably, though somewhat feebly, portrayed by Annie Churchill, who wore a waterproof cloak, flung, like Hamlet's mantle, over her left shoulder, and a beaver hat with a red bow and an ostrich plume, the property of Eloise Didier. It was a significant circumstance that when Marie, rushing to my embrace, knocked over a little table, the sole furniture of the Medicean palace, and indicating by its presence that we were no longer in the snow, Lorenzo hastily picked it up, and straightened the cover; while Elizabeth—who had no business to be in that scene—stood calmly by, twirling her feather duster, and apparently accustomed to being waited on by the flower of the Florentine nobility.

The production of *Michael Angelo* cost us four weeks of hard and happy labor. His name became so familiar to our lips that Tony, whose turn it was to read night and morning prayers, substituted it profanely for that of the blessed Archangel. We always said the Credo and Confiteor in Latin, so that *beato Michaeli Archangelo* became *beato Michael Angelo*, without attracting the attention of any ears save ours. It was one of those daring jests (as close to wickedness as we ever got) which served as passwords in our secret city. The second time we gave the play, we extended a general invitation to the First Cours to come and see it; and a score or so of the less supercilious girls actually availed themselves of the privilege. It is hard for me to make clear what condescension this implied. Feudal lord and feudal vassal were not more widely separated than were the First and Second Cours. Feudal lord and feudal vassal were not more firmly convinced of the justness of their respective positions. No uneasy agitator had ever pricked us into discontent. The existing order of things seemed to us as natural as the planetary system.

Now, casting about for some new form of diversion, Elizabeth proposed one

stormy afternoon that we should assume titles, and marry one another; secretly, of course, but with all the pomp and circumstance that imagination could devise. She herself, having first choice, elected England for her dwelling-place, and Emily for her spouse. She took Emily, I am sure, because that silent and impassive child was the only one of the five who did not particularly covet the honor. Elizabeth, protecting herself instinctively from our affection and admiration, found her natural refuge in this unresponsive bosom. Because Emily would just as soon have married Lilly or me, Elizabeth wisely offered her her hand. She also insisted that Emily, being older, should be husband. Mere surface ambition was alien to her character. The position of *maîtresse femme* satisfied all reasonable requirements.

Names and titles were more difficult of selection. Emily was well disposed toward a dukedom; but Elizabeth preferred that her husband should be an earl, because an earl was "belted," and a duke, we surmised, was not.

"A duke is higher than an earl," said the well-informed Emily.

"But he isn't belted," insisted Elizabeth. "It's a 'belted knight' and a 'belted earl' always; never a belted duke. You can wear a belt if you're an earl, Emily."

"I do wear a belt," said Emily.

"Then, of course, you've got to be an earl," retorted Elizabeth; reasoning by some process, not perfectly plain to us, but conclusive enough for Emily, who tepidly yielded the point. "Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel" —

"I won't be named Philip," interrupted Emily rebelliously.

"Well, then, Henry Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, and we'll live in Arundel Castle."

"You got that out of *Constance Sherwood*," said Marie.

Elizabeth nodded. Lady Fullerton's pretty story had been read aloud in the refectory, and we were rather "up" in English titles as a consequence.

"I'm going to be Prince of Castile," said Tony suddenly.

I leaped from my chair. "You shan't!" I flashed, and then stopped short, bitterly conscious of my impotence. Tony had "spoken first." There was no wresting her honors from her. She knew, she must have known, that Castile was the home of my soul, though no one had ever sounded the depth of my devotion. My whole life was lit by Spain's sombre glow. It was the land where my fancy strayed whenever it escaped from thralldom, and to which I paid a secret and passionate homage. The destruction of the Invincible Armada was the permanent sorrow of my childhood. And now Tony had located herself in this paradise of romance. "Castile's proud dames" would be her peers and countrywomen. The Alhambra would be her pleasure-house (geographically I was a trifle indistinct), and Moorish slaves would wait upon her will. I could not even share these blessed privileges, because it was plain to all of us that Tony's one chance of connubial felicity lay in having Lilly for a partner. The divorce courts would have presented a speedy termination to any other alliance.

"Never mind, Agnes," said Marie consolingly. "We don't want Castile. It's a soapy old place. We'll be Duke and Duchess of Tuscany."

I yielded a sorrowful assent. Tuscany awoke no echoes in my bosom. I neither knew nor cared whence Marie had borrowed the suggestion. But the priceless discipline of communal life had taught us all to respect one another's rights, and to obey the inflexible rules of play. Tony had staked her claim to Castile; and I became Beatrice della Rovere, Duchess of Tuscany, without protest, but without elation. Lilly looked genuinely distressed. Her sweet heart was hurt to feel that she was depriving a friend of any happiness, and it is safe to say that she was equally indifferent to the grandeurs of Italy and of Spain. Perhaps Griselda the patient felt no lively concern as to the whereabouts of her husband's estates. She

had other and more serious things to ponder.

The marriage ceremony presented difficulties. We must have a priest to officiate; that is, we must have a girl discreet enough to be trusted with our secret, yet stupid enough, or amiable enough, to be put out of the play afterwards. We had no idea of being burdened with clerical society. Annie Churchill was finally chosen for the rôle. Her functions were carefully explained to her, and her scruples — she was dreadfully afraid of doing something wrong — were, by candid argument, overcome. Marie wanted to be married in the “Lily of Judah” chapel, a tiny edifice girt by the winding drive; but Elizabeth firmly upheld the superior claims of St. Joseph.

St. Joseph was, as we well knew, the patron of marriage, its advocate and friend. We depended upon him to find us our future husbands, — in which regard he has shown undue partiality, — and it was in good faith that we now placed ourselves under his protection. Our play inevitably reflected the religious influences by which we were so closely environed. I hear it said that the little sons of ministers preach to imaginary audiences in the nursery, — an idea which conveys a peculiar horror to my mind. We did not preach (which of us would have listened?), but we followed in fancy, like the child Eugénie de Guérin, those deeply colored traditions which lent atmosphere to our simple and monotonous lives. One of our favorite games was the temptation of St. Anthony. Mariana Grognon, a little French girl of unsurpassed agility, had “created” the part of the devil. Its special feature was the flying leap she took over the kneeling hermit’s head, a performance more terrifying than seductive. This vivacious pantomime had been frowned upon by the mistress of recreation, who had no idea what it meant; but who considered, and with reason, that Mariana was behaving like a tomboy. Then one day an over-zealous St. Anthony — Marie probably — crossed him-

self with such suspicious fervor when the devil made his jump that the histrionic nature of the sport became evident, and it was sternly suppressed. The primitive humor of the miracle play was not in favor at the Convent.

We were married in front of St. Joseph’s statue outside the chapel door, on Sunday afternoon. Sunday was selected for the ceremony, partly because we had possession of our white veils on that day, — and what bride would wear a black veil! — and partly because the greater liberty allowed us made possible an unobserved half-hour. It was Elizabeth’s custom and mine to go to the chapel every Sunday before supper, and offer an earnest supplication to the Blessed Virgin that we might not be given medals that night at Primes. I loved Primes. It was the most exciting event of the week. There was an impressive solemnity about the big, hushed room, the long rows of expectant girls, Reverend Mother, begirt by the whole community, gazing at us austere, and the seven days’ record read out in Madame Bouron’s clear, incisive tones. We knew how every girl in the school, even the exalted graduates and semi-sacred medallions, had behaved. We knew how they stood in class. We saw the successful students go up to receive their medals. Occasional comments from Madame Bouron added a bitter pungency to the situation. It was delightful from beginning to end, unless — and this happened very often to Elizabeth, and sometimes even to me — we had distinguished ourselves sufficiently to win our class medals for the week. *Then*, over an endless expanse of polished floor, slippery as glass, we moved like stricken creatures; conscious that our friends were watching us in mocking security from their chairs; conscious that we were swinging our arms and turning in our toes; and painfully aware that our curtsies would never come up to the required standard of elegance and grace. Elizabeth was furthermore afflicted by a dark foreboding that something — something in the nature of a

stocking or a petticoat — would “come down” when she was in mid-stream, and this apprehension deepened her impenetrable gloom. It was in the hope of averting such misery that we said our “Hail Marys” every Sunday afternoon, manifesting thereby much faith but little intelligence, as all these matters had been settled at “Conference” on Saturday. I have always believed, however, that it was in answer to our prayers that a law was passed in mid-term, ordaining that no girl should be eligible for a class medal unless she had *all* her conduct notes, unless her week’s record was without a stain. As this was sheerly impossible, we were thenceforth safe. We heard our names read out, but sat still, in disgraceful but blessed security. Even Madame Bouron’s icy censure, and Reverend Mother’s vaguely reproachful glance (she was hopelessly near-sighted, and had n’t the remotest idea where we sat) were easier to bear than that distressful journey up and down the classroom, with every eye upon us.

The marriage ceremony would have been more tranquil and more imposing if we had not had such a poltroon of a priest. Annie was so nervous, so afraid she was committing a sin, and so afraid she would be caught in the commission, that she read the service shamefully, and slurred all the interesting details over which we wanted to linger. Elizabeth had to prompt her repeatedly, and Tony’s comments were indefensible at such a solemn hour. When the three rings had been placed upon the brides’ fingers, and the three veils bashfully raised to permit the salutations of the noble grooms, we promised to meet again in the boot and shoe closet, after the dormitory lights had been lowered, and hurried back to the schoolroom. To have played our parts openly in recreation hours would have been to destroy all the pleasures of illusion. Secrecy was indispensable, secrecy and mystery; a hurried clasp of Marie’s hand, as she brushed by me to her desk; a languishing glance over our dictation

books in class; a tender note slipped between the pages of my grammar. I have reason to believe I was the most cherished of the three brides. Tony was not likely to expend much energy in prolonged love-making, and Emily was wholly incapable of demonstration, even if Elizabeth would have tolerated it. But Marie was dramatic to her finger-tips; she played her part with infinite grace and zeal; and I, being by nature both ardent and imitative, entered freely into her conception of our rôles. We corresponded at length, with that freedom of phrase and singleness of idea which make love letters such profitable reading.

It was in our stolen meetings, however, in those happy reunions in the boot and shoe closet, or in another stuffy hole where our hats and coats were hung, that the expansive nature of our play was made delightfully manifest. It was then that we traveled far and wide, meeting dangers with an unflinching front, and receiving everywhere the respectful welcome due to our rank and fortunes. We went to Rome, and the Holy Father greeted us with unfeigned joy. We went to Venice, and the Doge — of whose passing we were blissfully ignorant — took us a-pleasuring in the Bucentaur. Our Stuart proclivities would not permit us to visit Victoria’s court, — that is, not as friends. Tony thirsted to go there and raise a row; but the young Pretender being dead (we ascertained this fact definitely from Madame Duncan, who read us a lecture on our ignorance), there seemed nobody to put in the place of the usurping queen. We crossed the desert on camels, and followed Père Huc into Tartary and Thibet. Our husbands gave us magnificent jewels, and Lilly dropped her pearl earrings into a well, like “Albuharez’ Daughter” in the *Spanish Ballads*. This charming mishap might have happened to me, if only I had been Princess of Castile.

Then one day Elizabeth made a discovery which filled me with confusion. Before I came to school, I had parted

with my few toys, feeling that paper dolls and grace-hoops were unworthy of my new estate, and that I should never again condescend to the devices of my lonely childhood. The single exception was a small bisque doll with painted yellow curls. I had brought it to the Convent in a moment of weakness, but no one was aware of its existence. It was a neglected doll, nameless and wardrobeless, and its sole function was to sleep with me at night. Its days were spent in solitary confinement in my washstand drawer. This does not mean that evening brought any sense of exile to my heart. On the contrary, the night fears which at home made going to bed an ever repeated misery (I slept alone on a big, echoing third floor, and everybody said what a brave little girl I was), had been banished by the security of the dormitory, by the blessed sense of companionship and protection. Nevertheless, I liked to feel my doll in bed with me, and I might have enjoyed its secret and innocent society all winter, had I not foolishly carried it downstairs one day in my pocket, and stowed it in a corner of my desk. The immediate consequence was detection.

"How did you come to have it?" asked Elizabeth, wondering.

"Oh, it got put in somehow with my things," I answered evasively, and feeling very much ashamed.

Elizabeth took the poor little toy, and looked at it curiously. She must have possessed such things once, but it was as hard to picture her with a doll as with a rattle. She seemed equally remote from both. As she turned it over, an inspiration came to her. "I tell you what we'll do," she said; "we'll take it for your baby,—it's time one of us had a child,—and we'll get up a grand christening. Do you want a son or a daughter?"

"I hope we won't have Annie Church-ill for a priest," was my irrelevant answer.

"No, we won't," said Elizabeth. "I'll be the priest, and Tony and Lilly can be godparents. And then, after its christening, the baby can die,—in its baptismal

innocence, you know,—and we'll bury it."

I was silent. Elizabeth raised her candid eyes to mine. "You don't want it, do you?" she asked.

"I don't want it," I answered slowly.

Marie decided that, as our first-born was to die, it had better be a girl. A son and heir should live to inherit the estates. She contributed a handkerchief for a christening robe; and Emily, who was generous to a fault, insisted on giving a little new work-basket, beautifully lined with blue satin, for a coffin. Lilly found a piece of white ribbon for a sash. Tony gave advice, and Elizabeth her priestly benediction. Beata Benedicta della Rovere ("That name shows she's booked for Heaven," said Tony) was christened in the *bénitier* at the chapel door; Elizabeth performing the ceremony, and Tony and Lilly unctuously renouncing in her behalf the works and pomps of Satan. It was a more seemly service than our wedding had been; but it was only a prelude, after all, to the imposing rites of burial. These were to take place at the recreation hour the following afternoon; but owing to the noble infant's noble kinsmen not having any recreation hour when the afternoon came, the obsequies were unavoidably postponed.

It happened in this wise. Every day, in addition to our French classes, we had half an hour of French conversation, at which none of us ever willingly conversed. All efforts to make us sprightly and loquacious failed signally. When questions were put to us, we answered them; but we never embarked of our own volition upon treacherous currents of speech. Therefore Madame Davide levied upon us a conversational tax, which, like some of the most oppressive taxes the world has ever known, made a specious pretence of being a voluntary contribution. Every girl in the class was called upon to recount some anecdote, some incident or story which she had heard, or read, or imagined, and which she was supposed to be politely eager to communicate to her comrades.

We always began "Madame et mesdemoiselles, figurez-vous," or "Il y avait une fois," and then launched ourselves feebly upon tales, the hopeless inanity of which harmonized with the spiritless fashion of the telling. We all felt this to be a degrading performance. Our tender pride was hurt by such a betrayal, before our friends, of our potential imbecility. Moreover, the strain upon invention and memory was growing daily more severe. We really had nothing left to tell. Therefore five of us (Marie belonged to a higher class) resolved to indicate that our resources were at an end by telling the same story over and over again. We selected for this purpose an Ollendorffian anecdote about a soldier in the army of Frederick the Great, who, having a watch chain but no watch, attached a bullet — I can't conceive how — to the chain; and, when Frederick asked him the hour of the day, replied fatuously: "My watch tells me that any hour is the time to die for your majesty."

The combined improbability and stupidity of this tale commended it for translation, and the uncertainty as to the order of the telling lent an element of piquancy to the plot. Happily for Lilly, she was called upon first to "réciter un conte," and, blushing and hesitating, she obeyed. Madame Davide listened with a pretence of interest that did her credit, and said that the soldier had "beaucoup d'esprit;" at which Tony, who had pronounced him a fool, whistled a soft note of incredulity. After several other girls had enlivened the class with mournful pleasantries, my turn came, and I told the story as fast as I could, — so fast that its character was not distinctly recognized until the last word was said. Madame Davide looked puzzled, but let it pass. Perhaps she thought the resemblance accidental. But when Emily with imperturbable gravity began, "Il y avait une fois un soldat, honnête et brave, dans l'armée de Frédéric le Grand," and proceeded with the familiar details, she was sharply checked. "Faut pas répéter les mêmes contes,"

said Madame Davide; at which Emily, virtuous and pained, explained that it was *her* conte. How could she help it if other girls chose it too? By this time the whole class had awakened to the situation, and was manifesting the liveliest interest and pleasure. It was almost pitiful to see children so grateful for a little mild diversion. Like the gratitude of Italian beggars for a few sous, it indicated painfully the desperate nature of their needs. There was a breathless gasp of expectancy when Elizabeth's name was called. We knew we could trust Elizabeth. She was constitutionally incapable of a blunder. Every trace of expression was banished from her face, and in clear, earnest tones she said, "Madame et mesdemoiselles, — il y avait une fois un soldat, honnête et brave, dans l'armée de Frédéric le Grand," — whereupon there arose a shout of such uncontrollable delight that the class was dismissed, and we were all sent to our desks. Tony alone was deeply chagrined. Through no fault of hers, she was for once out of a scrape, and she bitterly resented the exclusion. It was in consequence of this episode that Beata Benedicta's funeral rites were postponed for twenty-four hours.

The delay brought no consolation to me. It only prolonged my unhappiness. I did n't love my doll after the honest fashion of a younger child. I did n't really fear that I should miss her. But, what was infinitely worse, I could not bring myself to believe that Beata Benedicta was dead, — although I was going to allow her to be buried. The line of demarcation between things that can feel and things that cannot had always been a wavering line for me. Perhaps Hans Andersen's stories, in which rush-lights and darning needles have as much life as human beings, were responsible for my mental confusion. Perhaps I merely held on longer than most children to a universal instinct which they share with savages. Any familiar object, anything that I habitually handled, possessed some portion of my own vitality. It was never

wholly inanimate. Beata's little bisque body, with its outstretched arms, seemed to protest mutely but piteously against abandonment. She had lain by my side for months, and now I was going to let her be buried alive, because I was ashamed to rescue her. There was no help for it. Rather than confess I was such a baby, I would have been buried myself.

A light fall of snow covered the frozen earth when we dug Beata's grave with our penknives, and laid her mournfully away. The site selected was back of the "Seven Dolours" chapel (chapels are to convent grounds what arbors and summer-houses are to the profane), and we chose it because the friendly walls hid us from observation. We had brought out our black veils, and we put them on over our hats, in token of our heavy grief. Elizabeth read the burial service, — or as much of it as she deemed prudent, for we dared not linger too long, — and afterwards reassured us on the subject of Beata's baptismal innocence. That was

the great point. She had died in her sinless infancy. We crime-laden souls should envy her happier fate. We put a little cross of twigs at the head of the grave, and promised to plant something there when the spring came. Then we took off our veils, and stuffed them in our pockets, — those deep, capacious pockets of many years ago.

"Let's race to the avenue gate," said Tony. "I'm frozen stiff. Burying is cold work."

"Or we might get one of the swings," said Lilly.

But Marie — whose real name, I forgot to say, was Francesco — put her arm tenderly around me. "Don't grieve, Beatrice," she said. "Our little Beata has died in her baptis—"

"Oh, come away!" I cried, unable to bear the repetition of this phrase. And I ran as fast as I could down the avenue. But I could not run fast enough to escape from the voice of Beata Benedicta, calling — calling to me from her grave.

THE THREE GIFTS

BY FLORENCE CONVERSE

"WHAT's keepin' yer sister?"

Granny's querulous old voice came clear and thin out of the shadows by the stove; but Bridget, though she lifted her head and her scribbling pencil, did not hear. She was listening to other voices.

The windows of the tenement looked out to the west, and Bridget's head, with the uplifted face, the straining chin, the tender, delicate profile, the half-open, wondering, expectant mouth, was etched against the saffron of an October sunset.

"Do you want to know what you look like, Bridget?" chuckled the old woman by the stove. "You look like a chicken with the pip."

This time the words, though not their meaning, reached the girl. She turned absently.

"Was it you spoke, Granny?"

"I begun to think I did n't, with you not hearin'. Queer things happens on All Hallows," grumbled the old woman.

"In Ireland," assented Bridget; "but there's nothing queer would happen in America."

"I don't know that. I don't know that." Granny's head shook on her old neck, a tremulous negative, and her mouth was grim in the corners. "All day I been a-sittin' here alone with the stillness. 'Am I deaf?' I says. And I threw the stove-lid acrost the room to see if I'd

hear it. I did. And so did Mrs. Maloney. She come a-cursin' me for wakin' up her baby. But I never heard the like of the stillness I've listened to this day. Don't tell me there ain't nothin' queer into it."

"It's the cars that ain't runnin'; that's what," explained the girl.

"But it's not what I'm not hearin' only; it's what I'm seein'," fretted the old woman. "Not once did I open the stove door to mend the fire, but I seen a sign of sorrow in the coals. There'll somethin' go wrong before midnight. It's not for nothin' I was born in Ireland."

"It's the loneliness that takes hold on you, with me an' Kathleen away to work all day," said Bridget soothingly; but the words only stirred another grievance.

"The loneliness is it!" retorted her grandmother. "And do you think you're anny more company for a body when you're sittin' with your mouth open and niver a word for me, for all I might talk to you till my throat cracked? What's that you're so secret over, with the pencil and paper, mutterin' to yourself? What's it you're writin' annyhow?"

Bridget hesitated, and when she spoke her voice was reluctant and troubled.

"I think — it's poetry," she said.

"You think?" mocked the old woman, but pride and rough kindness lurked beneath the mocking. "And have n't you learned the signs by this?"

"It feels like it in my head," acknowledged Bridget. "But I don't know if it'll look like it written down."

"Sure, it's the feel of it inside that counts," the old woman affirmed dogmatically. "Black marks on a white paper is only the shadows of it. There was your grandfather could n't read nor write, but was niver a soul in County Clare doubted he'd got the inspiration, only to look at him when the fit was on him, and to hear the words come tumblin' out of his mouth; sich singin' words! Oh, but I know the signs! Poetry is it? Say it to me, till I tell you."

Again there was a pause, and Bridget

got up uneasily and came into the middle of the room.

"I'll say you the one I made while I was doin' collars to the laundry to-day," she said at last. "It's about the strike."

"Devil take the strike!" snapped the old woman. "I ain't a motorman, nor I don't ride in them cars three times in a year. You'll say me the one you're writin' on the paper."

The girl stood, unwilling, hesitant.

"Ah, you would n't refuse your poor Granny, now would you, Bridget darlin'?" wheedled the teasing old voice. "It's few is the joys that is left to an old woman like me, come out to die in a strange country. When I hear you sayin' out the thoughts of your heart, Bridget my dear, I've only to shut my eyes and I see your grandfather a-sittin' in the chimney, and the room blue with the peat-smoke. And the sound of his voice, — it comes to me the way it was when the infloence was on him."

"This that I'm makin' now is not the same as them others I've made," faltered the girl. "It's dearer to me. Do you promise me never to tell nobody about it?"

"And who would I be tellin'?" Granny's protest bristled with virtuous indignation.

Bridget laughed lightly. "It's who would n't you be tellin', if you got good and ready," she answered.

"Take shame to yourself, slanderin' your own kin!" cried the old woman, but she chuckled appreciatively.

"If ever you tell it to anybody, I don't care who," Bridget warned her harshly, "I'll not say you another I make, so long as I live. I never will."

"Come over to me, till I can hear you," was Granny's response. And the girl went over and sat down on the floor beside the stove, her hands clasped about her knees, her face thrust forward a little and uplifted. There was a dull after-glow in the west, and twilight out of doors, but in the room a brown dusk. The caressing Irish voice spoke softly, in a chanting monotone: —

"For all that my life is the life of a very poor girl,

I have never gone hungry for bread.
For all there 's a hunger looks out of my eyes,
My body is fed.

"Never will I tell what it is I 'm crying after,
Never will I put it in writing, for man or
woman to read it.
But God knows: it 's Him that says to me,
'Sure Bridget,
You don't need it.'

"Such an innocent thing it is I 'm wanting,
But if I took it there 's a heart would break.
What for would I be breaking hearts, and me
a Christian?
I 'd liefer mine would ache.

"Sure, it 's the great courage I have, to bear
any kind of pain!
It 's joyful I am for the pain at the heart of
me.
O Mary! O Mary's Son, out of your humanity,
Give me strength! Comfort me!"

There was silence, then a soft little
moan from Granny as she pressed a
wrinkled finger into the corners of her
eyes and wiped them on her apron. Then
suddenly the dry old voice said:—

"How much longer will that fool, Tim
Riley, be comin' round here after your
sister?"

Bridget got to her feet and moved away
from her grandmother, her arms clasped
behind her head.

"I wish I never had told you that po-
etry," she said bitterly. "I wish I never."

"I 'm thinkin' that's where she is
this minute," continued the old woman,
"a-gallivantin' about the streets with that
good-lookin' young fool, instead of comin'
home from her work like anny decent
girl. And on All Hallows, when who
knows what ghosts is walkin'."

"It 's the strike, Granny, that keeps
her," Bridget explained patiently, and
taking the lid off the stew-pot that sim-
mered on the stove, she poured in more
water. "There ain't no cars runnin' and
she'll be over an hour walkin' it." And
she added with spirit: "Tim Riley's hon-
est and sober, and no fool. If she's walk-
in' with him she's in good company. But

she'd ought to be here soon now. I 'll put
on supper and make the tea."

"I seen strange things in the tea leaves
this noon," droned the old woman mys-
teriously. "I always do on the Eve of
All Hallows."

Bridget welcomed the new topic with
relief. "What was it you seen? Tell it
to me, Granny darlin'. My, but it must
be grand to know the signs and portents!
I wisht I was born in Ireland, to know
how. What did you see, Granny, tell me
that?"

"I seen you and Tim Riley and Kath-
leen," Granny began, with a gleam of
malice in her eye.

"Oh, but you're the tormentin' old
woman!" exclaimed Bridget, going to
the door. "Hush now, I think it's Kath-
leen comin'," and she went out on the
landing.

"Ah, well!" shouted Granny, lifting her
voice to be heard through the open door,
"it 'll keep. I 'll tell it you after supper."

"Yes, it 'll keep!" retorted Bridget,
coming back into the room. "It 's made
up out of whole cloth, that's what it is;
cloth of your own weavin', and not a word
of truth in it."

And then Kathleen came up the stairs,
flushed, and dragging her feet, but flash-
ing energy from her eyes and her gay
smile.

"Scrappin' are you?" she said cheer-
fully. "I heard you down to the second
floor. It sounds awful common, jawin'
with the door open, Bridget. You'd
ought to keep it shut, or your mouth; one
or the other."

"If there's ever a scrap amongst the
lot of us, it's yourself that's at the bot-
tom of it, Kathleen Moran!" cried the
old woman. "Me and Bridget would
niver have a word from week's end to
week's end but for you."

"Oh, Bridget's the pet, I know!"
acquiesced Kathleen, unpinning her
large hat. "What is it I've done now?"

And Bridget, lighting the lamp, said
peacefully, "It was your bein' late. She
forgets the strike; she's that old."

"I bet she would n't forget the strike if she'd walked five miles to get to her work and back," Kathleen replied good-naturedly. Her voice was louder than Bridget's, the strident voice of the Irish girl who in childhood has yelled at play in American streets. She was younger than Bridget, handsomer, better dressed.

"Some of the girls did n't get in to-day till ten o'clock," she continued. "They looked like they'd drop. And what do you think that old brute Atchison, the floor-walker, said to them? 'Well, you know'd the cars was n't runnin',' he says; 'why did n't you get out of bed an hour earlier?' he says. And was n't they docked half an hour, every one? Shameful. I call it!"

"You'd ought to have a union," said Bridget. "then you could hold up your end. The boss'ud think twice before he'd dock any of us laundry workers that lives three miles from the laundry a time like this."

"A union is it?" sniffed Kathleen. "Look what the union's done for the motormen! Look what it's done for Tim Riley, walkin' the streets and all his savin's like to be swallowed up. I'll bet if you was keepin' company with a man that was out on strike you would n't be so dead stuck on the unions."

"But the men's in the right of it," said Bridget. "Even the newspapers says they are."

"And if they are," her sister retorted, "Tim's out of a job just the same." She drew a chair up to the table noisily and sat down with emphasis.

"Will you be moved to the table, Granny darlin', or will you have your tea by the stove, in the warm corner?" Bridget asked.

"Bring it to me here," sighed the old woman, "and for the Lord's sake talk about somethin' cheerful. Here have I been alone all day, watchin' the spirits of the dead gather out of the stillness to make a night of it — and now" —

"What's she talkin' about?" interrupted Kathleen.

"It's to-morrow's All Saints," began Bridget.

"Oh, sure!" exclaimed her sister. "It's Hallowe'en to-day. You'd ought to see the candy stores; they're grand! They're all full of brownies and cute little Jack-o'-lantern candy boxes. I wanted one awful bad. I'd pull Tim for one, only he's so down in the mouth about the strike I ain't got the heart to ask him."

"Candy and jacky lanterns, is it?" cried the old woman. "I'll tell you there's more to All Hallows than them things." She was shaking the tea leaves in the bottom of her cup, and peering down at them solemnly. "If you could see what I'm seein'!"

Kathleen started up from the table eagerly. "What's it you're seein' in the cup, Granny?" she exclaimed. "Is it money?"

"It's nothin' but some of her foolishness," said Bridget. "Here, give me the cup, Granny, till I pour you some fresh."

"No, it's not money," replied the old woman, clinging obstinately to her cup. "I see three gifts."

There was a strange noise in the street. Bridget lifted her head, listening intently.

"What's that?" cried Kathleen, hurrying to the window.

"I see three gifts," droned the old woman.

"It's a car!" shouted Kathleen. "It's an electric! Do you hear it?"

The whirring noise swelled louder, coming nearer.

"They said the Company was goin' to try to run them with scabs in the rush hours!" Kathleen cried again, between awe and exultation.

"There'll be trouble," said Bridget. "Oh, listen!"

Something was coming with the car; a sound of many voices, an angry, growling sound. The old woman heard it, and lifted her eyes from the cup.

"They're comin'! They're comin'!" Kathleen exulted, lifting her hand to the window-catch.

"Don't you open the window!"

screamed the old woman. "Don't you open the window, I tell you! There'll be guns in the mob. Don't you do it!"

"Leave it down!" said Bridget, pressing on the window as her sister pushed up. "Can't you see she's near out of her mind with the fright?"

And then the car and the people swept by in the street below, with a trampling rush of many feet and a terrible, angry roaring; swept by, and suddenly, with a crash, stopped, and the voice of the mob rose in a thirsty howl, wolfish, snarling.

"There's death in it," said the old woman in a frightened whisper. "I know the sound. I heard it once't in Ireland. It means death."

"What do you see? What do you see?" gasped Kathleen, her own face pressed against the window-pane.

"The electric light's in my eyes," Bridget panted, "I can't see!"

And then a stillness fell, more dreadful than any sound.

"It means death," Granny whispered.

"I hope to God Tim ain't in it!" said Bridget involuntarily.

"Tim?" Kathleen's eyes shone. "I'll bet he is, though! Tim'll always be on hand for a fight, every time! He's the boy!"

"It means death!" said the old woman.

"Shut up!" cried Kathleen.

"Listen!" Bridget warned them.

Somebody was coming upstairs, running very fast, and yet not noisily. There was something uncanny in the swift and cautious footsteps. They sped upward without pause.

"Mother of God, save him!" whispered Bridget. And the door flew open.

A big man stood in the doorway. His eyes were wild and staring; there was a gray pallor under his rough, weather-beaten skin; little beads of sweat stood out on his forehead; but his big, quivering mouth smiled foolishly.

"O Tim!" screamed Kathleen. "How you scairt me!"

"Good-evenin' to you," he said, and turned his head backward over his shoulder, and looked into the dark hall, listening.

"It's like you to know we'd be wonderin' what was the row, Tim," said Bridget's quiet voice; and the man turned his face back again into the room, the listening look still in his eyes.

"It's like you," Bridget repeated, "to run and tell us before we'd begin to be afraid."

She had come near to him and was looking gently, steadily, into his face. A moment her eyes held his, and then he, as one who has been preoccupied and comes to himself, laughed awkwardly, and putting one hand behind him, shoved to the door.

"Sure!" he said. "That was why I come!"

"I knew you was in it!" laughed Kathleen.

"Well, I was n't, then!" he contradicted almost fiercely. "I tell you there's nobody can prove nothin' by me. I was on the edge of the crowd from the beginnin' to the end; all the time the rocks was flyin'."

"Was anybody hurt?" asked Bridget.

Tim looked at her, and then away, over her head. "I heard them say the motorman was dead," he answered. The grayness spread again suddenly over his face, and he turned his back on the two girls, and went and warmed his hands against the stove pipe.

Granny peered up at him from under her grizzled eyebrows stealthily. "Did you see who threw the rock that done for him?" she asked.

"And if he did?" Bridget interposed quickly. "Do you think Tim's the one would tell? And him a union man in good standin'?"

"You're right I would n't!" said Tim, and threw back his head and laughed, over-loud, hysterically.

"He was nothin' but a dirty scab, anyhow!" cried Kathleen. "He got what was comin' to him — and served him right."

"That's straight!" assented Tim. He had stopped laughing, and his voice was gloomy.

"How'd it take him?" continued Kathleen, intent on details. "Did it take him 'side the head?"

"Yes; it took him 'side the head."

"Did you see him drop, Tim?"

"Yes — I seen him drop."

"My! don't I wisht I'd seen it! And I would, only Bridget held the window down."

"What for did you hold the window down?" Tim turned roughly upon Bridget.

"Granny was afraid there would be shootin'."

"How much did you see?" he questioned.

"We did n't see nothin'. What with the window-glass and the dark, and the electric light down to the corner makin' shadows" — There was a soothing note in Bridget's voice, as if she were reassuring him about something.

"T was n't fit for women," he mumbled in apology for his roughness.

"I don't care, I wisht I'd seen it all the same," reiterated Kathleen. "We was scared to death only hearin' the noise; it was worse not seein' nothin'. Oh, Tim, you'd ought to been here! We was eatin' supper and talkin' about Hallowe'en; and I was tellin' them about the Jack-o'-lantern candy boxes in Huyler's window. Have you seen them, Tim? They're awful cute."

She waited a moment, but Tim was not listening. He left the stove, and going over to the window shaded the sides of his face with his hands and peered out into the street. Kathleen made a face at him behind his back, and then caught Bridget's disapproving eye, and laughed.

"No go, was it?" she said.

"What's that?" asked Tim.

"Oh, just somethin' I was sayin' to Bridget. You don't care what I say."

"Yes, I do," he protested. "I heard what you said; you was talkin' about

what you was doin' before the shindy, — and it's Hallowe'en, you said."

"The dead walks on Hallowe'en," murmured Granny, and Tim shivered and drew away from the window.

"There's one will ride, to-night," laughed Kathleen. "The ambulance is comin', do you hear?" And this time she flung up the window and leaned out.

"Sit down to the table, Tim," urged Bridget. "I don't believe you've had a bite to eat. You look wore out with all this worry. Sit down till I pour you out a cup of tea. We ain't done yet, ourselves." She pushed him into her own chair by the table, and carried a cup over to the teapot on the stove.

"I can't see nothin'," complained Kathleen, speaking out of the window, and kicking the mopboard with her toes.

"Come in and shut that window!" Bridget called. "You're givin' Granny her death. Come in and put some of the stew on a plate for Tim."

"What for do you want to be lookin' after a stiff, when you can sit down to table with a fine live man like me?" Tim asked, with an attempt at jocularly, burying his nose in his cup.

Kathleen had banged the window down, but his words restored her good humor. "Ain't he got the conceit!" she laughed, and boxed his ears playfully. "Pour me a fresh cup, will you, Bridget! — And, oh, I'll tell you what! We'll listen to Granny read the tea leaves."

"Oh, we'll listen to Granny read the tea leaves, will we?" mimicked the old woman. "Now that we ain't no mobs, nor murdered men to look at, — now that we ain't got nothin' better to do, we'll make a show of our poor old Granny from Ireland, the queer place it is!"

Nevertheless, she shook her cup and bent over it.

"Oh, my Lord!" exclaimed Kathleen. "I put my foot in it, sure, that time! Bridget, you ask her; she'll never say no to you."

"No, I won't ask her," said Bridget. "Leave her be! She's tired."

"It ain't me that's tired, it's Bridget that's afraid of what I'll be readin'," chuckled the old woman. "She afraid I'll be givin' away the name of her young man."

"Her young man!" shouted Kathleen. "Bridget's young man! — I'll believe it when I see him!" And she laughed noisily.

"And maybe you think you're the only one that's got a young man," retorted Granny. "But you may look well to it. I could tell you things that's hid in this teacup."

"Lies, they are, every one of them," said Bridget calmly. She was standing over her grandmother, and there was a hint of a threat in her attitude. "Give me the cup, Granny!"

"I'm not done with the cup," fretted the old woman. "Stand out of my light, till I see!" And leaning over, she peered into the teacup and began muttering, with now and again a teasing glance at her grand-daughter. Once she paused to look up and say, grinning: "While I'm a-gatherin' my wits, you might say your poetry to Tim," and she chuckled at the ominous light in Bridget's eyes.

"What poetry?" asked Kathleen; for although she could not see her sister's face she felt that the moment was tense.

"Granny!" said Bridget; and her voice, like her eyes, was ominous.

"Oh, 't is a piece she's made about the strike. It's fine, she told me. But if she won't say it, she won't. She's that stubborn." And shaking and chuckling, Granny once more bent over her teacup.

"S's'h!" whispered Kathleen at the table, laying her hand on Tim's arm. "She's goin' to! That's the way she begun before the car come, — shakin' the tea leaves and starin', solemn. 'Is it money, Granny?' I says to her. 'No,' she says, 'I see three gifts,' she says. And then the car come racin' by."

"I see three gifts!" murmured the old woman by the stove. And Bridget sighed helplessly, and crouched down on the floor beside her.

"I see three gifts, — a gift of words, and a gift of deeds, and a gift of a true lover."

"You can give that last to Kathleen, Granny," said Tim, squeezing his sweetheart's hand, "and keep the rest."

Kathleen giggled and blushed. "You're awful sure I'll take it," she answered pertly.

Granny paid no attention. "I lay the gift of deeds on the man," she said in a hoarse, monotonous voice. "I lay the gift of deeds on Tim Riley."

"And what'll I do with it?" he asked, but uneasily. The solemn voice had sobered him.

Granny reverted unexpectedly to her customary cracked, sarcastic tones. "How can I tell?" she quavered. "You know best what deeds you've done. You know best what you're like to do."

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded harshly, bending forward the better to see her, and clutching the edge of the table with the hand that had caressed Kathleen.

But Granny had resumed her prophetic rôle. "I see a gift of words!" she said.

"That'll be for Bridget, sure!" interrupted Kathleen. She tried to laugh, but her voice shook. The old woman's manner awed her against her will. "That'll be for Bridget," she repeated. "It's Bridget that makes the poetry. There's a copy-book she has full of writin', Tim, and she hides it for fear I'll try" —

"It's the gift of the gab I lay on Kathleen Moran!" cried the old woman, lifting her voice shrilly above Kathleen's prattle. "Sure, she's provin' it out of her own mouth; you've only to listen."

Bridget laughed out musically. They all laughed, and there was relief in the sound.

"Then there's but one gift left, Granny," said Bridget, in her quiet way. "You can lay that on me, if you like. I'll be the true lover."

"Be!" mocked Kathleen. "It's havin' the true lover that's the gift."

"It's bein' — if I'd rather," said

Bridget, and she took Granny's two hands in hers and laid her head against Granny's knee. "Now, don't you go for to be the contrairy old woman," she said softly.

And Granny, sitting very still, looked down on Bridget's bright hair. "I lay the gift to be a true lover on Bridget Moran!" she said presently. "And the Lord help her!"

Kathleen tossed her head, scornful of a situation to which she had no clue. "Bridget's too much for me!" she sneered.

"Humph!" grunted her grandmother. "But I'll go bail, you think you can see through Tim there, for all he's so deep."

"Deep!" shouted Kathleen. "Will you listen to the old woman with her blarney, Tim! — My Lord. I know Tim like a book. Don't I, Tim?"

"And if you do," Granny retorted, "it ain't sayin' much. I'll see the sky fall the day you take a book in your hand. Bridget's the one as knows the books."

"Say, what makes you so down on me, Mrs. Moran?" asked Tim, half in reproach, half in defiance. "It's been the same since the first day I commenced keepin' company with Kathleen. What's it you've got against me?"

"And what would I be havin' against you," replied the old woman, with elaborate sarcasm, "but only that you're too good for the likes of us. Maybe it's because to-night is All Hallows' Eve, but do you know who I 'minded me of when you come a-runnin' up them stairs awhile back, Tim? — Sure, it was one of the blessed saints; that's who."

Kathleen shrieked with laughter, and Tim looked foolish.

"I 'minded me of St. Columbkille," continued the old woman, "that time he'd killed a man and was runnin' for his life" —

"My God!" cried Tim, leaping to his feet. "You old" —

"Don't you listen to her, Timmie dear!" exclaimed Kathleen, catching his arm, but still laughing. "She'd die if she

did n't have her fun. Don't you listen to her!"

"I'm thinkin' it was just so he was runnin'!" Granny finished calmly.

"If Tim killed a man he'd never run away," said Bridget's quiet voice.

"Tim kill a man! The old softy!" giggled Kathleen, and shook her lover's arm fondly. But Tim was looking at Bridget with gloomy eyes.

"And it's you that should take shame to yourself for slanderin' the saints," Kathleen added, turning merrily upon her grandmother.

"Who will I be slanderin'?" asked Granny. "Is it Tim, or St. Columbkille? Sure, I think St. Columbkille can take care of himself. And the tale's a true one, for my mother told it to me, and she was a North of Ireland woman. He'd a devil of a temper, St. Columbkille had, when he was a young man. But he was in the right of it in the quarrel, — bein' a saint, — for all the other man died. Then St. Columbkille, he kilted his cassock about his knees, and run for it. And as he run, the grass bein' long it tripped him; and you know for yourself how riled you are when you stub your toe. So it was with St. Columbkille, — and him not in the best of tempers to begin with. And he put a curse on the grass. 'Lay down!' he says. 'And niver get up!' he says. And will you believe me, the grass in that county it lays along the ground ever since, as if the scythe had mowed it. And that's the truth, for it was a woman out of that county told my mother. But there was n't no grass growin' under your feet when you climbed them stairs, was there, Tim?"

Tim had been sitting, bent double, staring at the floor, with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands. Now he lifted his head, and giving no heed to the words of the old woman, spoke to Bridget.

"What makes you think I would n't run away?" he asked watchfully. "I ain't no different from other men."

"'T would be late in the day for you to turn coward, Tim."

"You bet he ain't no coward," said Kathleen with pride.

"But if it was a scab was killed?" He paused and regarded Bridget thoughtfully, fearfully. "A scab that done me dirt — that stole my job? — Why would n't I run away?" He drew a heavy breath. "Do you think that man that killed the scab motorman had ought to let the cops run him in? — A strike's war, Bridget."

"That scab knew he done what he done at his own risk!" exclaimed Kathleen. "You're right, it's war!"

But Tim, without looking at his sweet-heart, put out his hand and drew her to him. "Leave us hear your sister!" he said.

And Bridget, with pity in her eyes and pleading in her voice, began to speak.

"I'll not deny it's war," she said, "but a new kind. It's the side that suffers most that'll win out — in this war."

Kathleen, as always when she did not understand, looked her contempt. Tim waited, troubled, his eyes fixed hopelessly on some vision of doom the others might not see.

"I'll tell you how it is I feel," Bridget continued. And now she looked beyond Tim, and there spread and shone over her face as she talked a lovely light of self-forgetfulness and exaltation. "I'll tell you how I feel. I say, 't is the saints and their ways that conquers the world. The saints is the only ones that has got the world under their feet. We've got to do the way they done, if the unions is to stand. We can't afford no violence. We can't afford to throw no rocks, nor shoot no guns. We've got just to let up on the scabs, I say. When the public is with us solid, do you think there'll be any scabs? Not much! The public'll be on to them too quick. It's seein' the blood of martyrs flow that takes the public. It must n't be the scabs that's the martyrs, Tim. If the unions is God's truth, then we're called to suffer for it."

"And don't we suffer?" Tim cried. "Is there any other name for it?"

"But not the way the blessed saints suffered, Tim. We've got to come to that before we'll win. Do you think one of them would ever have thrown the rock at that motorman?"

"There was St. Columbkille," Tim answered, but there was no hope in his dogged voice.

"Ah, yes; but he was a young man when he done that; and he lived to see things different. Some says it was for the sake of his sins he went out of Ireland, — him that loved Ireland so dear! Why could n't he say, 'Let the thing I've done be covered up; I'm sorry for it, God knows. But Ireland needs me, and I'll stay by her.' Why could n't he say that? But he saw different. He said: 'God'll send the right man to help Ireland; sure, I ain't the one if I get on the rampage like this. It's up to me to do penance in Iona, and to save souls to make up for them I've slain.' He went away, Tim, into the long exile. He gave himself up to the law of the land."

"Yes," said Tim, in a strange, low, clear voice. "But if the one that done for the motorman gives himself up to the law of the land, do you know what'll come of it? They'll make an example of him. He'll swing. Do you think — do you think — Where'd be the good?" It was not a question; it was the pleading of one who asks to be defended against his own conscience.

Bridget grew suddenly white, and began to clasp and unclasp her hands, wringing them together till the knuckles stood out bloodless, like polished ivory. When she spoke, her voice was low and clear as his own, but with a hush in it.

"I did n't think you would be askin' me that, Tim, — the good Catholic you are. Where'd be the good of the Cross? And the Son of Mary had n't sinned no sin — even for the sake of savin' the world."

Kathleen moved restlessly, and turned from one to the other of the speakers.

"I don't see what that's to do with

it," she said impatiently. "Nor I don't see what for you and Tim are doin' this song and dance. Tim could n't give away the man that done it. You said that yourself, Bridget. He would n't never be the sneak to give away another union man. What's it you're after?"

Tim stood up, still holding his sweetheart's hand.

"There's something I'll have to tell you," he said; and he looked at Kathleen and at Granny, and his eyes came back to Bridget. "There's something I'll have to tell you. And then I'll go. It was me that threw the rock that done for that scab. It was me that killed him."

"Yes, Tim; I know," said Bridget simply.

Kathleen gasped, and stared at him a moment. "You!" she screamed. "You done that?" And then she had flung her arms about his neck, and was clinging to him, laughing and talking, with the tears running down her cheeks. "And what do I care if you did! I'm proud of you! You did n't think I'd care, did you, Tim? What difference could it make to me, lovin' you? He was a dirty scab, and good riddance!"

Tim held her close to him, hungrily, but something in his silence made her look up into his face.

"It was war, Tim!" she cried; but now there was a note of terror in her voice. "Don't you be listenin' to Bridget! Her and Granny's cracked on the saints. It's just their talk. There ain't nothin' in it. They'd never give you away, Tim." She drew one arm from around his neck and turned his face to meet hers. "Tim-mie darlin'," she pleaded. "anybody might have throwed that stone. You could n't know it was goin' to hit."

"But I wanted it to hit!" said Tim. "I wanted to kill him — till I saw him drop! — O my God!" — he covered his eyes.

"There was more stones than your'n. Don't you believe it, darlin'; it was n't your'n."

"It was mine," he contradicted weakly.

"I can't take my mind off it. It was mine. Let me go. Good-by all. Good-by, Kathleen, my dear!"

"Where are you goin'?" she screamed, clinging to him. "Nobody knows but us, Tim. The man was a scab. He took his life in his own hands when he run that car. It's the company that's responsible, not you. And the men are in the right, this strike, Tim. Everybody's sayin' the men are in the right."

"Yes, but now I've gone and put them in the wrong. Don't you see? I know'd it when I seen him drop. I must pay. Bridget's right."

Kathleen swung round upon her sister furiously, with uplifted arm.

"Oh, oh!" she screamed. "Look what you've done now! What call had you to meddle? He's none of yours! He's mine! Look what you've done! — He's mine! — And you're the murderer, Bridget Moran, with the lying tongue and the cold heart of you! Oh, may your heart be broken for the man you love — and a bad end to him!"

She whirled back to Tim, and flung herself sobbing on his breast. Granny, in her corner, made the sign of the cross. Bridget only stood with locked hands, gazing dumbly, pitifully at Tim and her sister. He, with one arm around Kathleen, took his cap softly from the table and put it on. Then he kissed his sweetheart and unwound her arms from his neck. Bridget leaned toward him, humbly, her hands always clasped tight before her.

"If you could say one word to me before you go, Tim!" she faltered.

His hand was on the door. "God bless you, Bridget!" he said, and went out down the stairs with a loud, determined tread.

Kathleen fell down by the door, weeping and moaning. But Bridget went over to the corner by the stove, and laid her head on her grandmother's knees.

"Sure, and it's the proud girl you should be, the night, Bridget Moran," said the old woman very gently, laying

her two hands on her grand-daughter's head. "For 't is to you is given, not one gift only, but all the three gifts are yours."

Then Bridget's tears came. "Oh,

Granny, he's gone! -- He's gone to give himself up!" she sobbed.

"But 't was yourself that sent him, my dear, my darlin'," said the old woman. "That'll be the comfort to you, always."

SIGNIFICANT POETRY

BY FERRIS GREENSLET

It has been the fortune of the writer to peruse within the past year, for purposes that may be nameless, if not the entire metrical production of the United States and Great Britain, at least no inconsiderable portion of the same. I have, to speak sadly and precisely, read within that time between two and three thousand manuscript poems, and more than two hundred volumes of recently collected verse. Standing thus, as an old poet hath it,

"Up to the chin in the Pierian flood,"

it may very well be that I am but ill qualified to speak of the course of the stream, to trace it to its remote and secret springs, or to foretell in what sea or swamp it shall ultimately be merged. But at any rate it will not be difficult to set down the direction and strength of the current, with some account of the braver argosies that are borne upon its murmurous waves.

Perhaps we shall best determine which books of recent poetry are "significant" if we ask ourselves, flatly, what makes any book of verse significant? And first we must inquire, to avoid confusion of mind, significant to whom?

To its author, any volume of rhymes, however spiritless, is significant for the excellent reason that he wrote it; and significance of this sort ripples out in widening, weakening circles in the appreciation of the author's parents, friends, and cousins, and may, at the last, even

lap against the stern and rock-bound consciousness of his publisher, in the form of a profit on the cost of manufacture paid by the author. Significant poetry of this class might afford a thorough-going humanist a fruitful theme for discussion. He might deal profitably with the question of the origins of the instinct for rhythmical expression, with the representative nature of the vast result, with the place and function of the deplorable poet in society, and in the home. But all this is obviously remote from the end of the present adventure.

To the æsthetically pure lover of poetry for poetry's sake, on the other hand, there is but one sole spring of significance in verse, — beauty, — beauty of thought, of phrase, of melodious cadence, and the bright beauty of perfect outline. Such an one is upon the side of the angels; yet his point of view commands but a segment of a large and crowded circle of poetic phenomena.

We shall do best to regard the matter from the angle of the reader of cultivated curiosity, who, a true-born lover of poetry, is withal of a philosophic turn, inquisitive of relations. For such a reader that poetry is significant which by its sincerity and strength of conception, its artistic adequacy of execution, expresses pleasurable not only the mood of that exceptional person, the poet, but something, as well, of the pervasive mood of his day. Shall we say, then, that poetry is significant for us when it bears some

vital and discernible relation to men's business and bosoms, — so it be their most important business, their innermost bosoms, — and to the poetry that has been and shall be. Yet in pursuing our investigations we shall need the constant correction of the lover of poetry for poetry's sake. In a certain dubious sense a poem may have significance because it is widely admired, and this may lead the inquisitive mind too far afield. But here, if we discriminate, the significance is rather in the admiration than in the poem itself. In the long run, in any age only the poetry that is sincere and fine is significant.

If we conceive of the poetry that has been written in English in the last twelve months as a kind of Purgatory, a mountainous cone like Dante's, with a spiral pathway leading to its summit, we shall find among the one hundred and seventy-odd volumes on its lower rounds no ponderable significance; but midway in the ascent we come to a score or more of poets with something to say for themselves.

The clever poetic thaumaturgy of Josephine Dodge Daskam (now Mrs. Bacon) and Frederic Lawrence Knowles, the ripe and scholarly work of Dr. William C. Huntington and the late Dr. John W. Chadwick, the eerie crooning of the marvelous ten-year-olds, Julia Cooley and Enid Welsford, the polished, high-spirited wit of Harry Graham and Owen Seaman, the suave, melodious classicism of Lloyd Mifflin and Bliss Carman, the thoughtful versifying of Florence Earle Coates and Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., the ambitious, if superheated tragic writings of George Cabot Lodge and Percy Mackaye, — all these are significant, if only as showing the number and variety of the poets who are writing effective verse. Nor would any account of recent poetry be complete which failed to make mention of the latest work of Mr. Riley, still overflowing with the old laughter and tears; of the richly picturesque poems of John Payne, the "loud symphonious lays" of C. E. Russell, the quaint,

intellectual tenderness of "A. E.," the crabbed, impressive pieces of Edith Thomas, and the pleasing pin pricks of Robert Loveman's tiny poems. The year has seen, besides, two posthumous volumes by young poets of a promise now pathetically frustrate, Guy Wetmore Carryl and Edith Banfield.

But interesting as is the work of all these poets, none of it has quite the distinction or the significance to justify a close examination of it here, for, — to be fanciful again, — as we wind upwards along the perilous cornices of our Purgatory toward the Terrestrial Paradise of recent poetry, other, more considerable figures are discerned. The fine and significant poetry in the latest work of Mr. Woodberry, Miss Peabody, and Mr. Moody has already been treated in the *Atlantic*. We have before us, then, as material for the deduction of significance, the collected poems of Mr. Swinburne and Ernest Dowson, a selection from the poetry of John Davidson, dramatic pieces by Thomas Hardy, Stephen Phillips, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and volumes of verse by Frank Dempster Sherman, Henry van Dyke, Anna Hempstead Branch, and T. Sturge Moore.¹

¹ *The Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne*. 6 vols. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

The Poems of Ernest Dowson, with a Memoir by Arthur Symonds. New York: John Lane.

Selected Poems. By JOHN DAVIDSON. New York: John Lane.

The Dynasts. By THOMAS HARDY. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The Sin of David. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Judith of Bethulia. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Lyrics of Joy. By FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Music, and Other Poems. By HENRY VAN DYKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Shoes that Danced, and Other Poems. By ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Gazelles, and Other Poems. By T. STURGE MOORE. London: Duckworth & Co.

The six ornate volumes of the collected edition of Mr. Swinburne's work other than dramatic reveal him as a poet of a deeper inspiration than it has always been possible to perceive as his single volumes of numerous nympholepsy, or ranting denunciation, have fallen one by one from the press. The dedicatory epistle to Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, which Mr. Swinburne has prefixed to the collection, is rather mournful in its insistence on the palpitancy, so to say, of the author's poetic moods; yet in reading through the set the corresponding agitation of the verse comes to have, for this so quizzical age, a certain importance. It is in a way the proper agitation of a prophet without full honor in his own country.

The empty, canorous resonance which was the notable quality of Mr. Swinburne's early work, and which has often been charged against his work as a whole, is seen now to be illusive. In his preoccupation with all the most poetical poetry of the world's past, and with the great hope of human brotherhood for her future, in the sheer temperament of his work, there is a substance that will not weigh lightly in Time's scales.

Yet, looking at his work steadily, one quality is discerned which makes against its permanence. With all Mr. Swinburne's intimate British passion for the girdling sea, with all his passionate celebration of the old English dramatists, his work all but wholly lacks the national note. In the shaping of both the spirit and form of his work Hugo and Baudelaire have meant more to him, judging by the result, than all the past of English literature. His political dreams are those of a Continental revolutionary, not those of the heir of Milton and Wordsworth. The very tone of his work is un-English. In true British verse there has always been, even in the whirlwind of the highest inspiration, even in the work of Shelley, a certain reticence and concision of phrase. A vital poetic idea has been more likely to take shape in a single

stanza or a single line, vivid, curt, and memorable, than to be elaborated through a sequence of stanzas in melodious but elusive variation. There are many memorable poems in Mr. Swinburne's works, but few memorable stanzas, and fewer memorable lines.

If we may judge by the fate of exotic poetry in the past, this lack of a deep national quality is a principle of corruption making against the permanence of a poet's work. In Mr. Swinburne's case, however, the fact that the first English poet of the last decade of the nineteenth century should turn so instinctively toward the Continent for his inspiration and his models is full of significance. There, and there only, it would appear, was there any passion of dream, any present nutriment for a genius so avid of flowers and flame.

In *The Poems of Ernest Dowson*, we find a similar endeavor to escape from the predicament of a prosaic and conventional society into paths of artistic freedom. In Dowson's case, however, there was a grievous disease of the temperament and of the will that led him into ways that were sordid and evil; and Mr. Symons in his introduction has been at no pains to conceal it. Had he died in 1600 instead of 1900, this would have made him perhaps the more attractive to us. For, as most virtuous persons are constituted, ancient sin in doublet and hose has a certain interesting glamour that the modern article happily does not possess. The perusal of the memoir brings the reader to Dowson's poems, for all the delicacy of Mr. Symons's touch, with a certain preconceived repugnance. Yet as one reads the poems themselves the repugnance gives way to a pitiful and admiring interest. This poet of the docks and stews and cabmen's shelters, who led habitually a life such as Poe led occasionally, was a scholar and an artist, who wrote in verse with sad sincerity, in exquisite lingering rhythms and a diction poignant in its reserved perfection. How

almost classic is the accent of these stanzas from his "Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration:" —

Calm, sad, secure ; behind high convent walls,
These watch the sacred lamp, these watch
and pray :

And it is one with them when evening falls,
And one with them the cold return of
day.

Outside the world is wild and passionate ;
Man's weary laughter and his sick despair
Entreat at their impenetrable gate :
They heed no voices in their dream of
prayer.

They saw the glory of the world displayed ;
They saw the bitter of it, and the sweet ;
They knew the roses of the world should
fade,
And be trod under by the hurrying feet.

Calm, sad, secure ; with faces worn and
mild :
Surely their choice of vigil is the best ?
Yea ! for our roses fade, the world is wild ;
But there, beside the altar, there, is rest.

The pathos of poetry such as Ernest Dowson's—a type more pathetically common in this unregardful world than any but readers of poetry in manuscript know—lies precisely in this conflict of the old vision with a volition diseased of a malady more insidious than that violent complaint of the romantic period whence the Byronic poets drew a large melancholy for their song. The note of Ernest Dowson's poetry more nearly resembles that of Leopardi's in its suggestion of a fine poetic faculty, a clear, undeluded mind, struggling for expression against a mortal weariness of flesh and spirit. Dowson's inspiration was never of the volume of Leopardi's, his idealism was more faltering and ineffective, but there is more than a passing likeness to such poems as *Il Sogno*, *Alla sua Donna*, and *Aspasia* in the mood and in the deeper meaning of the lyric entitled "*Non sum qualis eram bonae sub regno Cynarae*:" —

Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips
and mine

VOL. 96—NO. 3

There fell thy shadow, Cynara ! thy breath
was shed
Upon my soul between the kisses and the
wine ;

And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head :
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my
fashion.

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm
heart beat,
Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep
she lay ;
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth
were sweet ;
But I was desolate and sick of an old pas-
sion,

When I awoke and found the dawn was
gray :
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my
fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara ! gone with the
wind,
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of
mind ;
But I was desolate and sick of an old pas-
sion,

Yea, all the time, because the dance was
long :
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my
fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger
wine,
But when the feast is finished and the lamps
expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara ! the night is
thine ;
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire :
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara ! in my
fashion.

There is in this, surely, something of the open-eyed supineness of what it is the fashion to call, perhaps too loosely, decadence, but there is in it, too, the old, piteous, significant cry of the soul.

Mr. John Davidson's poetic view of the world is as tragical as Ernest Dowson's ; but there is a grim irony of intellectual strength in his work that marks him of a different race of men. Suicide and seduction, disaster and desolation, are his favorite themes. Yet his willful mood is the mood of a fighter, and so firm

is his faculty of narrative construction, so vigorous his poetic utterance, that to read him at his best is a mental tonic. Capable as he is of an imaginative richness and a lyrical sweetness that no poet of the day has surpassed, he has plainly endeavored in the choice of pieces for the volume of selections to exhibit the strength rather than the sweetness of his vein. Yet there are few poems in the collection that do not show both qualities. Mr. Davidson is, perhaps, most important poetically when they are in most perfect balance, as in some of his longer poems, like the "Ballad of Lancelot," or even in certain of his pieces in a lighter vein, like his "Holiday at Hampton Court;" where, withal, there is an undertone of tragic irony: —

Scales of pearly cloud inlay,
North and south, the turquoise sky,
While the diamond lamp of day
Quenchless burns, and time on high
A moment halts upon his way
Bidding noon again good-bye.

Gaffers, gammers, huzzies, louts,
Couples, gangs, and families
Sprawling, shake, with Babel-shouts
Bluff King Hal's funereal trees;
And eddying groups of stare-about
Quiz the sandstone Hercules.

Now the echoing palace fills;
Men and women, girls and boys
Trample past the swords and frills,
Kings and Queens and trulls and toys;
Or listening loll on window-sills,
Happy amateurs of noise!

That for pictured rooms of state!
Out they hurry, wench and knave,
Where beyond the palace-gate
Dusty legions swarm and rave,
With laughter, shriek, inane debate,
Kentish fire and comic stave.

Voices from the river call;
Organs hammer tune on tune;
Larks triumphant over all
Herald twilight coming soon,
For as the sun begins to fall
Near the zenith gleams the moon.

Among contemporary English poets other than dramatic, there is one more writer who has done work of a strong

peculiar flavor that is of enough importance to merit the most studious attention of lovers of poetry. Mr. T. Sturge Moore has published within the past two years four paper-bound volumes at a shilling apiece that contain poetry of the first water. Mr. Moore's earliest preoccupations were with the psychology of out-of-the-way aspects of paganism. His *Centaur's Booty* was a glorification of animal strength and beauty, put into the mouths of two Centaurs, the last of their race, who have stolen a mortal boy from his mother. The initial conception was fantastic in the extreme, yet it was presented with a lyric passion that appealed to city-worn sensibilities like a breath of uncontaminate mountain air. How stirring was the concluding resolution of the Centaurs for the rearing of their booty:

He shall milk the wild goats on the mountains;
His feet shall grow sure as their feet;
He shall bathe in the clear rock fountains,
Till so clear is his mind and so deep;
And his joy shall be high as the snow-line
And embrace a vast plain with delight;
His laugh shall twang true as a bow-line,
Like arrows his songs take their flight.

In the succeeding volume Mr. Moore turned to a more piteous fable, — piteous first in his reading of it, — and through the mouth of a faun tells the story of *The Rout of the Amazons* by the Athenian horsemen. Only by the luxuriance of beautiful imagery was the detailed pain of the piece made endurable. But that it was so made may be inferred from this specimen: —

A thousand rode together, poisoning darts,
Behind them those with other arms came on;
All flaunting down a green-sward valley came
Between Arcadia's gentle holted hills.
It was for beauty like a fleet at sea,
Or like an hundred swans
Sailing before the breeze across a lake!
Their vests of daffodil, or pallid pink
Or milky violet! their saffron caps
And hoods like birds for sudden wing-like
flaps!
Their white and piebald mounts! the rich
green sward,

The morning light, the blossoming hawthorn
trees!

The zephyr's music in the holts that crown
With delicate fern-like trees, each soft knoll's
top!

I thought the night had borne me heaven-
ward

And in Olympus I had waked from sleep;
And when their war-song rose
Long tears of rapture ran across my face.

In his latest volume, *The Gazelles, and Other Poems*, Mr. Moore leaves the Hellenic byways where his imagination has been dwelling, for others equally curious and remote from this present world. Yet the rapid maturing of his art is seen in the vigor wherewith he drives the permanent meaning of a fantastic tale home to the reader's heart. For all his narrative skill, his picturesqueness and his humor, Mr. Moore in his present manner is not likely to be a popular poet. He depends little upon the attraction of obvious sentiments, or suave, pellucid speech. At first sight his crowded lines, with their excessive punctuation, seem crabbed as Donne's. Like Donne's, too, are the over-subtle pregnancy of his phrase, his far-brought analogies. Yet as one reads him over, many of Donne's characteristic excellences may be discerned in his work, along with the superficial qualities. Read aloud, his heavily consonanted lines will be found to have a throbbing insistence like the trampling of passionate feet. And the crabbedest, hardest phrase, the most recondite simile, if pondered, will open long vistas of meaning.

"The Gazelles" is a kind of elegy for a band of the frail, beautiful beasts hunted with chetahs to the death by a troop of Persian princes. The hunting is described in a series of ornate pictures seen as if through a kind of hazy dream. At the end the poet breaks out into a threnody which in energy of conception, in adequacy of execution, is perhaps the finest poetry that he has produced:—

Why are they born? ah! why beget
They in the long November gloom
Heirs of their beauty, their fleetness,— yet
Heirs of their panics, their pangs, their doom?

That to princely spouses children are born
To be daintily bred and taught to please,
Has a fitness like the return of morn:
But why perpetuate lives like these?

Like the shadows of flames which the sun's
rays throw

On a kiln's blank wall, where glaziers dwell,
Pale shadows as those from the glasses they
blow,

Yet that lap at the blank wall and rebel,—

Even so to my curious trance-like thought
Those herds move over those pallid hills,
With fever as of a frail life caught
In circumstance o'er-charged with ills;

More like the shadow of lives than life,
Or most like the life that is never born
From baffled purpose and foredoomed strife,
That in each man's heart must be hidden from
scorn.

Yet with something of beauty very rare
Unseizable, fugitive, half discerned;
The trace of intentions that might have been
fair

In action, left on a face that yearned

But long has ceased to yearn, alas!
So faint a trace do they leave on the slopes
Of hills as sleek as their coats with grass;
So faint may the trace be of noblest hopes.

Yet why are they born to roam and die?
Can their beauty answer thy query, O soul?
Nay, nor that of hopes which were born to fly,
But whose pinions the common and coarse day
stole.

Like that region of grassy hills outspread,
A realm of our thought knows days and nights
And summers and winters, and has fed
Ineffectual herds of vanished delights.

To behold the thronging world in "curious trance-like thought" is the lot of the sincerest poetic temperaments that are now expressing themselves in verse, but none has expressed the tragic things beheld with a more delicate fidelity than Mr. Moore in the stanzas above. The mood which views life as a tragedy of pitiful frustration must inevitably doom a man to the ranks of minor poetry; yet in Mr. Moore's writing, along with abundant poetic gifts, there is an intellectual vigor, a depth of humor back of the mood,

that leads one to hope that he may be one of the first of contemporary English poets to escape from the labyrinth of modern fatalism, dispose of the bull-headed beast of "commercialism," and embark upon the old high sea of poetry.

As the inquiring student of contemporary poetry turns from the best English to the best American verse, he is doomed to something of a disappointment. The robust American note which has been the dream of our literary prophets — and of which the tuning flourish has been sounded in the poetry of Lowell, of Whitman, and of some lesser men — is rarely heard now save in poetry so crude as to be a provocation rather than a pleasure. The best and most significant American poetry of the past year partakes of that delicate retrospective refinement which since the days of Irving and Longfellow has been one of the prime marks of our literature. This poetic strain is heard most purely in *Music, and Other Poems*, by Henry van Dyke, and in *Lyrics of Joy*, by Frank Dempster Sherman.

Dr. Van Dyke's work is that of a scholar in poetry endowed with a graceful gift of lyric speech. He has fed upon the bee-bread of English poetry, and he produces honeyed verse that by reason of the intellectual integrity of the poet often attains the accent of true and fine poetry. There is always a faint suggestion of the bookish labor of the study in Dr. Van Dyke's verse; it rarely utters the unpremeditated word of pure inspiration, and as rarely does its artful phrase come freighted with the subtle, shadowy intimation of the spirit of the hour that makes some poetry of artifice important; yet in its sweet ingenuity, in its sincere and intelligent workmanship, its high and wholesome sentiment, it is of exceptional charm. Dr. Van Dyke is nowhere more characteristically himself than in these strophes of his "God of the Open Air:"

Thou who hast made thy dwelling fair
With flowers beneath, above with starry
lights,

And set thy altars everywhere, —
On mountain heights,
In woodland valleys dim with many a dream,
In valleys bright with springs,
And on the curving capes of every stream:
Thou who hast taken to thyself the wings
Of morning, to abide
Upon the secret places of the sea,
And on far islands, where the tide
Visits the beauty of untrodden shores,
Waiting for worshippers to come to thee
In thy great out-of-doors!
To thee I turn, to thee I make my prayer,
God of the open air.

From the prison of anxious thought that greed
has builded,
From the fetters that envy has wrought and
pride has gilded,
From the noise of the crowded ways and the
fierce confusion,
From the folly that wastes its days in a world
of illusion,
(Ah, but the life is lost that frets and lan-
guishes there!)
I would escape and be free in the joy of the
open air.

So let me keep
These treasures of the humble heart
In true possession, owning them by love;
And when at last I can no longer move
Among them freely, but must part
From the green fields and from the waters
clear,
Let me not creep
Into some darkened room and hide
From all that makes the world so bright and
dear;
But throw the windows wide
To welcome in the light;
And while I clasp a well-beloved hand,
Let me once more have sight
Of the deep sky and the far-smiling land, —
Then gently fall on sleep,
And breathe my body back to Nature's care,
My spirit out to thee, God of the open air.

Mr. Sherman's work, like Dr. Van Dyke's, is that of the fine and conscientious artist. No American poet has a more tireless instinct for perfection, or is more masterly in his manipulation of the file. Nor is the result in Mr. Sherman's case poetry merely of a polished and fragile surface, splendidly null. An element of his talent even more important than his pursuit of perfection is a vein of mystical

fancy and quiet pathos. This is the breath of his poetry. Hence it is that his delicate, coolly meditated lines are so often full of elusive, haunting suggestion. His lyric entitled "Witchery" is one of his slightest, yet how magical is its drowsy spell of reverie: —

Out of the purple drifts,
From the shadow sea of night
On tides of musk a moth uplifts
Its weary wings of white.

Is it a dream or a ghost
Of a dream that comes to me,
Here in the twilight on the coast,
Blue cinctured by the sea?

Fashioned of foam and froth —
And the dream is ended soon,
And, lo, whence came the moon-white moth
Comes now the moth-white moon!

Compared with the work of the trans-Atlantic poets whom we have considered, even poetry so good as Dr. Van Dyke's and Mr. Sherman's is a little lacking in temperament, in hind-head, so to say, and less closely related to the major intellectual currents of the time. In *The Shoes that Danced, and Other Poems*, however, Miss Anna Hempstead Branch has written poetry that is at once full, sometimes a little too full, of temperament, and in the truest sense of the word "significant," both in its own quality, and in its relation to some of the deeper moods of the hour.

Miss Branch's inspiration is purely romantic, and there is always something of strangeness in the beauty of her verse. For color and picturesqueness she habitually adopts mediæval subjects, and sometimes, even, a mediæval fashion of poetic speech. Her chief preoccupation is constantly with the wan wonder of the world as it is revealed to the eye of an imaginative psychology. But there is an intellectual vigor in her work, a freshness of music and a vivid strength of phrase, that keep it free of the note of morbidity. Explicitness of doctrine is too often fatal to a poem's charm, yet Miss Branch's long "monologue in regard to heredity," en-

titled "The Descendant and the Id," for all its explicit homiletics, has a Lucretian richness and passion that gives it power over the imagination as well as over the intellect. The Descendant reasons of the fate that for modern men and women no longer darkens from the skies, but surges, more tragical and resistless, in the blood; and chiefly he considers the "small satiric Id," —

That little Ark, that peopled with a brood
Of dreams, desires, portents, rides the flood,
Rocks on forever through thy wistful blood.

Behold in it how many lives arrayed!
Wild, hostile, loving, exquisite, afraid,
All living things that God has ever made.

Here is thy will, thy war, thy heavenly fire,
Thy dust, thy want, thy labor, and thy hire,
The dream, the anger, and the old desire.

Yet at the end he comes to a conclusion that is as reassuring, as it is — shall we say — "significant:" —

Apart, above, beneath, beyond, within,
I laugh at this vast heritage of sin.
That God that made me armed my soul to win.

Slowly I feel the ancient custom fall
Like shattered rain from off a steady wall,
And great "I will" is stronger than them all.

For if these hordes that terribly must ride
Drive through my heart and leave their grief
inside,
God also wanders there at eventide.

Poetry like this, so thoughtful and so imaginative, yet so prodigal of imagery and thought, is handicapped by its very prodigality. Yet Miss Branch is capable of a telling repression, and in the three vigorous dramatic sketches in her volume, as well as in her lyrics, odes, sonnets, and narrative poems, she has drawn together a body of poetry of very hopeful promise. Perhaps the most promising quality of all is the diversity of mood that underlies the variety of form. It ranges from the weird ecstasy of this startling stanza of "The Riders:" —

Strange times have galloped through my
mood!
(Ride, quoth he.)

Old cities dance along my blood!
 (Ride, quoth he.)
 'T is Sodom has an adder's tongue —
 But oh, what songs has Venice sung!
 With piercing Troy have I been stung,
 Gomorrah through my heart has swung!
 'T was so with Christ when he was young!
 (Ride, quoth he.) —

to the wistful feminine tenderness of
 "Sweet Weariness:" —

Fatigue itself may be a pleasant thing,
 And weariness be silken, soft, and fine!
 Upon my eyes its little vapors shine,
 Trailing me softly like a colored wing!
 Tender as when beloved voices sing
 It steals upon me and with touch divine
 Lulls all my senses till each thought of mine
 Is hushed to quiet, unremembering.
 Oh, weariness thrice dear, so frailly spun
 Of ended pleasure that still shines and glows;
 Oh, weariness, thrice dear! What have I done
 To earn this delicate and deep repose?
Child, thou hast worshiped at the setting sun
And looked long, long, upon the opening rose.

The best dramatic poetry of the last eighteen months is in the work of Mr. Hardy, Mr. Stephen Phillips, and Mr. Aldrich. Yet even this is perhaps rather of curious or purely æsthetic interest than symptomatic or significant in the sense that we have been proposing. *The Dynasts*, part one of "a drama of the Napoleonic wars, in three parts, nineteen acts, and one hundred and thirty scenes," is chiefly important as a vivid presentation of a fatalistic philosophy of history. The poetry of the piece is not so much in the brickish verse as in some of the stage directions in prose. By these the reader is deified into an observer sitting above the clouds, before whose gaze the intricate pageant of a great war passes in an ironic littleness. Writes Mr. Hardy in one place: —

The silent insect creep of the Austrian columns towards the banks of the Don continues to be seen till the view fades to nebulousness, and dissolves!

In another: —

The scene assumes the preternatural transparency before mentioned, and there is again beheld, as it were, the interior of a brain which seems to manifest the volitions of an Universal Will, of whose tissues the personages of the action form a part.

In the very audacity of this there is poetry, as in its fatalism there is significance.

The Sin of David, Mr. Stephen Phillips's latest adventure in the field of poetry for the stage, still further sustains the contention of the present writer in the *Atlantic* three years ago, that the talent of the author of *Marpessa* is for elegiac rather than for dramatic verse. *The Sin of David* is even cleverer than *Herod* and *Ulysses* in its superficial dramatic quality, its superficial poetry. But the true dramatic fire is not in it. The catastrophe, wherein the tragic sins of adultery and murder are expiated by the death neither of the man nor of the woman, but by that of their child, while they are left to a future of chastened happiness, is soft and dramatically ineffective. It savors of an easy optimism that really amounts to cynicism, and carries no burden of pity and terror.

In Mr. Aldrich's *Judith of Bethulia* there is more, perhaps, both of poetry and of drama than in either of the foregoing. The tragedy is rather one of epical episode than of temperament and character, and so it does not furnish many symptoms of our present predicament in poetry, but in its compact dramatic action, set forth in verse of a firm yet delicate beauty, it has the perennial significance that attaches to sincere and masterly workmanship.

The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be the not very novel one that there is in our modern life a centrifugal impulse which drives the man of poetic temperament and training, capable of writing truly and beautifully, toward an ivory tower of poetic absenteeism, and, unless he be of a certain energy of character, into "devious coverts of dismay," there to wander in the perilous pursuit of strange beauty and over-intricate truth.

Yet in such work as that of Mr. Davidson, Mr. Moore, and Miss Branch there is evidence of much of the poet's mind as well as of the poet's temperament, and of the old incommunicable gifts of music and imagination that are reassuring.

The business of the poet is to make heroes as well as to sing them; and if for modern men the hero's stage is transferred from the battlefield with its drums and trampling of hosts to the office and the study, the poet's call is no less insistent. It was not many years ago that Trevelyan told Lowell that he could never have carried through the abolition of purchase in the British army but for the inspira-

tion and support he had drawn from the *Commemoration Ode*. And who can doubt that our lesser poets, waging in sincerity the old warfare of the soul, have made heroes, too, heroes of myriad fights with subtler foes than Paladin or Panym. Perhaps we may hope that some day the great victory shall be won, the poignant music of the reed be silenced, by the triumphant lyre.

MARIA EDGEWORTH

BY S. M. FRANCIS

IN Miss Lawless's monograph on Maria Edgeworth,¹ literary appreciation or criticism has a smaller part than in most of the volumes of the series to which it belongs. But as a biography the book is exceedingly attractive. The author has not depended solely on the *Memoir of Richard Lovell Edgeworth* and the charming letters of his daughter, rather carelessly edited by Mr. Hare. We get new and welcome glimpses of Mrs. Edgeworth's privately printed memoirs — will that book always be withheld from the public? — and also letters now for the first time published, and all of them well worth publication. The personality of the writer is agreeably felt throughout the work, which we are sure was done with love, and so wins the gratitude of other lovers of its subject. She chooses to consider Miss Edgeworth especially as an Irish novelist, regretting that as such her early associations should have been English. Miss Lawless is right beyond cavil in thinking *Castle Rackrent* the most perfect of the Edgeworth novels, — would it have been so good had its author not been able to look at that house and its history somewhat from the

outside? Perhaps to an American, to whom Hibernian and Celtic are usually synonymous terms, an Anglo-Irish family like the Edgeworths seems English — with perhaps a difference.

With reason Miss Lawless bemoans the supervision which the benevolent autocrat of Edgeworthstown exercised over his daughter's work, holding him largely responsible for the didactic strain too aggressively evident in some of her best tales. But we find the real Maria in her letters, impulsive, warm-hearted, keen-eyed, humorous; which qualities, united to good sense and high principles, must have been potent factors in the making of that astonishingly happy and harmonious family life which causes the record of the Edgeworth household to seem almost Utopian. Indeed the master thereof might well regard his educational system with complacency, when he could say of his big, hospitable house with its succession of "mothers" and its score of children, "I do not think one tear per month is shed here, nor the voice of reproof heard." But, alas, to extend that incomparable system to the outer world, his admonitory voice is too often heard in his daughter's works. If an unappreciative world resents his attitude as mentor to an infinitely better

¹ *Maria Edgeworth*. By the Hon. EMILY LAWLESS. English Men of Letters Series. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

writer than himself, it must be owned that he exercised a fascination, as well as an authority, which we can hardly understand. Why did the lovely Honora Sneyd, reports of whose beauty and charm still move us after more than a century, love the just widowed young philosopher rather than Major André? And her successors, only less charming, and the troop of clever, adoring children, what spell held them all? No one has suggested better answers to these questions than this latest biographer. Her traditional as well as present knowledge of Ireland makes her criticisms of the Irish tales especially valuable. As for the others, she expresses with delightful candor her likes and dislikes, doing partial — not quite full — justice to the children's stories, which still have so much vitality in them, and noting the excellent sketches from fashionable life in one and another novel. In a rather summary manner she dismisses the comments of Mrs. Edgeworth on the feelings of Maria towards her Swedish suitor, M. Edclerantz, though frankly owning that the writer was unquestionably in a position to know the actual facts, —

and we may venture to add, was likely to report them accurately. Nothing could be more sympathetic than the account of the intercourse of Miss Edgeworth and Scott, an account vivified by letters heretofore unpublished, as is the animated sketch of the closing years of a long, happy, beneficent life.

It seems that the only authentic portrait of Miss Edgeworth is in the drawing by Adam Buck, in which she is one of the principal figures in a large family group. An imaginary picture, "made in America" long ago, reappears from time to time, — a fictitious portrait apparently having the persistent vitality of other printed falsehoods. Has not an equally fanciful picture of Jane Austen been produced more than once of late in American periodicals? one bearing no resemblance whatever to her true portrait, and dressed in the mode of 1835, which it need not be said differs in every detail from anything worn by mortal woman in Miss Austen's lifetime. The artist who drew the "portrait" of Miss Edgeworth did not go so far astray as this.

AN AMERICAN ARISTOCRAT

BY ELLEN HEATH

My sister-in-law was really the cause of it all, for she first suggested our joining one of the patriotic societies that every one was talking about. She is a sort of double relative — my brother, Frank Clymer, married her (she was Ada Hunter), and her brother, Starr Hunter, married me. Major Hunter, he is. His father was Colonel Hunter, and every one knows his grandfather, the famous General Hunter, of Hunter's Quarry. I always had a taste for genealogy, and it seemed lovely to be so genealogical in our marriages. Ada and I are very congenial; we are both very particular about finding out whether people are rich and aristocratic before we make their acquaintance.

It was just after I got back from a trip to Europe that we began planning to join something, we could n't exactly decide what. I've been to Europe fourteen times; it's really necessary if you want to get into society, and my last trip certainly paid, for I met such a lovely woman in London, — Lady Weedle. She had the most aristocratic manners, so rude and overbearing, and she had been so unfortunate. She had lost all her money and was obliged to take up manicuring for a living. She took a great fancy to me. We used to go to the theatre together (I always leave Major home when I go to Europe), and she selected the restaurants to go to after the play, for of course she knew all about them. She always ordered the suppers, and you have no idea how enormous the charges are in the London restaurants. I never in my life paid such prices for anything as I did for everything she was concerned in, — it proved conclusively how aristocratic she was.

She was interested in genealogy, too. It was through her that I found there

was a large family, a lovely old family, of Clymers in England, and strange as it may seem, Lady Weedle herself was descended from a Clymer. Her father was of high birth, but owing to family complications (I do love family complications, they're so aristocratic!) he was left on the doorstep of a warehouse in London when he was a baby, and after a chequered career, she said, he rose by his own exertions, so she said, and made a great deal of money in the paper business. In those days, you know, paper was manufactured from rags. He was interested in the earliest stages of the process, and he left his daughter quite a fortune. She was a beautiful girl, — she had lost her looks, poor thing, through sorrow, — and she made a lovely marriage, but unfortunately Lord Weedle ran through her money in six weeks and then deserted her, so that when I met her she was living in cheap lodgings, and working for a living. She told me about the Clymer coat-of-arms, and had it copied for me by a friend of hers who is employed by the nobility, — a very expensive person, but it was worth paying for. The crest is a knight, *couchant*, at the foot of a ladder, *rampant*, with the motto, *Resurgam*. The shield is very elegant, it is on an ermine mantle, which Lady Weedle says all genealogists know means royalty, and it has a quantity of quarterings and several bar-sinisters. I had it embroidered on all my things.

However, it was before this that we began joining the societies, and persuading our husbands to join, for we found we were eligible for nearly everything. The Hunters are a very fine family, as well as the Clymers. They trace their descent way back to Bible times, and it seems so curious and lovely that my husband's earliest ancestor, the first Hunter

of whom there are any records, was a Clymer, too. He was influential in putting up the first sky-scraper ever erected. It bade fair to be a very fine building, but, unfortunately, there was a strike amongst the workmen, and it was never finished. It ruined our ancestor, financially. He was obliged to earn his living as a teacher of languages, and he died poor. He is the only poor ancestor I ever heard of, — they are always rich and distinguished. One of Major's most valuable ancestors was a Smith. He was so fortunate as to be kicked in the head by a mule belonging to General Washington. We have the original hoof polished and set in a gold frame in a cabinet in our parlor, and it's an heirloom we prize above everything. It has gotten three members of the family into the Sons of the Revolution, and seven into the D. A. R.

But to come back to ourselves. At first we really did n't know which society to choose, for they are all so lovely and we had so many friends in them all. Mrs. Butler wanted us to join her society, the Daughters of the Revolution. She is a beautiful woman. She was a Spooner, daughter of President Spooner of the Equatorial Exploring Expedition. All the Spooners are very handsome, and they are so affectionate and interesting. Her youngest brother, Preston, — Pet, they always called him, — was very wild in college, and in his Sophomore year he decided to leave and go into business, so his father bought him a ranch at Five Forks, Montana, and sent him out there to try cattle-raising. He married a lovely girl soon after his arrival; a bar-maid (he was always very aristocratic and English in his tastes), and they are still living there. She is a lineal descendant of one of the Irish kings, — her name was Rafferty, a tall, commanding woman, with very easy manners and a great deal of conversation. They came East on their wedding trip, and Mrs. Butler gave them a tea, and asked me to receive with her, so I felt that I must join her society.

Well, Ada and I talked it over, and we

thought it would be decidedly worth our while to be Colonial Dames, so we got our papers ready and joined, and I never enjoyed anything more than the first meeting we went to, for who should be there but my old friends, Mrs. Barbour and Mrs. Hare. They are sisters, most lovely women. Mrs. Hare is the more attractive. She had a very bad attack of typhoid the year after she was married. Dr. Shearer, her husband's cousin, attended her, and old Dr. Locke was called in several times in consultation, but although they managed to save her life, she lost all her beautiful black curls, and they never grew again. She was perfectly bald, and ever since she has worn an auburn wig. It is very becoming, though. One of the Barbours, an artist, fell desperately in love with her, and painted her as *'Titian's Daughter*, — a very fine painter, they say, but he broke his heart over her, and died in Poland, where he had gone to divert his mind, about two years ago. I felt so sorry for him. He belonged to the Mayflower Society, and his sister-in-law told me a good deal about it the day we met at the Colonial Dames. Ada and I were rather taken with the idea of belonging to a society where husbands are admitted to membership; and when Tommy Hawkes and his wife dined with us not long afterwards, we discussed the subject with them and promised we would join. They are charming people, the Hawkeses. One of his ancestors married an Indian princess, a lovely woman. It is a very sad story, — one of those aristocratic family tragedies. She scalped her husband one day by mistake. It was a most painful affair, and every one knew she must have been slightly deranged to do such a thing, — it runs in the family; all high-toned families have gout or idiocy or some such inheritance. Tommy's mind was always a little weak, and every one was so glad when he married Mrs. de Shuyster, widow of the great criminal lawyer. She is fifteen years older than Tommy, but very lively and dressy, and takes such good care of

him, and she knows how to appreciate his family connections. Her first husband belonged to the Holland Society. She is not really an American, so she does n't belong to anything, but her family is well known in Paris, she says, and she expects to have a title some day, so she is very popular. She is from New Orleans. She was Zonzon Poissonière, such a pretty name, so French. She speaks French just as well as I speak English.

Mr. de Shuyster's first wife was a Ketcham, his partner's sister, a very nice woman. She died of measles when she was seventy-six years old, — she took it from one of her grandchildren, — and then he married Zonzon. He only lived six months, and left her all his money. Of course his family contested the will, but they compromised, and she got a large sum from the heirs, so that with

the addition of the Hawkes money she and Tommy are very comfortable.

The end of it all is that now Ada and I and our husbands belong to all the best societies, and we are *so* happy. It certainly gives you a peaceful feeling to know that every one knows you are an aristocrat. You first rest on your ancestors, and you have no responsibility yourself. I can't imagine how any one ever distinguished the aristocrats from the commonest people before the societies were founded. I know my mother used to say that when she was young ever so many people did n't seem to realize what a lovely family she belonged to. But that is over now, and we are all perfectly satisfied with ourselves, for you may take my word for it, there is no one in the world so aristocratic as an American Aristocrat.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON LOSING ONE'S TEMPER

ALMOST too late I learned the true meaning of the exhortation which echoed in my ears during childhood, "Don't lose your temper!" My understanding of this precept was, "Control your temper, attain perfect composure," and therefore I struggled conscientiously for Catonic indifference toward all provocation to wrath. Fortified by Reason, I dismissed my temper, hoping to lose it permanently.

Happily, this was only a passing mood. Observation made me realize the values of temper in giving, through richness of experience, a poignant appreciation of life. Had not Dante and Carlyle deeper insight than Virgil and Addison? Assuredly, for the wholly rational, human relations must be monotonous, but for the men of susceptible spirit existence is full of unmanageable moments and of dramatic variety. The poets knew this, other-

wise where would the Iliad be, without Achilles? What is true in the material world is true in the spiritual, — "temper is the state of metal produced by heating or cooling;" it means capacity for gaining a keen edge.

When reflection made me aware that the old phrase was to be understood literally as "Cherish your temper," ambition led me to work for the recovery of my former passions. I cannot say, with the theologians, that the old Adam was strong within me, because I had by direct descent inherited an *Even* temper, but some congenial force of nature kept alive what I had falsely deemed an evil spirit. Paradoxical as it may seem, practice has made me daily more temperate.

Much remains, still, to be won; I have not carried my reform to the *uttermost*. I have not acquired the language of passion. "Dumb with rage" we certainly are, since, in the midst of violent incentives to

wield "Terrific Diction," we are as helpless as the exasperated little Quaker boy who anathematized his playmate: "I'll swear at thee, I'll call thee 'you'!"

My ideal of adequate self-expression is based upon the example of men of letters who have voiced the tumult of the soul with elemental vehemence. Literature is a safety-valve, and they are enviable who possess the gifts of Walter Savage Landor. When very angry he did not count a hundred, but wrote a Latin satire, and so worked off his rage in quantity.

Even if I cannot gain the much desired power of language, I find consolation in reading those poets whose masterly exclamation is relief to the reader's intensity of mood. Each one of us has moments when the supreme need is of some voice that shall enunciate for us the passionate groans which rise from perception of our own inexplicable transgressions. Then it is solace to read in *Othello*, —

Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!

"Beware the fury of a patient man," said Dryden. He did not know how seldom anger leads to action. None of the descriptive phrases which we apply to those in temper suggest decisive movement and performance. "Mad as a hornet," "in a towering passion," "anger at white heat," or "at the boiling point," are suggestive of restrained feeling, not of the all-conquering progress of righteous wrath. As a nation we are capable of being roused to immense passion, but "Iroquois" and "Slocum" do not suggest to any one our capacity for effective action. It is not cowardice that disgraces the American people, it is the inertia of our criminal good nature.

To gain "through action, passion, talk, the soul," that is the ideal, that is the hope of humanity. Our efforts for the extermination of temper are misdirected. Temper is a goal, not a handicap, an aspiration, not a birth-wrong.

TWO WOMEN

I

The Mirror

Once there was a woman who was a mirror. She was clear and highly polished and well placed in the most beautiful setting that taste and means could provide, — she was always a mirror. She gave back exactly what she received, she reflected every environment in which she was placed, perfectly. In a bright room she shone, and in a dark room she was just as gloomy as the room, exactly. Every one said she was so responsive.

Children were charmed with her at first, but when they stretched out their little hands and lips to her and found her cold and hard, and of no real depth, they drew back quickly and clung to the real mother who held them. It was not till they were older that they cared for her power of reflecting themselves.

With young people she was immensely popular. She would tell them about themselves indefinitely, and as they were young they found the subject inexhaustible! They knew just what to expect of her. She met them in every mood. They supplied the subject, she reflected it. They liked her immensely, and spent much time with her. She knew just how you felt, and she never flattered.

Older people as a rule cared less for her society. She had her place, and you had to see a certain amount of her, but she was n't what she had been to you, and you were glad to forget her, as she did you, between times. There were exceptions who never ceased to cultivate her, and there were those who hated her cordially.

This woman married. The man was young, able, and ambitious, and he wanted a woman who understood him. She showed him that she saw he was young, able, and ambitious, and it satisfied him perfectly. He was devoted to her. He put her on the best possible background, in the best possible light, with the best pos-

sible opportunities for displaying her peculiar gifts. So long as she always reflected him as young, able, and ambitious it did not matter to him that it left no trace in her and that she reflected every one else that came her way with just as much feeling.

Time dealt with this man as it does with all except mirrors. He wished that the mirror did not see it. He was not as confident as he had been. Though he was still able in some ways, he had made mistakes. He wished that the mirror need not remind him of them. Ambitions,—he had attained many of those, but they did not look the same to him in the mirror that they had in his mind's eye.

Time still went on, and he was an old man now. The mirror was as clear, as polished, as responsive, as ever. It was what he had bargained for, he had no right to complain, only there were times when he came home tired, discouraged, heartsick, that he wished she was somehow different. He would not even have cared to have her reflect him as young, able, and ambitious. He seemed to want something outside of himself, something different.

II

The Shadow

Once there was a woman who was a shadow. She was colorless and flat and uninteresting, but she was glad to be a shadow, because she was *His* shadow.

He paid very little attention to his shadow. When he first noticed her he was quite interested, and made experiments to verify her attachment to him, such as trying to get away from her, stamping on her, making extravagant gestures for her to follow, and the like. But, when he had satisfied himself that she could not be other than constant to him, he ceased to notice her at all.

Sometimes on his way home at sunset he would glance at her and wonder why she never seemed to exist in the middle of the day. Sometimes, in the moonlight,

after the work and pleasure of the day, he would feel the company of her familiar presence, or in the firelight he would smile at her fantastic evolutions with something of his old-time interest. For it was by firelight that the shadow was in her glory. When he sat down to rest before the blazing logs she would dance for joy, throwing out all the fascinations of her nature in quaint shapes and rhythms, waving, bending, flickering, till he covered the fire and she slipped upstairs after him by the pale candle-light.

In public, of course, no one noticed the shadow. She was content that she was his, and he was used to the fact that she was always there, and society is not lighted with reference to bringing out shadows.

Finally there came a last time for going upstairs behind him. He went up weakly, like an old man, and, as he spied his shadow trembling behind him, he stopped to wonder what would become of her when he was gone. But it was as he foresaw. When he was carried downstairs, long and still, his shadow followed, long and still, behind him.

SOUVENIRS OF AN EMPTY NEST

There are second broods in some bird-nests; but the second brood may be only *Souvenirs!*

When the household of which I am a member arrived at the stone cottage, Castle-Crag-on-The-Sound, we found a custodian in charge, — a "light-winged dryad," who had built her own small summer dwelling in a coign of vantage offered by the larger dwelling of a friendly bird-loving humanity. To my great delight, I discovered, just outside my window, — firmly based in a fork of stout Virginia creeper, — a remarkably fine specimen of robin-architecture. One treasured hope it already contained; and this, in due time, was succeeded by three other entirely similar treasures. And now began the serious brooding of those treasures; the hen-bird taking up her position scarcely two yards away from my

writing-table. Between us was but window-glass, which birds, evidently, regard as non-existent (witness their persistent efforts to make their escape therethrough when, by accident, they have flown inside the house). The patient sitter apparently was in nowise made anxious by the close proximity of a human neighbor; and the mate, who failed not in his duties of refection, after sounding one shrill note of protest at my presence, relegated me to the position of, at least, friendly irrelevance. Yet I am not sure of the irrelevance; for, during the long hours of her immobile industry, the hen-bird (so I flattered myself) appeared sometimes to regard me as a slightly diverting object about which she even indulged in mildly curious speculation. That inspection by a bird's eye! It has, for me, always something of the (imagined) look of an accusing Angel visiting on me all the unanswerable inquiries as to why the winged biped has had so much to suffer from the greater wingless order!

There came a morning when, in place of treasures in "robin's egg blue," that patiently brooded nest revealed a motley tinted mass of life, — apparently one tender, rhythmically palpitating body, but with four heads, four pairs of fast-closed eyes, — and (surely, not least salient feature) four "star-pointing" bills outlined in yellow! I shall never know how many hours I wasted, in the succeeding days, during which time the up-bringing of that healthy and eager brood occupied *our* attention, — the parent birds', and mine, by proxy of sympathy. I longed more practically to coöperate in the prodigious labor of serving those ever yawning throats; but having heard much as to the jealousy of parent birds, I discreetly refrained. And yet, my precaution was, perhaps, needless; for, if the old birds had entertained doubts as to the harmlessness of the neighbor on the other side of the window-pane, the fledgelings did not participate in such doubts. On my approaching the window, four wide-open bills, at once, and with one accord, invited my

coöperation! Not responding to this appeal, I became an object of solemn-eyed wonder, — of reproach, even!

The young birds, too, I fancied, had their hours of ennui, while their plumage was gradually and raggedly putting forth (oh, those floating pennons of down along the fledgeling's olive back!). One, manifestly the eldest, appeared to find some diversion in pecking at my finger when I lightly tapped on the pane. Certainly fear was not in his demeanor. This eldest brother, a little later, had a lordly way of stepping upon his younger brothers and sisters, while, with the loudest of loud chirps, he declared his rights of primogeniture. And he it was, as I believe, who led the first and final *Ausflug* from the dear, overcrowded nest!

I have greatly missed my feathered neighbors, whose flying experiments, accompanied by the joyful outcries of the whole family, were continued for two or three days under their and my window. Thereafter, I was obliged to admit, I failed to distinguish this brood from the many other happy clans that the season was marshaling with subtle, far-off provision of southward flight.

It is only the Sentimental Contributor (if such there be) who will countenance the present writer in her recounting of the Souvenirs that have taken possession of — have brooded over — have hovered about, that twig-built domicile of summer joy, and that, now, in the late autumn, have resolved themselves into

A SONG OF THE DESERTED NEST

I sing the Nest Deserted,
Whence young and old have flown, —
The house that Love once builded,
Yet Love hath left it lone!

The very air did brood it,
And brush with sighing wing;
The passing summer shower
Thereon its tears would fling.

The bough that roofed the nestlings
(Yet not their flight restrained),
Shed down a leaf of crimson,
Not frost but pity stained.

Then, she whose work is beauty, —
 The elfin spinner grim, —
 That nest with gossamer covered,
 To make its sorrows dim.

And, since to cradling music
 'T was used, both eve and morn,
 I send a Song, — to friend it,
 From out a heart as lorn :

I sing the Nest Deserted,
 Whence young and old have flown, —
 And Love, the builder, vanished
 In distant skies unknown !

A SCHOOL COMMENT ON SHAKE- SPEARE'S JULIUS CÆSAR

The following remarkable appreciation of *Julius Cæsar* has been put together without change of phrase or spelling from several examination papers lately presented at an academy in Pennsylvania.

Cæsar is a tragedy of blood. The piece about Shylock was almost bloody but the knife did n't reach the breast of him. Cæsar wanted to be a tyrant but he did not want any crowns on his head so he refused them in broad daylight. He grew so big that he could straddle the world which scared indeed his men who were his enemies.

They came together one night when lions were rained down without chains in the streets of Italy, and when red lightnings were running this way and that. They were all there but Brutus who was the honorablest of all the men when Cæsar lived those days. Cassium and Cascada were much in the things. Then they threw through the windows of Brutuses' orchard handing characters which made the heart of Brutus burn fierce over the dark state of the peoples' rights among the citizens of Rome.

I pitied Brutus then as he read with tears falling about how he was noble and about how Cæsar was hard on the poor. Then he called his wife and sharpened up his blade and told her not to eat any fire that day as he could not fail to win the fight. But she ate the fire after jaggging herself.

Cæsar thought maybe on going down

street he might be stabbed but he told his wife that he never stood on draperies when it comes to scares. So out he went.

Then Cæsar reached the Senate safe, but Cascada stabbed him deep and Brutus gave him the most kindest cutting, which made the tyrant yell, Eat, too, Brutus?

Then there was a fuss, now I tell you, but Cassium says to Brutus don't give that Mark Anthony anything to say. Brutus got up and said a formality speech with all sentences weighed in balances to his friends, his Romans and their countrymen and they said that he could live long. Then he was nice enough to Anthony to hear him tell them how he had butchered a bleeding piece of earth and that it was better to bury Cæsar right off than to praise him. He had a will which he tried his best not to read. Then they pushed and yelled until he read it though.

The army came in and Brutus and Cassium put up tents. It was here that these two young men almost licked each other, had it not have been for the great honorability of Brutus which scared Cassium to stick his head back again into his tent. Brutus scared him most when he prayed God to dash at him with thunderbolts. Then afterwards they were as good as pie before long.

Brutus did n't worry after he heard that his wife took a few hot coals. He called a servant and ran straight into his sword starting at the sharp end.

This play shows us Shakspear's great knowledge of stabbing in various styles, and shows how familiar he is with army life before the beginning of England. The women he made up in it are very bashful, with dear love for their husbands. The style of writing is good excepting that North's Plutarch helped too much.

A ROMANCE OF THE CLUB

With no less interest than the "Toast-master" himself, I read of the lone sheepherder's "Readable Proposition," in the January *Atlantic*. For thirty years I

knew the warm smile of that Rocky Mountain land, and I wonder now if there is not something in the expanse of the outlook, the height of the mountains, and the tonic of the air, that creates, as it were, *Atlantic* readers. Certainly I have found that "dull orange" friend of my girlhood in more out-of-the-way, wholly unexpected places in "sunny Colorado," than the Toastmaster would ever dream of.

One Christmas Day we, in our little mountain town, had to get rid of the hours in some way, for we could not say our "Merry Christmas" until the incoming evening stage brought back our belated absentees. That is how it happened that we two girls — my sister, a young widow of twenty, and myself — started up Henson Creek for a picnic.

Tempted by the wintry warmth of that Colorado air, we had extended our walk far up the mountain, when we suddenly felt a chilling gust of wind, and, finding that a cloud had covered the sun, knew that we were caught in one of those violent storms that sometimes disturb one's peace of mind in "sunny Colorado." We ran for a nearby cabin, in a blinding blizzard that nearly obscured the way, but reached the door, and burst in.

Instead of the dark, dusty hole that we expected, what should meet our eyes but a room as clean and tidy as though kept by a woman. The bed was neatly made, and covered with a blue-and-white counterpane. A dozen or more choice books were on a small shelf over the table. The table itself was covered with clean papers, where breakfast evidently had been served for two, the unwashed dishes being piled away in a pan, on the stove, ready for the washing. In a roughly constructed cupboard, between the stove and the "Mexican" fireplace, were the supplies common to a miner's cabin, — bacon, potatoes, flour, canned milk, dried fruit, and the inevitable baking-powder,

of which the grocers said in those days, that they sold as much in quantity as of flour. While we were looking around in the first wonder of the sight, my sister exclaimed, "Look at this, will you!" and held up an *Atlantic*, left open at "The Contributors' Club." Immediately we knew there were friends not far away.

We went at it at once, to surprise the boys by finishing their work, and having dinner ready when they should return. We knew they were boys, for there were no old people in Colorado in '79. Such a merry hour or two as we put in! We decked the room as best we could, then commenced the dinner. Here our own lunch served us well. — turkey, and cranberries, cake, salads, pickles, and jelly. We toasted bacon, and "browned" potatoes. The storm had died down, and we were in a hurry to get away. We placed the dinner in pans of hot water, in the oven, to keep it from drying, and last of all my sister spread her prettiest lunch-cloth on the table, and placed the rude dishes and utensils upon it. "That is my Christmas gift," she said.

We took one last look around, then donned our wraps, and started down the mountain. The snow had drifted somewhat, and we had considerable difficulty picking our way, keeping a sharp lookout meanwhile for our absent hosts. When nearly down the mountain we looked around, and saw the men hurrying toward the cabin, from another direction, attracted by the smoke curling from the cabin chimney. We hurried along, like two guilty creatures, and had reached the bottom of the gully, when we heard them calling from above, and there, standing in the doorway, were the two figures, arms and hats waving, while cheer after cheer came echoing down the mountain side. It was their Merry Christmas.

Yes, there was a sequel, and if I were writing the story, I should call it *The Widow's Lunchcloth*.

For comment on the contributors to this number, see advertising pages 19 and 20.